

The

# NEW MOVIE

A Tower Magazine

MAGAZINE

MAY, 1933

10¢

15¢ in Canada



SALLY EILERS

*McClelland Barclay*

The Secret of Marlene Dietrich by ELSIE JANIS



# "Color's the Thing!"

says JOHN HELD, Jr.

The Famous Artist and Author gives some Fashion Advice for your Spring Apparel and Home Decorations

BEFORE I started to make the drawings for this page, I interviewed well-known style creators and interior decorators. "What", I asked, "is the outstanding fashion note for Spring?" "Color!", they answered. "Color in every article of apparel — home decorations, too. Color that is lively, brilliant, cheerful."

That being the case, how fortunate there is such a product as Tintex. With these so-easy-to-use Tints and Dyes, you can give everything you wear the gayest colors of the season — at an insignificant cost!

John  
Held Jr.

I've always felt that if any product has achieved leadership it must be pretty

good. Don't you feel the same way? Well—Tintex is the largest-selling Tint and Dye in the world! Women seem to agree on Tintex.

It's an exciting adventure to restore color or give new color to faded "undies," stockings, dresses, frocks, etc. And it's an adventure without any risk if you use Tintex. Never spots and never streaks.

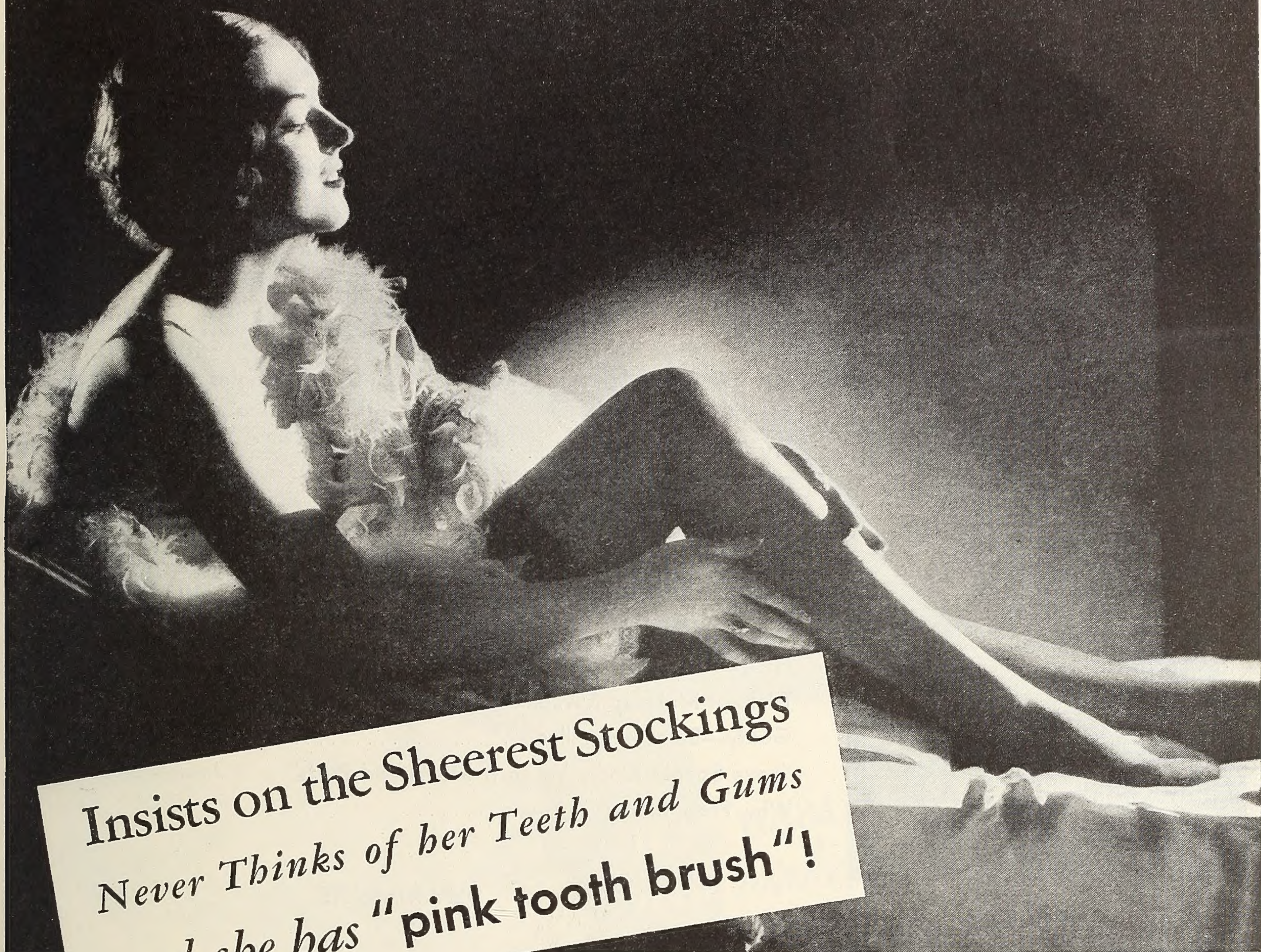
A Tea-Time Interlude:—"No, darling, I must confess. This isn't a new dress—just last year's dress, given a glorious new Spring color with Tintex."

You can always get just the color you want with Tintex Tints and Dyes. There are 35 fashionable colors to choose from. And you can buy them all-over-town!





# WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



**Insists on the Sheerest Stockings  
Never Thinks of her Teeth and Gums  
and she has "pink tooth brush"!**

**S**HE *insists* on silk stockings to set off her shapely ankles. She couldn't imagine doing without them. But to the glamour and loveliness of her smile—to the health of her teeth and gums—she never gives a second thought.

You *must* take care of your teeth and gums. If you find "pink" upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily—then the health of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even the soundness of your teeth.

## *Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"*

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start in tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube (over 100 brushings). Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer . . . "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

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**A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury**

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# The New Movie

One of the TOWER MAGAZINES

CATHERINE McNELIS, Publisher

HUGH WEIR, Editorial Director

On Sale the 10th of Each Month

VOL. VII. No. 5

Cover Design By  
McCLELLAND BARCLAY

MAY 1933



Another of  
"The Great Mysteries of the  
Movies"

by the famous writer,

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

Read it—in the June issue of The New  
Movie Magazine—"What Happened  
to Lillian Gish?"

Mr. Collins has written brilliantly of the  
disappearance of the "Duse of the Films."  
What forces drove the girl who was the idol  
of movie-goers, from the public eye? Still  
young, still the same marvelous actress, still  
winning favor on the speaking stage—but  
what made her quit the films?

Be sure to read this absorbing article in  
the June New Movie Magazine.

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VERNE PORTER, Executive Editor

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# You can have the Charm men find irresistible —



JEAN HARLOW'S complexion care  
*will make your skin enticing!*



**I**F you have seen Jean Harlow on the screen —and, of course, you *have* seen her—you have noticed what an alluring complexion she has. Smooth. Velvety soft. The kind of skin men find irresistible.

Do you realize that the right care can do wonders for *your* complexion?

No feature is so easy to improve as your skin. The whole secret is the right care — followed *regularly*. Jean Harlow, like most of the lovely Hollywood stars, has discovered that secret. Listen to her own words:—

“The great actresses of the stage and screen take exquisite care of their skin,” she says— “and I have found *their secret*—regular care with Lux Toilet Soap.”

#### *9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it*

Of the 694 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. Because of this overwhelming preference it has been made the official soap in all the big film studios.

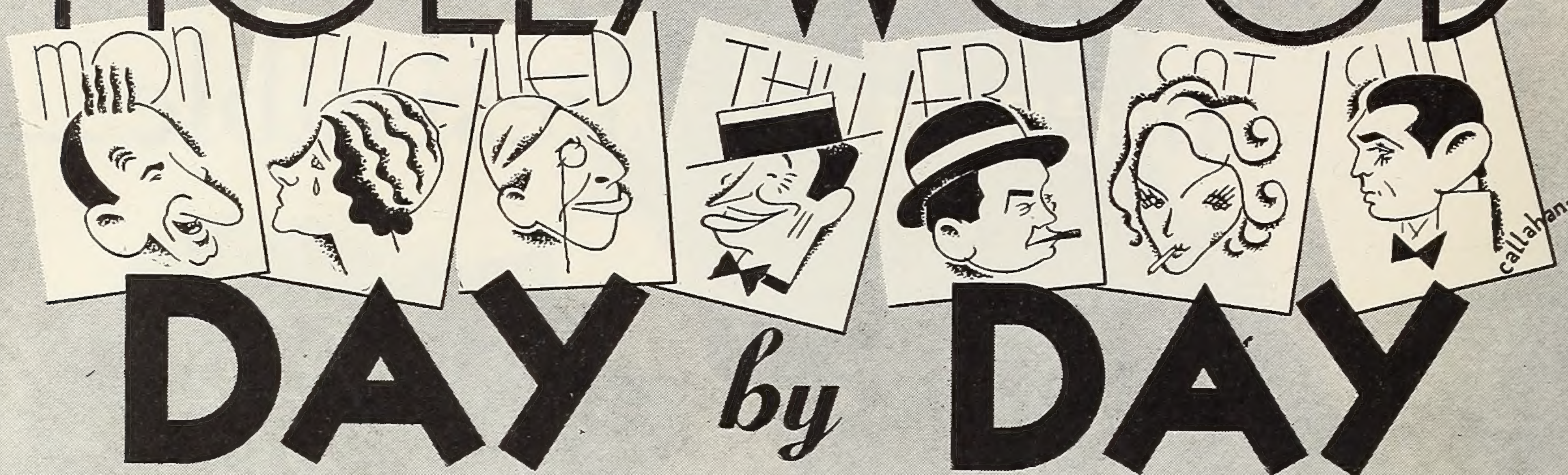
Why not begin now to use this fine, fragrant, white soap for *your* skin? Why not start to make your skin smooth, vividly lovely — learn a lesson from the movie stars?

Get two or three cakes of Lux Toilet Soap today!

*The Beauty Soap of the Stars*  
**LUX Toilet Soap**



# HOLLYWOOD



Exclusive photo by Wide World

By . . . . . ?

**\$100 for the pen-name selected for the anonymous author of this department. Write your suggestions. For full details turn to Page 84.**

**H**ELLO, Hollywood! Hello, everybody! My job is to give you the low-down on these 'ere moom pitcher stars. And this month, believe me, it's going to be low—because it starts with Jack Oakie's pants.

Jack was reeling out of Sardi's the other night, and it happened that I was reeling out at approximately the same moment (9.17 P. M., Pacific Coast Time). In fact, we were arm in arm and reel in reel. Tomato juice cocktails had been enjoyed by all.

An old clothes man—Jack and I used to call them "poco men" in the good old Harvard days—approached us in a body.

"Any old clothes to sell, Mr. Oakie?" said he, ignoring me utterly.

"Old clothes?" broadcast the round-faced and round-tailed one.

(Left) John Barrymore, actor, artist, musician, youngest of the Royal Family, caught by the candid camera off-guard on a windy day in Hollywood. Proving, in spite of any Southern Californian's flat denial, that there's sometimes a decided chill amidst the much-talked-of balminess.

"Can't you see I'm wearing 'em?"

"Well, if you haven't got an old suit, Mr. Oakie, you might have an old pair of pants?"

"No," laughed Jack, "I gave 'em to Marlene."

**W**HICH reminds me that the big social event of the Hollywood Spring was Eddie Brandstatter's luncheon party, at which, if you can believe the local paper—and a good many do!—there were present, among others, "Jackie Cooper and his mother, Countess De Frasso." Also present were "Misses Betty Williams, Ruth Collier, John Stahl and Tod Browning."

(Please turn to page 8)

(Below) George Bancroft and Wallace Beery, stopping for a moment on Hollywood Boulevard, to pose for The New Movie Magazine photographer.

Photo by Wide World



**All of the latest and best gossip of  
the movie colony, written by a famous  
author who pals with the stars**



# WHITER! YOU BET I GET MY WASHES WHITER



WHAT! RINSO MAKES CLOTHES LAST LONGER?

YES, 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER!



## You can save lots of money by washing clothes this "scrubless" way

JUST a change in the kind of soap you use—you wouldn't dream it could make such a big difference on washday. But it does! It saves scrubbing and boiling. It washes clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter.

No wonder millions use Rinso! No wonder the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers recommend it! By gently soaking out the dirt, saving the wear and tear of scrubbing, it makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. Saves money.

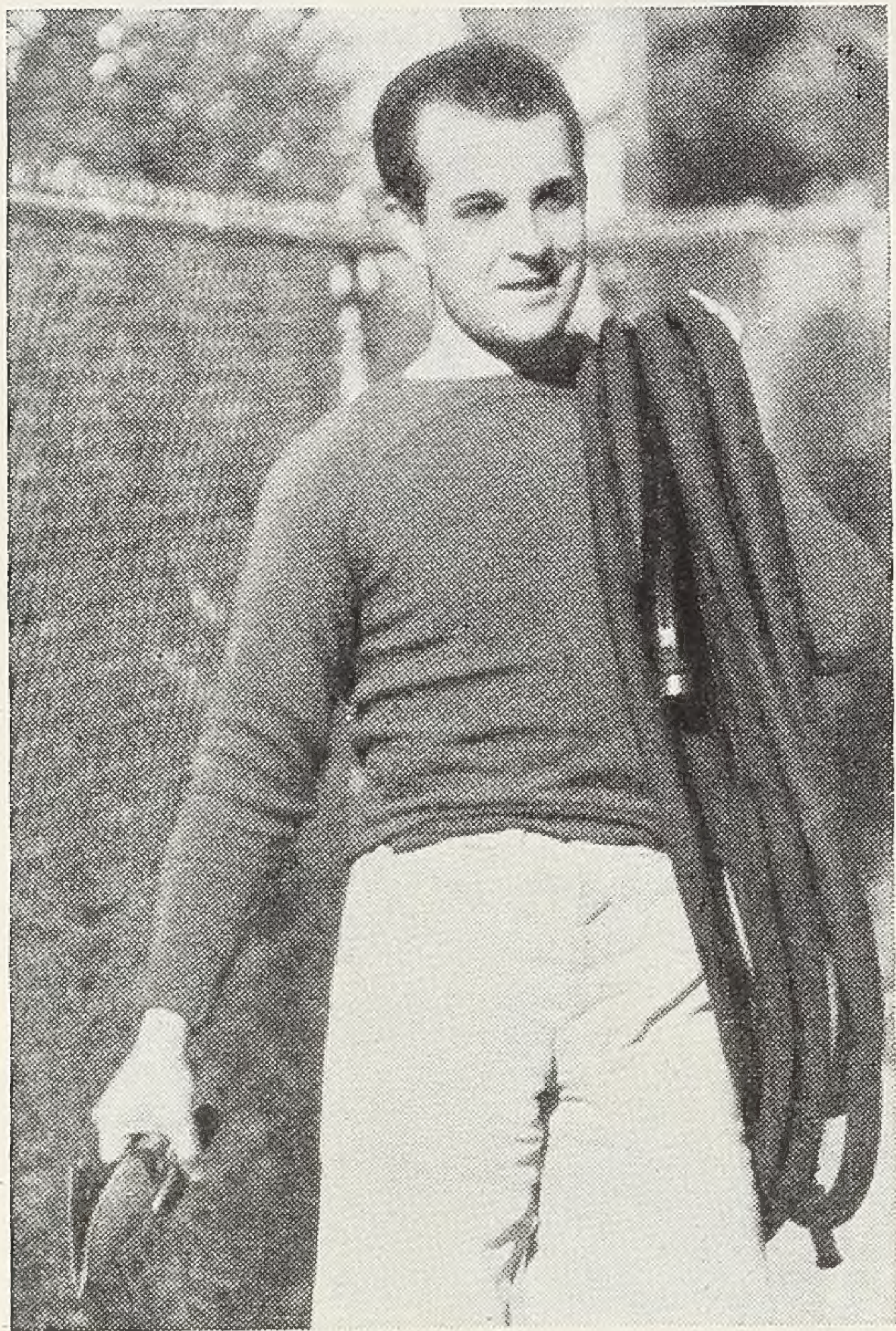
Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—in the hardest kind of water. Rich suds, full of life, long-lasting. The makers of 40 famous washers say, "Use Rinso!" It's great for dishes, too—and for all cleaning. Most women buy the BIG handy, household package.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



The biggest-selling package soap in America





Ramon Novarro at home, watering the lawn. Note that his hair is growing out again, after his head having been shaved for "The Son-Daughter." His latest picture is "Man on the Nile."

(Continued from page 6)

Neither Eddie nor Alex, his suave *maitre d'hotel*, could explain the situation, especially the Cooper incident, since Mrs. Cooper, Jackie's former mother, was also present. Both were inclined to think that the whole matter had been greatly exaggerated.

Eddie, in case you don't remember the Boulevard before the gas-tronomic depression, used to be master of a *la carte* ceremonies at the once-celebrated Montmartre.

His present place, Sardi's, is heavily modernistic. The entrance looks like a set for "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing." Alex, the headwaiter, who formerly presided so gracefully over the Beverly Hills refined roystering, is, like all good French waiters, a Greek. He has a last name. It is Psihoyios—and nothing can be done about it.

NOTHING can be done, either, about the battle of the cartoonists, which is on. Mr. Somborn who used to control Gloria Swanson and now controls the Brown Derbies—in Hollywood, I mean; Al Smith still has the copyright in the nation—has a sense of smell. He smelled a rival in the newly opened Sardi's; and, being a traveled man, he realized that the original Sardi's in New York represented the high point in restaurant portraiture; so he imported one Vitch, who subsequently gave birth to an orgy of grotesquerie: to wit, a portrait gallery of cinema celebrities which now hangs high, as I told you last month, like

a nice fat goose, on the Derby walls. But Eddie, who looks like Adolph Zukor—but hasn't had so many troubles, yet—was not to be out-drawn.

"Vitch!" said he. "What a name!"

So he got Wolo.

Wolo doesn't draw so many of them, and he doesn't draw them so quick, but he draws 'em funnier. Also, he has a more catholic taste. In one booth, you sit under Joan Crawford, in another under the Prince of Wales; but I had no such luck. I sat under Adolph Hitler.

Personally I'm betting on Vitch. He knows his Hollywood. He doesn't give a hoot for world politics. He just makes pictures of studio executives and every night when they come in—and they've been coming in every night since Vitch arrived—they ask, even before they order their onion soup:

"Where am I?"

Whereupon the obsequious captain, who is much handsomer than any of your Gary Coopers or your Cary Grants—strange, isn't it, that these two boys look so much alike, should have been christened by unsuspecting parents with such similar



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

The new, dashing, hot-cha Mary Brian, who spiritedly insists she's going to change her personality, and be the sweet, young thing no longer. Here she is at the Coconut Grove, and if you look closely, you'll find that she may have changed her personality, but not her beau. It's Dick Powell, of course.

names?—points to a hideous caricature in a choice location southeast of the pantry; and a good time is had by all.

(Please turn to page 10)



Mae Clarke and John Gilbert, photographed especially for The New Movie, sitting on the sidelines during the filming of "Rivets," with Tod Browning directing. All Hollywood is celebrating Mae's come-back, after her sporty struggle against illness and a myriad of other personal troubles.



**JOAN:** "I love my role in **TODAY WE LIVE**. No part ever thrilled me so deeply, touched my heart so keenly. Do you think the public will like me in it, Leo?"

**LEO:** "My child, the public always appreciates genius. It's a great emotional part. You are perfect in 'Today We Live'."

**JOAN:** "If that's so, then we must thank Howard Hawks' marvelous direction for his greatest picture since 'Hell's Angels', and the inspired playing of Gary Cooper."



The finest picture Joan Crawford has yet made. Gary Cooper shares the stellar honors. The scene at her home, where the sweetheart she believed dead returns and finds her the mistress of another—is as powerful an emotional scene as the screen has ever witnessed. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is very proud of "Today We Live"!

With Robert Young, Franchot Tone, Roscoe Karns. Story and dialogue by William Faulkner. Screen play by Edith Fitzgerald and Dwight Taylor.



(Continued from page 8)

**H**OLLYWOOD restaurants are funny, funnier than you know; yes, funnier than *they* know. At one table, you see Wallace Beery, fat and fatherly, exposing his little three-year-old daughter to the curious trippers' gaze.

In the next booth is little Sylvia Sidney, with glasses, politely refusing to do her justly celebrated imitation of the glad and the sad hippopotamus. And here, there and everywhere are those strange creatures, which, for lack of a more comprehensive vocabulary, I call "movers in."

The town is crawly with them. They derive a sense of vicarious celebrity by frequenting Hollywood's choicest caravansaries—arriving alone because they have no friends—and "moving in" on first one group and then another, after the manner of stag line "cutters in" at a debutante's dance. Who pays the check, if any, no one knows!

**S**OME Hollywood hotels are funny, too—especially the one that advertises: "Professional hosts for ladies unattended!"

One lady who is never unattended these days is glamorous Mae West. Extraordinary, isn't it, how much she looks like the old pictures of Lilian Russell! All over town, wherever I go, people are talking about her. The colony has taken her to its capacious bosom. The country, too. If old Horace Greeley were alive today, he wouldn't need to give his famous advice:

"Go West, young man, go West!"

Nothing ritzy about Diamond Lil. That's one reason for her popularity. Successful movie ladies *are* sometimes ritzy, you know. John Darrow

(Below) A galaxy of real celebrities, all in a group, sun-tanning in Florida—from left to right: Jack Benny, Al Jolson, Ted Husing, Rudy Vallee, Irene Bordoni and Lou Holtz.

Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World

Herewith is our May, 1933, monthly picture of Marie, Dowager Queen of Movieland. Just to show you how much better she's looking, to tell you her health is wonderfully improved, and to show you that she's feeling so good she's stepping out socially again. Do you get the evening-gown effect?

was telling about one the other night, who emerged, fairly dripping with ermine and diamonds from a preview of her first picture.

"How was it?" someone asked.

"Charming, positively charming," she replied in her heaviest English accent, "except that it drug a little."

**W**HICH brings us, as all thoughts of diamonds and ermines inevitably must, to Peggy Hopkins

Joyce who has been condescending in the neighborhood of late. Peggy didn't bring her one-hundred-and-fifty-carat, blue-white shocker this time. I wonder who's keeping it now! Also she is driving a Ford, not a Rolls.

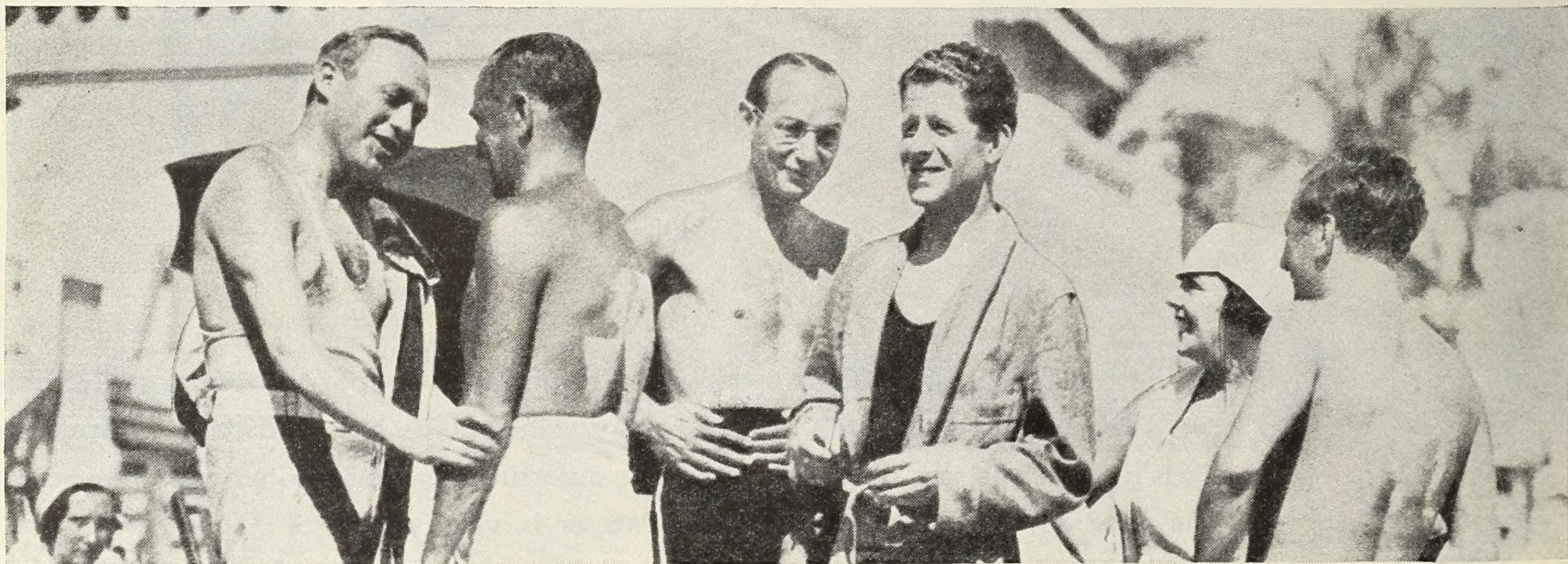
But she is the same Peggy. You can't fool her with those Chamber of Commerce stories about the California weather. Those who know her better than I do—business of heavy and jealous cursing!—tell me that she still sleeps with an ermine cover on her bed.

If Peggy wants to keep her title of "Diamond Queen," however, she'll have to step some to keep ahead of this new Lilian Harvey. The day Lilian arrived in Hollywood, all the Fox bosses from Winnie Sheehan down knocked off their regular work and devoted themselves exclusively to getting Lilian's glassware on the ice. They say she had on her person and in her handbag more than half a million dollars in sparkling junk.

*I went to tea with the little blond girl one afternoon—it was the only afternoon Maurice Chevalier didn't—and it seemed to me that she had held out about a hundred thousand dollars' worth on Winnie and the safe deposit people. But maybe I was wrong. Maybe Lilian has already learned what wise little Hollywood girls learned long ago—to wear ten cent store jewelry and let the banks do the worrying about the real stuff.*

Her taste in clothes is much quieter than her taste in jewelry. Her wardrobe, so far as it has been unfolded, is—thank God!—of the feminine variety. There is reason to believe that it will remain so, too, because she has brought her own clothes designer with her, a German named Strassner, who swears he has never made a pair of pants.

No pennies are being spared to put the English girl over in a great big way. Please turn to page 12)







# HIGH

Ben Lyon, finishing "I Cover the Waterfront," and with a brand new M-G-M contract in his pocket and a brand new plane in the hangar, is happier than usual. Now he can get back to flying—and, whether you know it or not, he's one of the most expert flyers in Hollywood.





Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Just as we were rounding the corner at Highland Avenue, going into the Boulevard, we ran into Mrs. Neil Miller (who is Dorothy Mackaill to you), dressed almost as manishly as Marlene, and strolling leisurely down the Main Stem.

(Continued from page 10)

Fox is said to have paid Eric von Stroheim thirty thousand dollars for an original story for Lilian's first picture, and then shelved it because it didn't jell. Alas, poor Eric! So many of his things don't jell. But they sell, boys and girls, they sell. He must have been born under a lucky star for attracting other people's money.

I wouldn't dare say that to Eric himself, because he doesn't believe in lucky stars—and doesn't mind who knows it. I'll never forget the night he met a famous astrologer at a dinner party a few years ago.

"You'd better be careful, Eric," his wife admonished him, after one of his tirades, "or she'll tell you where your scar is."

"Well, where is my scar?" Eric asked the astrologer sarcastically.

"You're sitting on it," replied the astrologer.

And Eric had to admit that it was true!

**B**UT to get back to my tea party, Miss Harvey seemed to be genuinely surprised that so many people in America knew about her; also, that they knew so many things that weren't so. She denied vigorously that she was married to Willy Fritsch, the German film actor.

Of course, Lilian ought to know whether she is married or not, but a certain well-known cinematographer, who has made pictures in both London and Berlin and who claims to have known the Fritschs well, told me the other night—but what's the use? Of course, we'll take the lady's word for it.

Incidentally, Lilian is already very much at home in her new bungalow, next door to Janet Gaynor's, on the Fox lot. I didn't notice any ermine bed-spreads, but I did spot a white lamp shade trimmed with ermine tails. What d'ye mean, depression?

**A**ND what d'ye mean, Adolph Menjou, by arriving one shining morning not long ago at the office of a Los Angeles safe deposit company followed by three huskies, each carrying a satchel filled to the zipper with gold? Was that the \$25,000 RKO is said to have paid you for sticking around five weeks while the studio's best minds were deciding not to make that picture?

Speaking of Radio, when the news leaked out that young David Selznick had left that outfit to accept an Irving Thalberg salary from his papa-in-law, Louis B. Mayer, one of those irrepressibles on the M-G-M. lot predicted that Dave's first picture would be Ernest Hemingway's "The Son-in-law Also Rises!"

**A**ND speaking of Metro, I see that they have decided to give up on Charlotte Susa after bringing her to this country and paying her a salary for six months while she learned to speak English. She learned the language all right, but she never appeared in the pictures.

Meanwhile, Sam Goldwyn, he of

the infinite patience, continues to foot the bills for the Americanization of Anna Sten. Anna wears trousers in the most approved Hollywood cinema manner, but she still has trouble with her consonants. Jimmie Durante says she ought to have 'em out.

**T**HE best prospect right now among the "Made in Germany" stars is Uncle Carl Laemmle's Tala Birell. Laura Hope Crewes has been working on Tala's diction for nearly two years now, and, as you know if you have seen "Nagana," she has done wonders with it.

(Please turn to page 14)



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

(Above) Gail Patrick and Ricardo Cortez a-strolling down a Paramount street. Gail has just finished working in "Murders in the Zoo" and "Rick" was just beginning his new picture, "Police Surgeon."



This is what is known to the movie folks as a "gag picture." Don English, taking exclusive pictures for The New Movie, asked the stars to pose "and make it funny." So here they are, doing their stuff—from left to right: Jack Oakie, Wynne Gibson, Randolph Scott, Richard Arlen and Stuart Erwin.



WHAT A SMART  
HABIT LUCY HAS!



YES—BUT SHE'S SMARTER THAN  
THAT IN HER DENTAL HABIT  
—JUST LOOK AT HER TEETH



## No toothpaste at any price can clean teeth better than Colgate's

We don't claim Colgate's will do the work your dentist *should* do—or any part of it. There's a place where the work of a toothpaste ends and the work of the dentist begins. But we *do* claim—and with highest dental authority back of our claims—that for an honest, thorough job of cleaning the teeth—the world knows no finer toothpaste than Colgate's. And it

costs a quarter—half of what you may have been paying to accomplish exactly the same result—clean teeth. Try it for one week. Discover its clean, likable flavor. Learn how thoroughly *clean* your teeth and mouth can feel.

Meantime—mention Colgate's to your dentist. He will tell you it's as good a toothpaste as money can buy.

*The smartest habit of the day—  
A quarter saved the Colgate way*



*This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.*







Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

(Above) Charles Murray and Andy Devine lunching together at the restaurant at Universal City. The real point of this picture is Andy's hair. Because of recent rôles he hasn't been permitted to get a haircut in months. He says that even "Truck," his bull terrier pal, is beginning to snicker at him.

(Right) Henry Garat (pronounce it Ga-r-r-a-a, plez), the new Fox star importation from France, and a runner-up for the Maurice Chevalier honors. His first picture is "Adorable," starring Janet Gaynor. With him here is Mrs. Garat.

(Continued from page 12)

It was Miss Crewes who taught Gloria Swanson to articulate so correctly. The only trouble with Gloria was that she thought so much about the articulation that she forgot about the acting. Tala doesn't seem to be troubled that way.

ALL Hollywood is chuckling over that characteristic story of Michael Farmer, Gloria's current hubby, which *The New Yorker* recently uncovered. Mike, it seems, was in London helping Gloria to achieve "A Perfect Understanding," and was moved to talk on the telephone with a gentleman in Dunkirk, France, but got instead a lady in Dunkirk, New York. Mike was that way when he was in Hollywood—careless-like.

HOLLYWOOD chuckles about many things. Here are a few "shorts", "pre-views", and "trailers", I picked up in one day's strolling,



Photo by Wide World

visiting, lunching, dining and dancing, none of which you will believe. The first has to do with Orry Kelly, Warner's fashion designer, who has gone to Australia to visit his mother, Flory Kelly. He says he is going by way of the South Sea Islands to get ideas for costumes for the Warner stars!

The second has to do with Ken

Maynard, who recently flew his own plane to Mexico City—all alone. He begged his wife to go with him but she was afraid. The day after he left, she slipped on her own doorstep and broke her ankle in two places, so when Ken arrived home after flying safely over thousands of miles of land and water, he found his wife in a wheel chair!

THE third has to do with Walter Byron, who is said to be having an affair with a very beautiful young lady. Nobody knows about it except Walter and the beautiful young lady and Walter's press-agent, also a beautiful young lady. And maybe only two people know it. Now figure that one out!

The fourth has to do with a beautiful young blonde, whose fond parent found her in bed with a pig. The blonde in bed was Joan Marsh. The fond parent was her equally blond camera-man father, Charles Rosher. The bed was on a Mack Sennett set.

The fifth has to do—you might know it—with Groucho Marx, who said that the title of their new picture was changed from "Cracked Ice" to "Grasshoppers" because the public demanded animal pictures!

SPEAKING of the Marx Brothers, all the world knows by now that the Culbertsons ran out on the much-advertised bridge game between Harpo and Chico. Culbertson's explanation is that he thought it was a gag. The Hollywood explanation is that Culbertson found out that the Marxes, when it came to bridge, were not funny at all—that they were, in fact, the best bridge players in Hollywood.

APPEARANCES are deceitful, even among movie folk. I was thinking of that the other day when I ran into Myrna Loy on the Boulevard. While we were chatting, two small boys came along.

"That's Myrna Loy," the larger of the two said.

"Naw, that ain't Myrna Loy," the other replied. "That girl's got freckles!"

So accustomed is the public to seeing Myrna in exotic roles that it can't imagine her as being the freckle-faced, red-haired, healthy-looking girl she is. But she is!

SPEAKING of red-heads, I saw Nancy Carroll the other day looking lovelier than I have ever seen her before. The hair is again red; even redder; and over it she had drawn a cute little gray hat, half-way between a beret and the kind of thing that jolly old friars used to wear back in the good old *Robin Hood* days. It would have looked terrible on most girls, but it looked

(Please turn to page 16)



# SKYROCKETS FOR TWO



*Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World*

You are destined to see M-G-M's Jean Parker a lot on the screen and hear a lot about her. So, from now on, she will be presented to you for your approval—or else. Not for a long time have expert star-pickers been so certain of a girl's potentialities. Be sure to write and tell us what you think of Jean.

Lee Tracy (at right) has suddenly clicked. And how! He can be called, without exaggeration, the biggest "find" since Clark Gable. After years on the stage and several film dalliances, then—Fame. He has just signed a long-term contract with M-G-M. You think he's swell now. . . . How long?





(Continued from page 14)

wonderful on Nancy, who is certainly the come-back kid of 1933.

I forgot to say that Nancy wore a gray dress to match the hat, and that she was sitting on a high stool, with her legs wound round its iron pole, at Fred Harvey's lunch counter in the old Sante Fe station. Bolton Mallory, husband and reformed magazine editor, was with her—but not on the same stool.

**O**F course, we were all going to Caliente. When will we ever learn better? But for me the trip was not a total loss. I got much better acquainted with Lupe and Lola. Lupe, believe it or not, is the male and Lola the female of the pair of blue and gold macaws which make love so decoratively in the patio of the Agua Caliente hotel. Lupe, if sufficiently urged by the hotel hop, can be persuaded, almost any time, to give Lola what passes among macaws and cockatoos as a kiss.

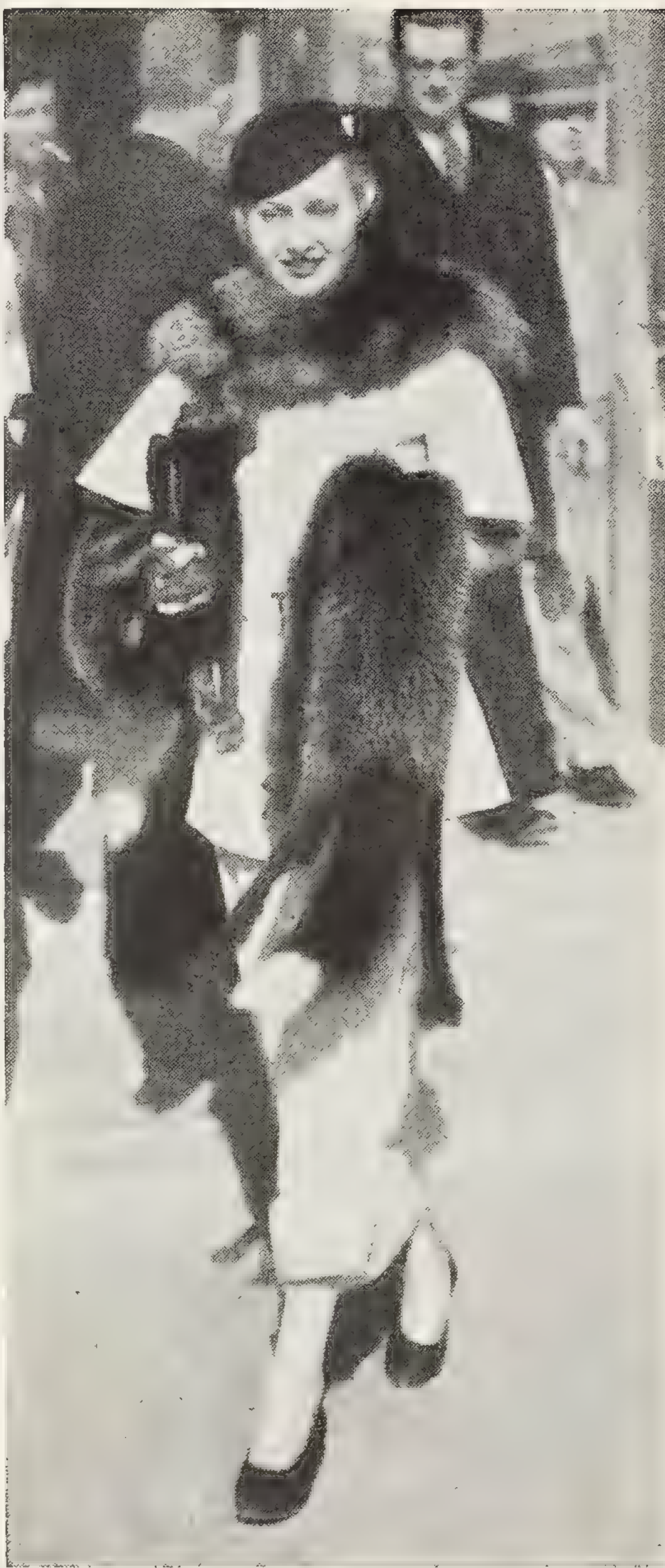
On the way to the train I chanced upon Victor McLaglen, who told me he was going to London to make a picture—by now he must be there—leaving his four Hollywood residences to take care of themselves.

"Why don't you rent them?" I asked.



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Helen Twelvetrees, now a proud mother, taking a stroll with Jack Oakie on the Paramount lot. Jack is explaining to her how Marlene Dietrich gets her pants. For further details, read "Hollywood Day by Day," in this issue of New Movie Magazine.



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Wera Engels, the German star, now in Hollywood, showing the profusion of silver fox fur she affects. Her dress is of pearl gray wool, her hat and accessories black.

"I tried that once," Vic boomed, "and when the tenants moved out, they took everything with them—even the bathroom fixtures."

**W**HICH reminds me that young Richard Cromwell has probably the most primitive bathroom in all Hollywood. It is Chic Sale-ish in simplicity. But it is bright and cheery. Around the room he has hung the Benda-like masks of famous people, in the making of which he occupies himself when he isn't painting bathrooms.

I have been in the great Benda's Sixty-seventh Street studio in New York many a time, and have seen his masks in many an incongruous place—even in the "Greenwich Village Follies"—but I never saw one in his bathroom!

*Dick was working on a mask of Joan Crawford. He had spent a dollar—which is a lot of money for Dick, because he allows him-*

*self only ten dollars a week out of his Columbia salary, for personal expenses—to buy some of those fake eyelashes that Hollywood high school girls are wearing because they make them look like the great Joan. He had also bought a ball of twine to make the lady's hair, each separate strand of which he was patiently sticking on by hand, waving it with his forefinger and painting it with orange-colored shellac. The resulting mask was a beautiful thing—even if it doesn't sound so. When Joan gets it, it ought to make her very happy.*

**J**OAN needs things to make her happy these days, for the boys with the sharp pencils and the girls with the sharp tongues have been very busy about her and Doug. All I know is that when "Dodo" took the train for his much gossiped-about vacation in New York, his wife not only was at the station to see him off, but managed a few very convincing tears; and when his train was delayed six hours on the return trip, she hired a plane and sent it out to "somewhere in Arizona" to pick him up and bring him the quicker home.

**T**HESE young blades do like splashy colors. Monroe Owsley is back in town, tooling himself around the boulevards in a cream-colored roadster with red leather upholstery. I hope he has better luck with it than Gary Cooper did with his swank  
(Please turn to page 114)



Photo by Wide World

Constance Bennett and her husband, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, off on a long sea trip "away from it all." Even if Connie is sometimes criticized as a "headline hunter," "Hank," as the Marquis is usually known, still remains one of the most popular men in Hollywood.



*"I'm tired  
of envying other  
girls the dresses  
I can't wear"*

**G**ET plenty tired of it! Then maybe you'll have the strength of mind to get after those bulges and curves that keep you from looking smart in the fashions your slenderer friends wear so gracefully.

The foolish part about being overweight is that it's so easy to reduce. All you need is a mind made up, common sense and patience. You can't expect to lose all your excess pounds overnight. Take time to it, do it right, and you'll improve your health as well as your figure.

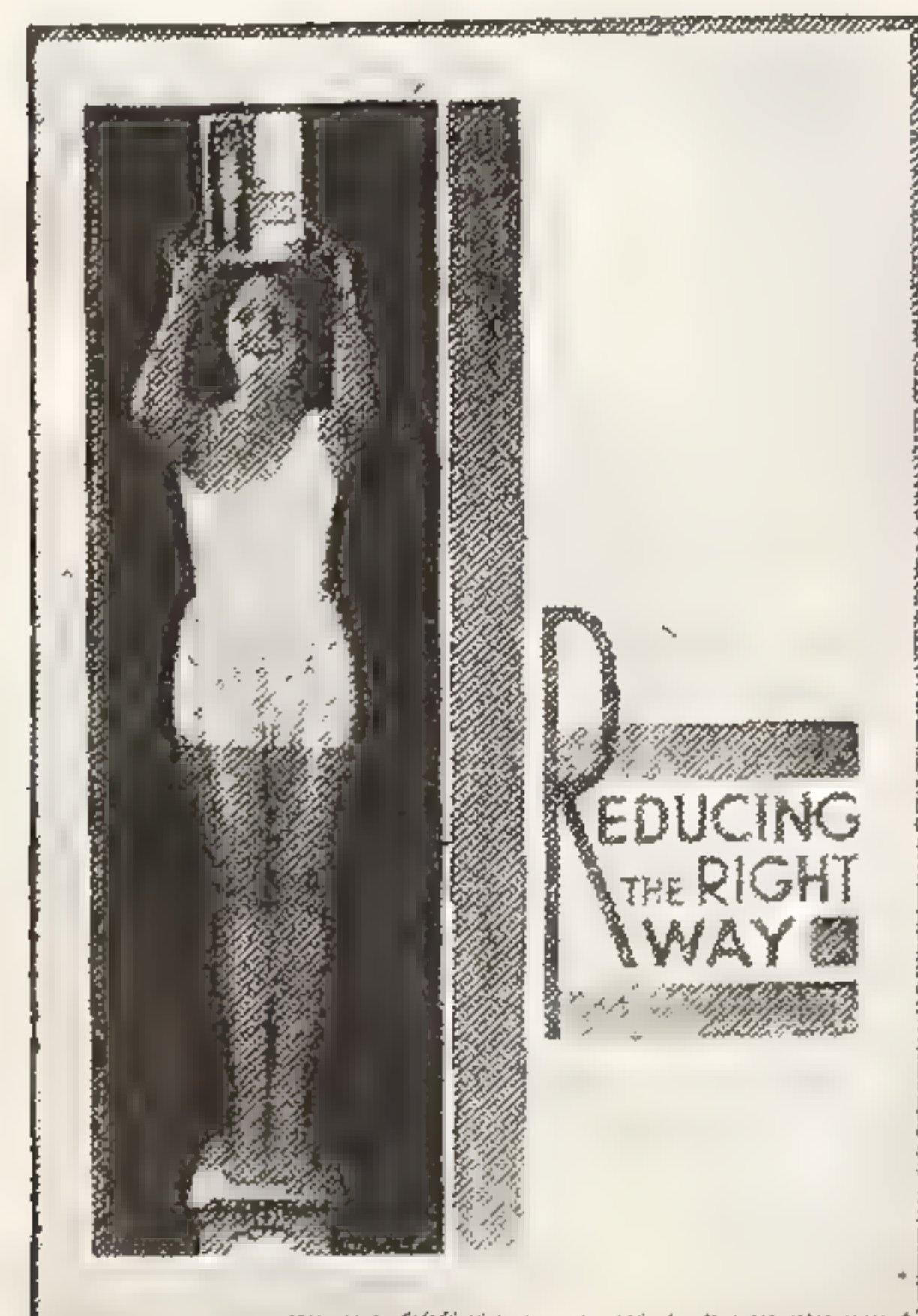
Make up your mind, polish up your patience, and send for "Reducing the Right Way." Thousands of women have sent for it already, as a guide to sensible diet and exercise. You'll be surprised when you see how much and how many



Wide  
World  
Photo

of the things you like to eat appear on its menus. There are menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner for two solid weeks—and two weeks of eating well but sensibly couldn't strain anyone's patience. There are recipes, too, for interesting dishes. And exercises you'll want to make a part of your daily program because they make you feel so well.

*Send today for "Reducing the Right Way". It costs just ten cents, postpaid.*



**TOWER BOOKS**

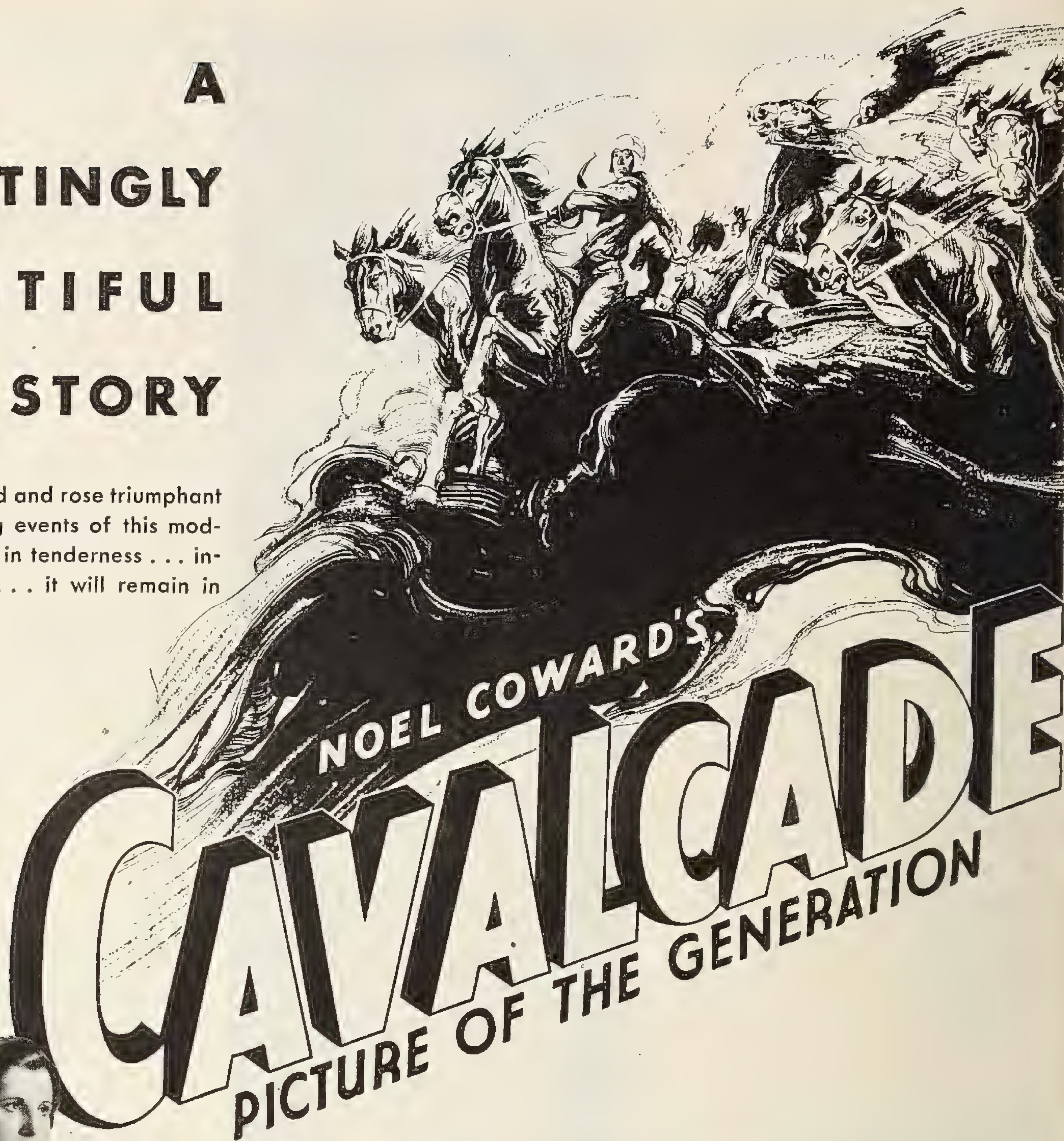
**Incorporated**

**55 Fifth Avenue, New York**



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LOVE STORY**

A love that suffered and rose triumphant above the crushing events of this modern age . . . Strong in tenderness . . . inspiring in loyalty . . . it will remain in your heart forever!



**Now YOU can see the Picture the whole world acclaims as the Greatest Ever!**

**LOUELLA PARSONS:** Greater even than "Birth of a Nation." Drama beautifully real and splendidly told. Truly magnificent.

**PHILADELPHIA Public Ledger:** If your budget calls for but one film a year I recommend "Cavalcade."

**ST. LOUIS Post Dispatch:** The cinema triumph of modern talkies . . . a tremendous and magnificent picture. By all means see it.

**ATLANTA Constitution:** It stands

supremely above criticism. A capacity audience sat spellbound.

**NEW YORK Herald Tribune:** The finest photoplay that has yet been made in the English language.

**BOSTON Herald:** It is, without fear of contradiction or dispute, the greatest film production since speech was given to the screen.

**CHICAGO Tribune:** "Cavalcade" IS, unquestionably, one of the screen wonders of the age—it has everything.

**FOX**

"Cavalcade" will be shown in your city soon. Your Theater Manager will be glad to tell you when.





**CAROLE LOMBARD**

# The New Movie's GALLERY of STARS





## REQUEST

Our readers swamped us with requests that we publish a new picture of Cary Grant, whose next film is "The Eagle and the Hawk," with Fredric March and Jack Oakie. He's a bachelor, girls, but you'll sometimes see him escorting Virginia Cherrill.





Has June Vasek that indefinable something plus that makes you like her? Will you make a star out of her? . . . Fox star specialists believe you will. So they've begun a Vasek promotion campaign. Your verdict will be the answer. . . . You saw her last in "Chandu the Magician." . . . What say?

YES?





# CHARM

Subtly captivating, coolly sensuous . . . on the screen. Quiet, retiring, the girl who neither drinks nor smokes . . . off the screen. This is Miriam Jordan, Hollywood's newest skyrocket. She scored instantly in "Six Hours to Live," and then again in "Sherlock Holmes."





Sylvia Sidney and George Raft adding to the excitement of "Pick-up," Vina Delmar's story transferred to the screen. Sylvia is at last working on "Jennie Gerhardt," the Dreiser novel which offered many censor difficulties. A splendid part for a splendid actress;

## PICK-UP





Clarence Sinclair Bull

## COLLEEN

Maureen from Killarney. O'Sullivan's the other name, sor. An' busy as a bog-trotter, from "Payment Deferred," then into Universal's "The Cohens and Kellys in Trouble," thence to Johnny Weissmuller's latest "Tarzan" creation.





Ann Harding's latest picture—and Ann as lovely as ever. After finishing "When Ladies Meet," she begins preparations for "Declassé," the Zoe Akins' stage play which served Ethel Barrymore as a vehicle for two years or so.

LOVELY



**DOUGLAS  
FAIRBANKS, Jr.**  
tells the inside story of

# TWO who fled from Hollywood

**W**HEN I went off for a little summer vacation in Europe last July, I made up my mind to one thing: I was going to forget Hollywood and all its works so that I might go back fresh and eager to whatever it would hold for me on my return. Joan Crawford felt the same way. It was to be our first real holiday together since our marriage, and we both wanted to be like two happy kids, without a thought of rôles, scripts, directors, critics or the public.

But we soon discovered that we couldn't leave Hollywood behind. Others saw to that. Aboard ship, whispers grew into buzzes, the buzzes into audible remarks, which came to a pointed question the first night out when a chap, standing at the rail beside us, suddenly said:

"Is it true, Mr. Fairbanks, that Hollywood is a place where men say Yes to everything and women say No to nothing?"

Maybe it was funny, but Joan only stared harder at the sea, while I, trying to be politely squelching, replied:

"Not quite. Neither yes nor no is taken very seriously there. You see, today's yes becomes tomorrow's no to the same idea, depending on the weather of the mind which, in that peculiar climate, is subject to change without warning or cause."

My answer did not stop him.

"Just as I always thought," he exclaimed, pleased with himself. "Nobody knows his mind out there!"

"Oh, yes, they do!" I contradicted.

"Who?" he challenged.

"Those who haven't any!"

This paradox, accompanied by Joan's laugh, sent him on his way, more than ever confirmed of Hollywood's brainlessness, I suppose. But as I leaned on the rail, watching the waves in the

"A penny for your thoughts, Doug," said Joan, bringing me back to present circumstances. . . . "Hollywood," I admitted. . . . She sighed. "Let's walk around the deck and talk of Paris."



*Photo by William Grimes*



## The young Prince of the Movies writes of Joan's and his futile dash for freedom—and wins your sympathy for two kids who weren't allowed to romp

gathering darkness, I knew that he was more than half right. For most minds are never made up in Hollywood. The temper of the cinema capital is against fixity. Change is the essence of the place. Why? Well, after my years of experience there, I am sure that nothing can be set for long in an industry built on emotion, and where instinct and intuition take the place of logic and reason. And standing there, listening to the hiss of the water, I had a sudden vision of the Great God Box Office, with his millions of eyes and innumerable wagging tongues, ruling his actor-shadows with a rod of Whim.

"A penny for your thoughts, Doug," said Joan, bringing me back to present circumstances.

"Hollywood," I admitted.

"Yes, it's everywhere on the

ship," she sighed. "Let's walk round the deck and talk of Paris."

WE did, and the rest of the evening we were free from reminders of our pictorial past. But the next morning I was hailed in the lounge by a charming old lady:

"I don't suppose you ever get up as early as this at the studios, Mr. Fairbanks, do you?"

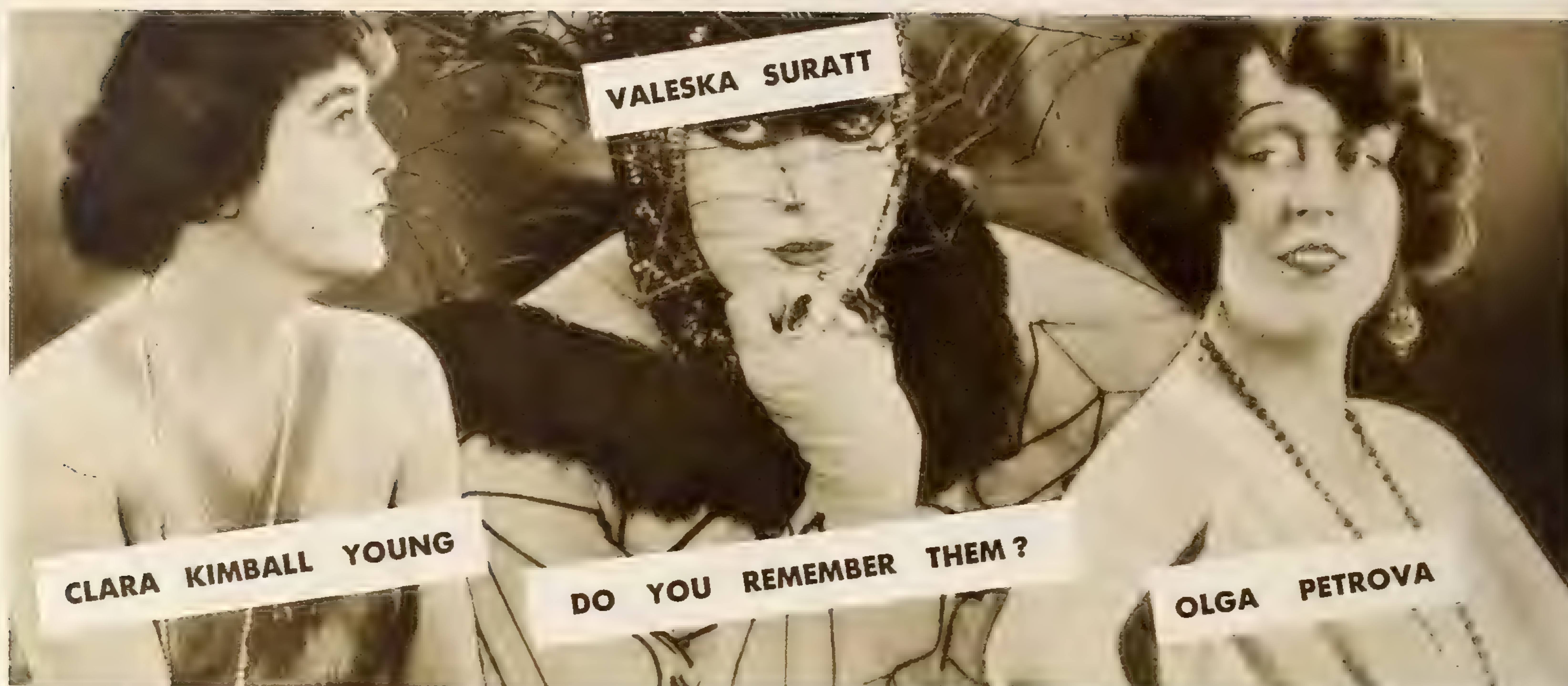
It was then after ten o'clock.

Great was her surprise when I told her that I often got up at six to be on the job in time, and I'm afraid she didn't believe me. I also explained that cameramen, sound technicians and the working-crew had to be on hand a half hour ahead of the (*Please turn to page 85*)

The latest photo-portrait of Douglas, Jr., made especially for The New Movie Magazine by Elmer Fryer.







# MEN,

**For the vampire is coming back—  
and she's worse than ever!**

**By FREDERIC LEWIS**

**T**HE vamp is back—and I don't mean baby. I mean the full-grown, blood-sucking, man-eating vampire to whom Kipling made his foolish prayer.

And it is about time. We haven't had a really good vampire—by which I mean a really bad vampire—since the Democrats were in office before.

We have had our saucy little piggly wiggly vamps like Lupe Velez, with their hey-nonnny-nonnies and their hot-cha-chas. We have had the so-called "It" girls like Clara Bow. We have had the very daring decollete ladies that Norma Shearer gives us in her less "Smilin' Through" moods.

But whoever believed that Clara Bow was really very bad? Whoever doubted for an instant that beneath her plump and perfumed cuticle there beat a heart of gold?

Whoever believed that those daring ladies of Norma's were ever as bad as they looked? Whoever doubted that the esteemed Mrs. Thalberg was really a very nice girl?

Even the Velez was always rather cute!

Synthetic vampires, that's what they've been feeding us all these Republican years. Neither Coolidge prosperity nor Hoover depression produced a screen siren worthy of the name. But now that the wicked Democrats are in again, let American manhood beware!

Take that girl, Karen Morley, who played in "The

Glenda Farrell made ten years in a Georgia chain gang look like a picnic de luxe compared with a life sentence of the ball and chain with her.





# Beware!

Phantom of Crestwood"—that is, take her if you can! No last-minute play for sympathy on her part, no softening of the arteries as her lovely claws are about to encircle the money-bags of her victims, no anti-climactic revelation that, for all her seeming hardness of heart, she has always longed to be, or is even about to become, a mother!

Karen played the same sort of man-destroying female in "Washington Masquerade." By the time she had finished with poor old Congressman Barrymore, she had sucked the last red corpuscle from his royal Barrymore veins.

Glenda Farrell did the same thing to Paul Muni in "I am a Fugitive." She made ten years in a Georgia chain gang look like a picnic de luxe compared with *(Please turn to page 110)*

Myrna Loy, beneath all of her Chinatown kimonos, was nothing less—and little more—than a hussy.



By the time Karen Morley had finished with poor old Congressman Barrymore, she had sucked the last red corpuscle from his royal Barrymore veins.



# TRY THIS FASCINATING NEW

## You can make your own pictures of



Using the picture of Greta Garbo on this page as the subject, see if you can make a typewritten copy of it, just as Miss Parsons did on the opposite page. The New Movie Magazine will pay for the typewritten pictures selected as the best submitted. All entries should be copied from the picture on this page. . . . For details see page 100.



# WAY TO DRAW THE STARS!

your film favorites on your typewriter!



This remarkable typewritten picture of Garbo—done from the small photograph accompanying it—was made by Katherine H. Parsons. The Editors were so impressed by the novelty of the treatment that this magazine decided to give the readers a chance to see if they could do as well or better. See if you can make a typewritten copy of the picture of Garbo on the opposite page.



# The Mystery of MARLENE

**I**N NINETEEN AND TWENTY-NINE at Paramount Studios I was discussing some scenes for the Revue we were planning with Albert Kaufman, one of the few executives who has remained with the organization. (For the last three years the heads of departments have been riding the rapidly revolving door of power as if it were a merry-go-round—I don't know now who has caught the brass ring!)

Halting our discussion, Al tossed a half-dozen photographs across the desk saying: "There's a girl we have just signed up. She looks like a great bet for pictures." I gazed for the first time into the eyelash-draped eyes of Marlene Dietrich. All the photographs were in men's clothes.

"Is she a male impersonator?" I asked.

Al laughed. "I should say not; she has more 'it' and 'that' than anyone we've got. Sings, dances, and a fine actress! But she usually does a number in men's clothes. She's a big stage favorite in Germany!"

**H**AVING specialized in male impersonations myself, my appraisal was slightly tinted with criticism. "She is very attractive, and wears the clothes well!" I said. "But she doesn't look anything like a man with all that fluffy hair sticking out under the top hat!"

"Well! she's not a bit masculine." Al was looking at a gay, laughing picture. "It's funny; she's very feminine—has a baby and a husband," Al added.

"That's good!" I said, referring to the afterthought of propriety.

"I guess she just likes to wear pants," Al concluded.

**T**HE pictures were laid aside and we returned to our own affairs, little dreaming that in less than four years Marlene Dietrich's trousers would be everybody's affair. Al Kaufman's explanation still is the correct one. Hollywood with all its demoralizing magic has not altered the fair German's ideas, but its small-town attitude and her success have, I think, given her the courage to express them and stick to them even if she gets stuck with them.

She is still feminine, she still has the same husband, and her child, though no longer a baby, receives more maternal devotion than any I have ever seen, with perhaps the exception



Marlene Dietrich—as she looked in Berlin before coming to America for film success, and (right) as she is frequently seen today.







Marlene Dietrich (above) in her latest picture, "The Song of Songs." And at right: Elsie Janis' newest photograph.



**The one and only ELSIE JANIS at her breeziest and best . . . One bright star in defense of another bright star . . . and the other's trousers**

of myself when I was her age.

Half the women in the world have fallen for or risen to (according to one's point of view) pyjamas. From the country girl in her homemade gingham to the *demi-mondaine* in her French-made velvet and ermine. There must be something to them. I know there's too much in many of them.

The answer is comfort and freedom. Certainly the desire is not to be like the men, but modern women can't be blamed for trying to "snitch" a little of the ease men enjoy; to be able to cross the legs without staging a tug-of-war with a dress, or to walk beside the male companion without the usual and now *passé*, "What's the matter? Are you walking with me or just following my trail?"

I'll admit that Dietrich in complete masculine attire is a little ahead of the procession, but I also predict that it will soon catch up and pass her, because she needs that mass of spun gold sometimes called hair for her screen work and when the Eton bob comes bob, bob, bobbing along dressed in brother's Sunday suit, Dietrich will look like a "weak sister" by comparison.

I can't help thinking of how gay and mischievous she looked in those pre-American pictures and remarking that a film success in our Land of the Free is an expensive business. The income tax collector holds the first mortgage on your achievements, the press the second, the public the third, the studios have the right to turn a young girl's laughter into a deserted wife's tears, the camera and Father Time both have options on your face, while the masseuse has a lien on your fat. Foreigners may take what's left back to their respect-

ive homelands at will, but if by chance they want more punishment, the emigration laws make them sit up, beg for, and then wait for it! The speed with which it can dim its lustre, when a smoke screen of criticism is thrown out! The star may still be there, possessing all the brilliancy that established it in the firmament of fame, but smoked glasses are reserved for the sun.

**I**N Marlene Dietrich's case, the screen of smoke is just starting really to rise and she is doing nothing drastic to soar above it. I think she must feel that the form of suffocation doesn't much matter, and if she must wear a mask, to satisfy the public which two years ago was at her feet (not to mention what they are attached to), then why not a gas mask? The German ones were far superior to ours in the War!

In France, England, Germany, and other countries, the public judges an artist by what he or she does in the theater. I don't believe the things which have happened to Dietrich would be possible in Europe.

For instance, Josef Von Sternberg, an astute, brilliant, and far-seeing young Hebrew, made a picture before he ever directed the dazzling *Darling of the Deutch*. It was called "The Salvation Hunters" and he made it on a shoe-string or maybe just a plain string. But it was so good that I sat one night and listened to Mary Pickford, Douglas (Please turn to page 95)



# Intimate facts about Marlene's Wardrobe

Some answers to questions

that every woman is asking **By FRANC DILLON**

**H**ALF the women in the United States are eager to step into Marlene Dietrich's trousers! Oh, some just like them. Five thousand pairs of slacks were sold to women in one Hollywood shop alone. But this season the customer says, "I want a pair of trousers just like Marlene Dietrich's."

All of which has left Marlene completely bewildered.

"Why all this fuss about my trousers?" she asked, with just a suggestion of a frown on her smooth forehead. "I've always worn them. I wore them for years in Europe before I came here. I wore them in my first picture here. No one made any comment. Now, suddenly, everyone starts talking about them and all the women are wearing them. Why?"

**F**OR Marlene, who has adopted pants for nearly all off-screen appearances, feels that they are her own property; that no one has the right to interfere with her individuality, as it were.

"I love these little pants," she said, patting the leg of her gray trousers. "I like them for several reasons. They are comfortable; they are economical because the styles in men's clothes do not change often; and I think they suit my type."

"Only the most feminine-looking women should wear trousers," Marlene continued, and she practices what she preaches, for she always looks feminine in spite of her mannish clothes. She usually wears a small beret or a soft tailored hat, and her hair is always arranged in soft waves about her face. Her nails are always manicured in feminine fashion and usually painted a brilliant red.

She resented being criticised for allowing her eight-year-old daughter, Maria, to wear trousers. "I bought pants for Maria because they are warm," she explained. "Even in California the nights are cool and I think it is wise to keep her legs warm."

It was when she appeared at the premiere of "The Sign of the Cross" dressed in a man's evening costume, complete in every detail, that she almost stopped traffic. (Please turn to page 82)



Photo by Wide World

**Man's overcoat, as it is worn by Miss Dietrich on formal occasions. This was bought in one of the Los Angeles department stores. Recently she purchased six more of these.**



Photo by Wide World

**(Above) For daytime attire, Marlene's one-button sack coat. For daytime wear she usually wears the type of shoes shown above.**

Photo by Wide World

**Three sisters in St. Louis, out airing their mannish attire. They are Mrs. Helen Schneider, Mrs. Veronica Leinart and Mrs. Clem Brazill. . . .**





## HERE'S WHAT THE COUNTRY THINKS OF THE TROUSERS FAD

*To get an accurate check-up of what the women of the United States thought of the new mannish attire so many women are adopting, and in an effort to be in a position to predict more or less definitely whether or not there would be general acceptance, the editor of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE telegraphed to a number of the leading department stores in different cities. Herewith are their answers:*

**BOSTON:** Chief interest here at Filene's in suits of mannish type rather than the actual trouser suit stop We have however sold a fair quantity of slacks to women stop Promoted



*Wide World*  
**Two mannishly tailored girls on the New York streets. They are Marguerite Churchill, the actress, and Beatrice Hudson, who's in the Social Register, if you ask.**

them for week-end cruises and sports.

W. H. McLeod,  
William Filene's Sons' Co.

**SAN FRANCISCO:** I. Magnin & Company in San Francisco, through their New York office, answer as follows:

I. Magnin & Company do not believe that the mannish styles as worn by Marlene Dietrich will to any extent be copied by the majority of ladies who are used to wearing well-made, feminine-looking apparel stop Therefore our firm has not made any move to advocate this extreme mannish type of mode stop We hope we are right for two reasons: First, we believe it will spoil the fine femininity of our beautiful American women; second, if the style should become the vogue to any extent it would ruin the ready-to-wear business and throw hundreds of thousands of more people out of work which in these times would be a terrible added misfortune to the shop keeper and working people alike stop Thanks for your interest.

I. Magnin & Company.

**WASHINGTON, D. C.:** We have purchased and offered for sale a number of different garments which carry out the mannish clothes idea, but the response to this merchandise by the public has been very small.

We conclude from your wire that when you speak of mannish clothes you mean the extreme things; such as, trousers, trouser suits, and in some instances, skirts with cuffs at the bottom as are put on men's trousers. It is this type of merchandise on which we base our reply.

Woodward & Lothrop.  
(Please turn to page 82)



**Top, left: Marlene in one of her many tweed sports suits. Top, center: For formal evening wear—white hand-sewn buckskin gloves, a bat-wing tie and white silk reefer scarf. Top, right: Tailored shorts. Above, center: Narrow suspenders, garters and black silk socks. Above: This man's tailored silk shirt usually worn by Marlene.**





Photo by Hurrell

## The Love Behind a Film Throne

**S**HE is the most tactful and mentally alert woman in Hollywood. She is gracious without being affected, and sincere without being rude. Her temperament is cheerful, her attitude toward the world—shrewd and kind.

Hard-earned success is often misunderstood. Norma Shearer's is no exception. Her spontaneous personality and the metallic and quick quality of her mind, which cuts through to the object desired while other women flounder in self-pity, would make her successful anywhere.

Like most people who have lived vividly, her mind often goes to the past.

**B**ORN in Montreal, Canada, of parents wealthy at the time, her childhood was happy. She did not begin to attend school until she was about ten. She

had but one reason for not going. She did not like school. Through the force of circumstances, she quit her studies at about the age of fifteen. The long Canadian winters developed different childish ailments which kept her at home for weeks at a time during these years.

As a consequence, the future mistress of cinema sophistication began her career with but little academic training. However, no woman in Hollywood has a surer and more pleasing command of English, and a voice more musical with which to express it.

Her native shrewdness soon taught her to avoid the cave of pretense into which so many people tumble. "I tried hard to impress people at first—feeling that it was so necessary. Now I know that just being natural is much more honest."

Norma's mother was English, her father Scotch.



# JIM TULLY'S

## appraisal of Norma Shearer

The story of one of the greatest Movie romances and its glamorous principals

Unlike the Scotchman of current jokes, he was trusting and kindly. The business which was started by his grandfather collapsed under him.

When Norma was twelve, the family moved to a more modest home. The horses and carriages were sold. Her father, at an age when successful men retire from business, was penniless.

A FEW years of routine followed. They were accompanied by the agonies of pride attendant upon those who have come down in the world.

Norma's mother, who was indifferent as to when her child started to school, had seen that she began the study of music at eight.

Her teacher, well known in Montreal, had high hopes of her young pupil becoming a successful concert player. Her examinations were taken at the Royal Academy of Music. The teacher, whose name was Blossom Connelly, left a deep impression on the young girl. "One time," Norma said, laughing, her teeth like pearls in a row, "when my feet didn't quite reach the floor pedals and I sat there kicking the piano, my teacher horrified me by exclaiming, 'Damn it—will you ever stop kicking that piano?'"

Her teacher died while Norma was making ready to take the final examination.

Norma did not go near the Royal Academy of Music again.

Instead, as the financial status of the family became worse, she took a job in a music store. The girl, who for seven years had studied the classics, now pleased prospective customers by playing such transitory numbers as *They're Wearing 'em Higher in Hawaii*, and *Naughty, Naughty, Naughty* for ten dollars per week.

Her mother came into the store while Norma played a popular piece.

She stood for a moment (*Please turn to page 102*)



Photo by Hurrell



Photo by Russell Ball



Photo by Lansing Brown

(Above, left): Irving Thalberg, whom Norma thought she "might marry—with eyes like that." (Above, right): Norma's mother. And right: Norma's latest photograph, taken at the Thalberg mansion in the Hollywood hills.





## What it takes for

**S**HOWN above is a tremendously interesting photograph of the actual, back-stage workings of a film company during the course of production. The picture being made is M-G-M's "Reunion in Vienna," from the stage play by Robert E. Sherwood.

With only four actors on the stage, note the director, Sidney Franklin, in front of the camera, his script girl and his assistant, the cameraman and host of assistants, the chief sound man and his assistants, electricians, property men, and others—all necessary to the taking of this one scene which, when you see it on the screen, will consume only a matter of seconds.





## just ONE Scene

**W**HILE this was one of the first scenes to be photographed, it is one that will appear, in the finished film, well towards the end. Here you see John Barrymore, Frank Morgan and Diana Wynyard in the *Krug's* salon, when Barrymore, the Archduke, comes to take the wife (Miss Wynyard) away from her psychiatrist husband.

**"REUNION IN VIENNA"** is one of the ambitious film efforts of the year. Besides Mr. Barrymore, Miss Wynyard and Mr. Morgan, the particularly brilliant cast includes May Robson, Otto Kruger, Henry Travers, Una Merkel, Bodil Rosing and Eduardo Cianelli. Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt were starred on the speaking stage.



Hashimura Togo, WALLACE IRWIN'S world-famous  
Japanese Schoolboy, seeks fame and fifty cents

# How to BURST into the Movies

To Editor Tower Pubs, including Home, Love & Movies, which are practically everything.

DEAREST SIR:

**Y**ESTDY morning, about noon p.m. my owner, Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, call me to his Thinking Studio and dictate,

"Togo, here are the key to my Wine & Booz Cellar. Go there and mix it into the kinda cocktail that makes bankers generous. Pretty soonly I must meet 12 of them. Subject, Money."

But I stood.

"Why you no go do?" He narrate peevly.

"O Mr. Sire," I lag, "while you speak Subject Money to those Bankers, kindly to please ask them raise my celery from 13\$ & 50c per monthly to 14\$."

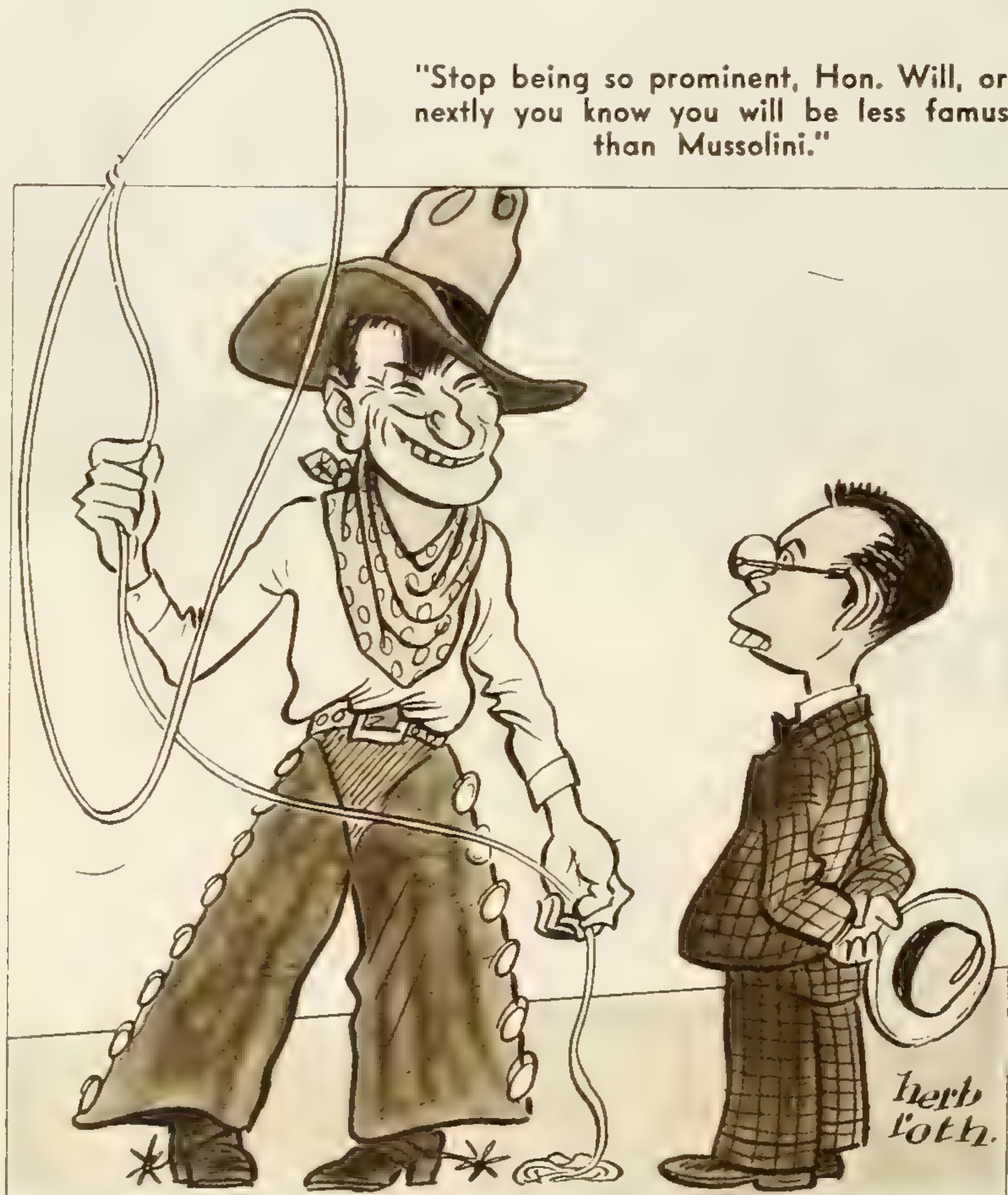
"Togo, you are talking garbage," he snowl. "All over Hollywood celeries are being cut like a beefstake. Yet there you stand on your wicked hells, asking 50c raise. Even Clark Gabble would be fraid to do that."

"Dear Mr. Sire," I si & grone, "I am very fearful that I got into Hollywood through the end where the money ain't."

"You are describing both ends," he dib.

"Ah nosir! I should begin to be a actor on a Lott

"Stop being so prominent, Hon. Will, or nextly you know you will be less famus than Mussolini."



Home, home, Swede,  
Swede home,  
Be it ever so humbug  
There is nothing exactly  
like it.

somewheres. There Fame would catch me, you bat your bootware. Excuse it, please. I must run away right now & burst into the movies."

"U?"

"I."

"**M**AYBE you could sicceed," he narrate. "Anny-how, you will never stumble over your brain. But how you get a job? In Hollywood, to become a star or even a sparkle you got to be slightly human. What you do then, hah?"

"Shux!" I dictate. "Do I not see lions, gorillias & snaks acting on Lott every day? Surely I could be one of those, if not Jas Durante."



"How stuppid of me," say Hon. Police. . . . Goo-by, I must look for Hashimura Togo."

Illustrations by HERB ROTH

"Explain me this," collapse Hon. G. F. Ogre. "How would you commence getting actor job in Hollywood?"

"I should expend 1\$ for a printer," I say, "to make me following sign:

"NOTICE TO ALL CAMERAS!!!!  
HASHIMURA TOGO  
ARE IN TOWN  
!!!!!! WISHING TO BE SHOT!!!!!"

"Your mind is walking backwards, as usual," persue Hon. Ogre. "If cameras was aimed at all the Unemployed in Hollywood today it would make more shooting than a world war. Togo, come hitherwards and look out from window of my Thinking Studio. What you see there?"

**I** LOOK. And Oyes! I see. Down road come a iron I ottomobile without windows, and surround it was 8 muttercycle policemen with huj signs which say. DO NOT EVEN LOOK: (Please turn to page 75)





Mae West and her sister, Beverly, posing especially for The New Movie Magazine in their home.

**I**RONY of ironies! On the very site where Mae West was born there stands an imposing church. The grounds of her former Brooklyn, New York, homestead is the yard of a house of worship.

And, looking back beyond the days when Sex was Mae West's forte, one sees a chubby, flaxen-haired baby received as the favorite at church socials.

Surprise! Surprise! Down came our blinders for a better—and unique—look at Mae West as provided by her sister, Beverly, also an actress.

We went to see Beverly because we were told that she understood and loved her sister but saw her with unprejudiced eyes. Another reason we went to see Beverly, instead of going directly to Mae, was because we were wise to the exponent of sex in the theater and the movies; she likes you to think she is really tough. She wants you to believe she's part and parcel of the thing she represents as an actress—and it isn't so at all! You don't know the real girl!

**T**HE first time we saw Mae was when she played in a lurid thing called "Sex," and the second time we saw her she was receiving the plaudits of a night club crowd in a gay place called "The Silver Slipper." The

**BECAUSE . . .**

## Mae West Isn't Diamond Lil

By **HESTER ROBISON**

difference between the Mae West of the stage and the Mae West who bowed and smiled in the spotlight of a *hot-cha* place was about one yard of extra bustle in back and about two yards of extra bosom in front.

That was the first time we learned that Mae West, as theater audiences know her, is a fake. She's not tough and she's not fat and she's not vulgar. She puts it on and takes it off as she puts on and takes off the extra bust and bustle in her characterizations.

But knowing this was not enough preparation for the tale spun about Mae by her sister, Beverly. Knowing this hardly prepared us for the story of a home-town girl who made good in the big city, as related by Beverly. For the (*Please turn to page 93*)

**The Real Story of the Real Girl Beneath the Curves,**

**Told for the First Time . . . . and by Miss West's Sister**



## The DON'T-CARE GIRL



*Robert W. Coburn*

*Ernest A. Bachrach*

Katharine Hepburn is the present-day Hollywood puzzle. She goes blithely on her way, breaking all rules. One of them—and a sacred one—is the photograph decree—"always look beautiful." Katharine refuses to sit for pretty pictures. She won't permit herself to be made beautiful photographically. "Shoot me as I am, or not at all," is her command. "I don't care how ugly you make me." And this in Hollywood, my dear! No wonder they gasp.



# TED COOK'S HOLLYWOOD FASHION

## Cook-Cooos

### ODE TO PANTS

Women in Michigan, women in Maine,  
Women in Paraguay, women in Spain,  
Women in Nome and in Alsace-Lorraine  
Are wearing men's pants.

All because Dietrich refused to wear skirts  
And dressed up in trousers and masculine shirts,  
The fashion designers are all going nertz  
While the women go Hollywood.

It doesn't seem right and it doesn't seem fair  
For a woman whose legs are beyond all compare,  
To hide them in pants from the critical stare  
Of her nature-loving public.

Why not a compromise, prudent and sane,  
(There's nothing to lose and a whole lot to gain!)  
Let her wear trousers of fresh cellophane—  
Arrange it, please, Mr. Hays!



Illustration by  
the author

### America's popular humorist describes what the Trouser craze is doing to Movieland

BY way of continuing to be rough and brutal, Jimmy Cagney in his recent picture bats a ping-pong ball into Alice White's face.

So maybe in his next jungle picture, Weissmuller will create a sensation by having a terrific hand-to-hand encounter with a Pekinese.

A YOUNG Londoner, transplanted to Hollywood, has a lot to say about what you women wear.

He's a rather important economic factor in this world right now.

You've heard of him—the designer who calls himself Adrian.

Imported by Metro-Goldwyn to fool fifty million Frenchmen, Adrian sits in a room where the walls are the color of Chartreuse, and Lalique vases hold long ostrich plumes. He dictates what Garbo and Crawford and Shearer shall wear.

Adrian slapped a pancake hat on Garbo—and in a few months women everywhere were stampeding for Eugenie hats.

He mounted a skin-tight gown on Shearer for "Strange Interlude"—and you know what happened.

Then he contemplated Crawford's shoulders, which are very broad, and designed exaggerated sleeves for her "Letty Lynton" rôle. Many a woman saw the picture, ran home and robbed the baby's bank to get a broad-shouldered wardrobe.

Picture producers cannot afford to dress their stars in Paris fashions.

Too often, the continental fashion craze at the moment of shooting would have subsided by the time the picture is released.

There was nothing to do but create fashions—fashions to eclipse Paris notions. And that is just what happened.

DIETRICH, following her own whim, started dressing like a man—and confused the designers. Shops immediately broke out in a rash of mannish things.

"Trousers will persist for sports wear," says Adrian, "but Miss Dietrich has gone to extremes. I (Please turn to page 100)

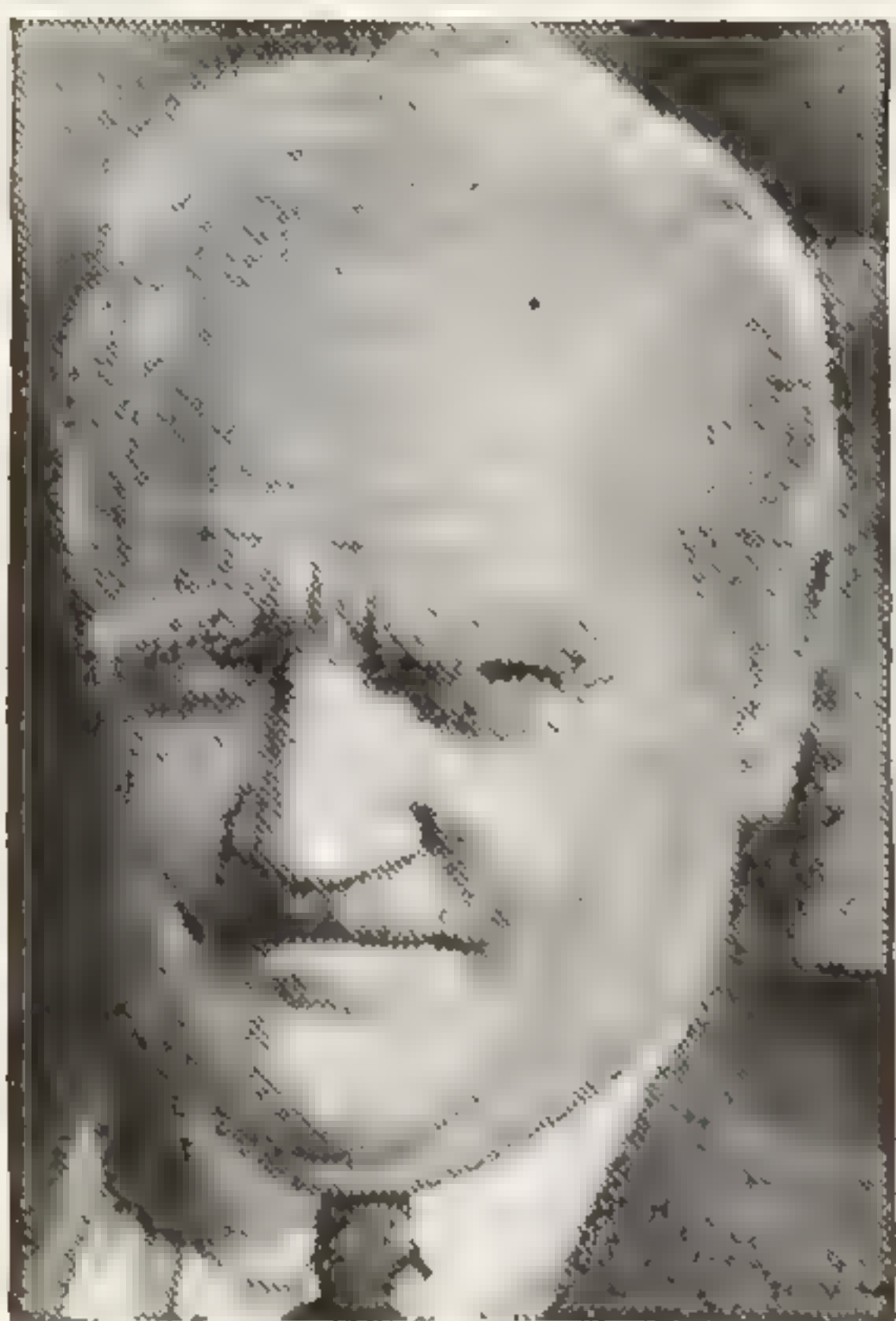
How about an Academy award  
for the best emotional acting by  
a visiting banker?



# Tricks of Make-Up

By JACK JAMISON

Giving you many of the transformation tricks that the studios have guarded so jealously for years



As though anybody could be so silly as to believe that Richard Dix (above) really grew old during the filming of "The Conquerors."

**H**OLLYWOOD'S make-up experts are the men who turn old actresses into girls, young actresses into hags, handsome actors into monsters, and not-so-handsome actors into Apollos.

They are the miracle-workers who, with a mirror, a barber's chair and a little black box, metamorphose Sylvia Sidney of New York into a Japanese *Madame Butterfly*, and Ramon Novarro of Mexico into the Chinese rebel of "The Son-Daughter." Without them and their highly specialized craft moving pictures could not last two minutes; for without the make-up men, there would be no illusion of reality.

What is the scar? Col-lodion.

What is the blood? Washable dye.

What is the dust? Dust.

But it isn't all so simple! Many a trick of make-up is so complicated that it would take an entire article to tell you how it is accomplished.

Because of their complexity, because the make-up artists quite naturally do not wish to give away the precious secrets upon which their livelihood depends, and because of the studios' fear that the public may lose faith in the reality of pictures—as though anybody were silly enough to believe that Richard Dix *really* became an old man during the filming of "The Conquerors!"—Hollywood's make-up tricks are the most guarded of secrets.

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE takes pride in being the first magazine to give you full, explicit directions as to how to do some of these make-ups yourself, at home. In this article you will find the actual day-time and night-time make-ups of the women stars, as well as detailed information on the make-up used on the sets, character make-ups, and "special effect" make-ups.

**N**OT one in a thousand of our readers will have any reason to need the full panchromatic make-up that is required by the bulb lighting and high-speed film of the modern studio. It gives you the complexion of a pot of mustard.

But, in case you take home movies or are a snapshot fiend, here's how it's done:

Just for fun, we'll study Norma Shearer's studio make-up. Just for fun, we say, because Norma is more careless about her make-up than any other star. (More than once she has been caught using black



Richard Arlen and Kathleen Burke in "The Island of Lost Souls," facing a group of terrific beasts of the jungle—in reality they were merely muscular extras made up with crêpe hair and grease paint.

tooth-enamel on her lovely eyelashes, just because she couldn't find any mascara within easy reach.) Everybody says that in "Smilin' Through" Norma looked more beautiful than ever before, however; and for "Smilin' Through" she was induced, by weeping, wailing, and lamentation, to use full make-up. Here it is, just as she walked on the set:

1. Freshen your face with a mild astringent—witch hazel.

2. Cover the face with No. 25 grease paint. (Ivory with a tinge of red.) Pat it on, in a thin coating. Never smear it.

3. Shade under the eyes, and on the lids, with panchromatic eye-shadow. All panchromatic make-up



# Revealed by Experts



## MAKE-UP SECRETS FOR:

The striking brunette . . . Joan Crawford

The striking blonde . . . . . Jean Harlow

The average American girl Madge Evans

The average blonde . . . Carole Lombard

The average brunette . . . . Kay Francis

★ ★ ★

has brown in it. This is an extremely dark brown with a reddish cast; dark mahogany.

4. Shape the lips with panchromatic lip rouge, which also is more brown than red.

5. Touch the cheeks very lightly, high on the cheekbones, with the face rouge known as non-photographic red. Ordinary rouge photographs black, even the paler shades of orange showing on the screen as a dull gray. The non-photographic rouge shows scarcely at all on the film, but that little is what counts, for it eliminates the "dead" effect of sharp white and contrasting shadow.

6. Shape the brows with eye-liner. Shade: dark brown.

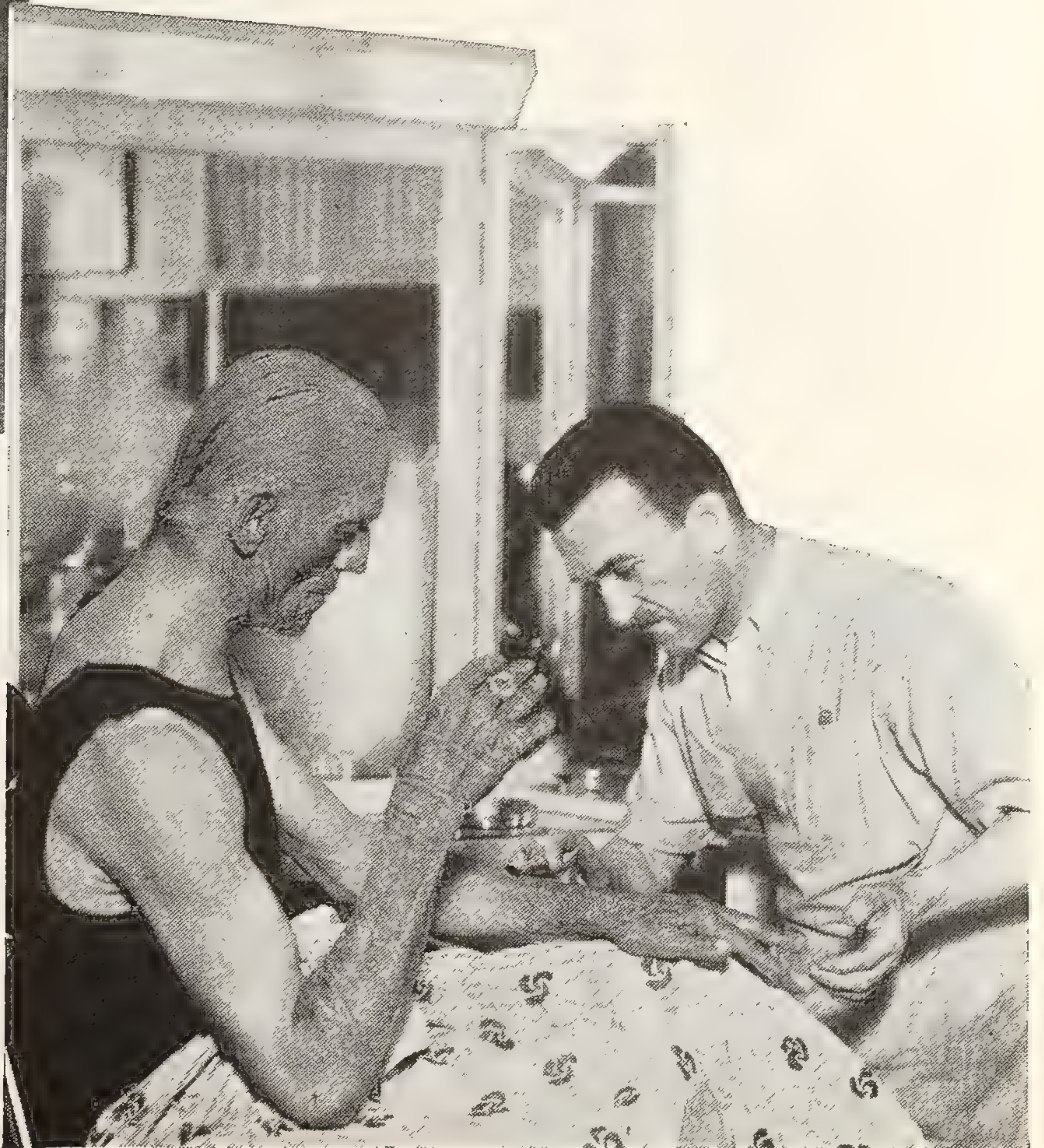
7. Using No. 25 powder, pat loads and loads of it all over your face until the grease-paint refuses to take up any more of it. Do not smear. *Press* the puff against the grease. Then re-load it and press again.

8. Wipe the powder off eyes, lashes, brows and mouth with a soft brush. Be extremely careful not to disturb the shaping of the mouth. After the powder has gone on, no retouching is possible, as the camera will catch it.

9. Touch up the eyelashes with brown mascara. Don't splash a drop!

10. Finally, rouge the mouth for coloring, using the panchromatic lip rouge.

Follow the outline of the first rouging. A mistake here means that the entire make-up must be removed with cold cream, and done over again. The camera catches everything! *(Please turn to page 106)*



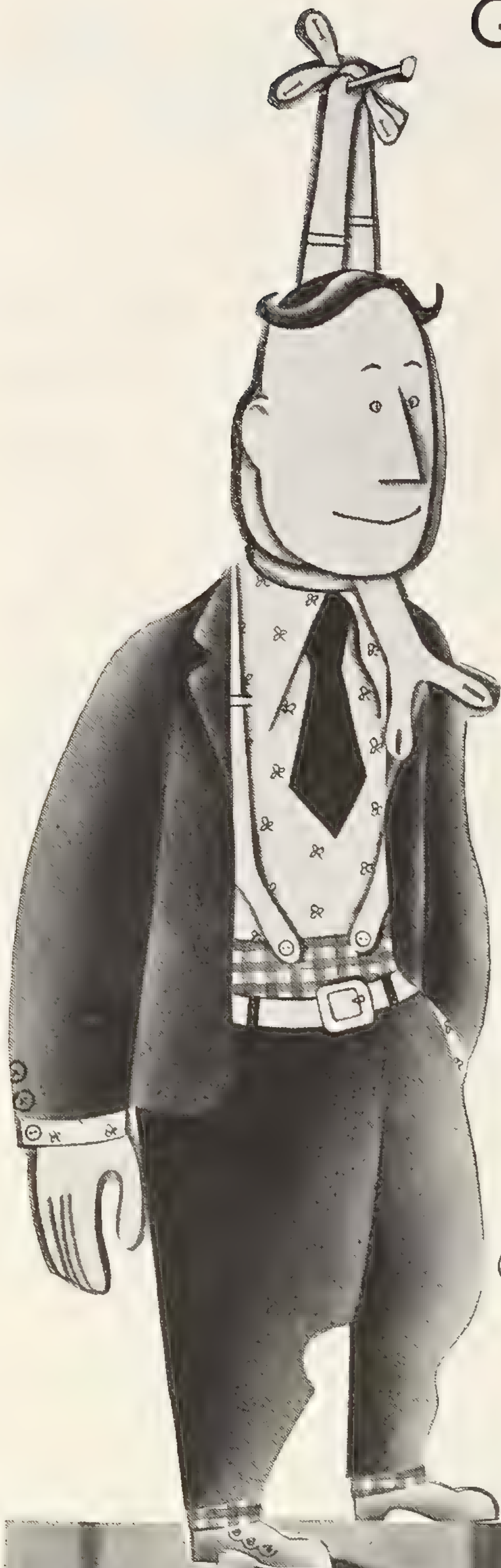
Jack Pierce making up Boris Karloff for "The Mummy."



# GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN— GOOFY

The year's craziest interview with the two craziest  
persons on the air

By HILDA ROWE



**T**HEY'RE mad!  
They're crazy!  
They're the nuttiest things on the air today; and an hour with Gracie Allen and George Burns is guaranteed to make any one as mad, as crazy and as nutty as they are.

If you have ever had nightmares in which you have dreamed of losing your mind, then you have enjoyed (?) the equivalent of an hour with Gracie and her nice but very nutsky husband, George.

It's a toss-up—which one gets the bouquet of onions and the garland of turnip leaves I've set aside as my prize for the maddest person on my horizon. One minute George seems to deserve it. Then Gracie opens her funny mouth, her pipey voice comes streaming out, and I feel myself weakening.

Long before the last crumb of our delectable luncheon was down my throat the remnants of my reason had tottered.

I had arrived on the scene of madness in Gracie's and George's Essex House Apartment a perfectly normal person. I had dignity and enough sense to lace my shoes from the bottom up and button the backs of my dresses without putting the right buttons in the wrong button holes. You can judge for yourselves whether I was sane or not.

When I left the Burns and Allen menage I tried to hang from the chandelier, chinned myself on the baby bar, pinched the unsuspecting cook and made goo-goo eyes at the Chinese rug.

**A**FTER counting the fifteen bottles of expensive perfume on Gracie's dressing table and inspecting closets full of beautiful clothes, I casually got down to the business of discussing Gracie's cuckoo family so familiar to the radio and movie public. Sanely and quietly I asked my questions.

"That brother you're always gabbing about," I asked—"how did he originate?"

"He was born," said big-eyed Gracie.

"Of course, Gracie" (patient George to the rescue), "everybody's born."

"Oh, my, you say the funniest things. My brother was born different. Mother started to bake a cake and when she opened the oven out came my brother. He was just half-baked but that's life, isn't it?"

"One day I asked my mother for eggs for breakfast and she said, 'There are only two eggs in this house and one of them won't work.' Of course, I couldn't have my brother for breakfast on no account on account of he's a bad egg."

"You know, my brother's name is Flies Allen, but mother calls him 'Acidophilus' for short because she can't spell Flies."

"He's called Flies on account of everybody chases him and on account of because he invented a new kind of fly paper. Honest to goodness! He invented a fly paper that has stories printed on it and the flies have to come close to read so they stick to the paper."

(Please turn to page 92)

*This is my brother  
Acidophilus  
Drawn by  
Gracie Allen*



Photo by Wide World

George Burns and Gracie—now in the movies—posing for an exclusive photograph for New Movie Magazine.





Could you choose between these two charmers or their gowns? Constance wears this suavely fitted heavy white crêpe gown in "Our Betters," her new RKO Radio film. It shows the dropped shoulder line with silver fox outlining the décolletage. Gloria Swanson's gown is of white crêpe de chine with a medieval design in black pen-and-ink lines. A tiny velvet cape with diamond cut-outs on the shoulders fastens at the neck with a large jewelled button. Gloria wears this in "Perfect Understanding."

Gloria Swanson's quaint new hat for "Perfect Understanding" is just a round of knitted material gathered up at one end—similar to a stocking cap. A double rolled collar of matelassé trims the frock worn with it.





# New Movie photographs the stars on dress parade



Wide World Photo

Joan Bennett wears crossbarred organza (it used to be called starched chiffon) at the weekly Mayfair dance in the Biltmore Hotel. A semi-pleated ruffle makes the sleeves and collar and edges the skirt. Martha Sleeper gets a lot of style points into one gown—boat-shaped neckline, light top with dark skirt and long formal sleeves. She carries long white gloves.

Lilian Harvey, the new English import from Germany, wears one of the evening gowns she brought over in her eighteen trunks, at the Mayfair dance. This combines white crêpe softly draped with open weave metal cloth. The décolletage is cut down sharply at the sides to the waistline in back. Flared tiny capelets meet at the center. The white ermine coat completes the ensemble. Miss Harvey is signing an autograph book for a signature hound.

Wide World Photo

## HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

Dropped shoulder line new for evening wear.

Plaid, stripes and crossbars are popular for all types of clothes.

Hollywood favors two skirt lengths:

Just above the floor for formal and semi-formal wear.

Ten to twelve inches from the floor for street and sports.





Bette Davis (right) wears an apple-green tucked organdie summer evening gown in "Ex-Lady," First National picture. With it is shown an apple-green satin jacket trimmed with stamped buttons. The double organdie collar and little organdie bow tie are separate.



Robert W. Coburn Photo

(Above, left) Fay Wray chooses a dark patterned top with a white skirt for a summer sports dress. The white crêpe hat matches the skirt but the collar is of white piqué.

(Above, right) Genevieve Tobin wears this smart formal afternoon ensemble in "Pleasure Cruise," her latest Fox Film picture. The dress is of gray broadcloth with a tight bodice and three-quarter puffed sleeves. The long double scarf is pointed fox.

(Continued from page 48)

She wears a puffed sleeve jacket with it, short white gloves, a black and white envelope purse and a black woven straw hat.

**K**AY FRANCIS, who is one of Hollywood's best dressed women, both on and off the screen, chooses black for most of her clothes. Sometimes it's unrelieved except by her attractive face and personality—sometimes she combines it with white. She has a costume that contrasts black wool with black ciré satin which is very effective. Suits are her favorites for daytime wear—tailored but not mannish.

**B**UT it's the clothes they wear in the movies that set the fashions—or at least get copied the most. Constance Bennett, as usual, has a smart wardrobe in her new picture "Our Betters" and seems to have taken on a few curves along with the rest of Hollywood. We've a picture of her in a heavy crêpe evening gown—white and trimmed with silver fox fur. The dress follows the lines of the figure but falls into a train.

Gloria Swanson is making a bid for a return to the fashion prestige she once had, in her new picture "Perfect Understanding." She has several unusual gowns in it, one of the most effective made of a new print material that imitates pen and ink scrolling.





# "LOVE Speaks KINDLY



*Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull*

Clark Gable, the star, as he is today. This is his latest picture, taken during the making of the classic, "The White Sister." . . . Says Josephine Dillon: "And there he is, an actor of high rank, and here am I still making

actors. And it is a very big world, and a good one, and life is a long road and a good one; and one need not be too busy to remember the song that ends, 'Love speaks kindly when it meets and parts.' "



# When It Meets and Parts"

By JOSEPHINE DILLON  
(The First Mrs. Clark Gable)

**Continuing one of the most interesting features ever published in a movie magazine—the story of a star's struggle as told by the woman who helped him to fame**

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the April issue of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, Josephine Dillon (Clark's first wife) told of Clark Gable's getting his first real break on the stage, with the Jane Cowl company in Los Angeles, playing a small part in "Romeo and Juliet." Previous to this he had played as an extra in a number of pictures and had been undergoing constant dramatic training, but still could not crash the studios in any big way. . . . We know that you will find this series one of the most unusual ever published, in that it contains many of the intimate, human details of an actor's struggles, and because it is written by the woman who actually went through those struggles with him.

JANE COWL'S "Romeo and Juliet" company was to go on the road from Los Angeles up the coast to Vancouver and perhaps farther, and Clark was to go with them.

He was tremendously happy about it all—working with those fine actors, discussing Rollo Peter's *Romeo*, taking advantage of the work-outs with the physical trainer of the company, going to the theater like a regular actor and saying "What Ho!" with enthusiasm. This was a high-water mark in his career.

And then, during the second week, when he came home and told me he was to understudy the part of *Mercutio*, that was another triumph.

Probably the *Queen Mab* speech in *Mercutio's* part has been the testing of more actors than any other classic bit. It is difficult and must be very fast, and tradition demands vivid enthusiasm in speech and action. There are very few successful *Mercutios* on account of that speech.

So we had it morning, noon and night. I would hear those galloping words stumbling out through toothpaste, to the scraping of razors, to the rhythms of shoe-polishing, to the engine of the old car chugging in the alley, when he left the house, when he came in, through meals, and in his sleep—"Oh, then I see *Queen Mab* hath been with you—" and often would give a glad sigh of relief when he reached the last line—"and swears a prayer or two—and sleeps again."

Clark as he appeared on the Los Angeles stage, as *Sergeant Quirt* in "What Price Glory?"

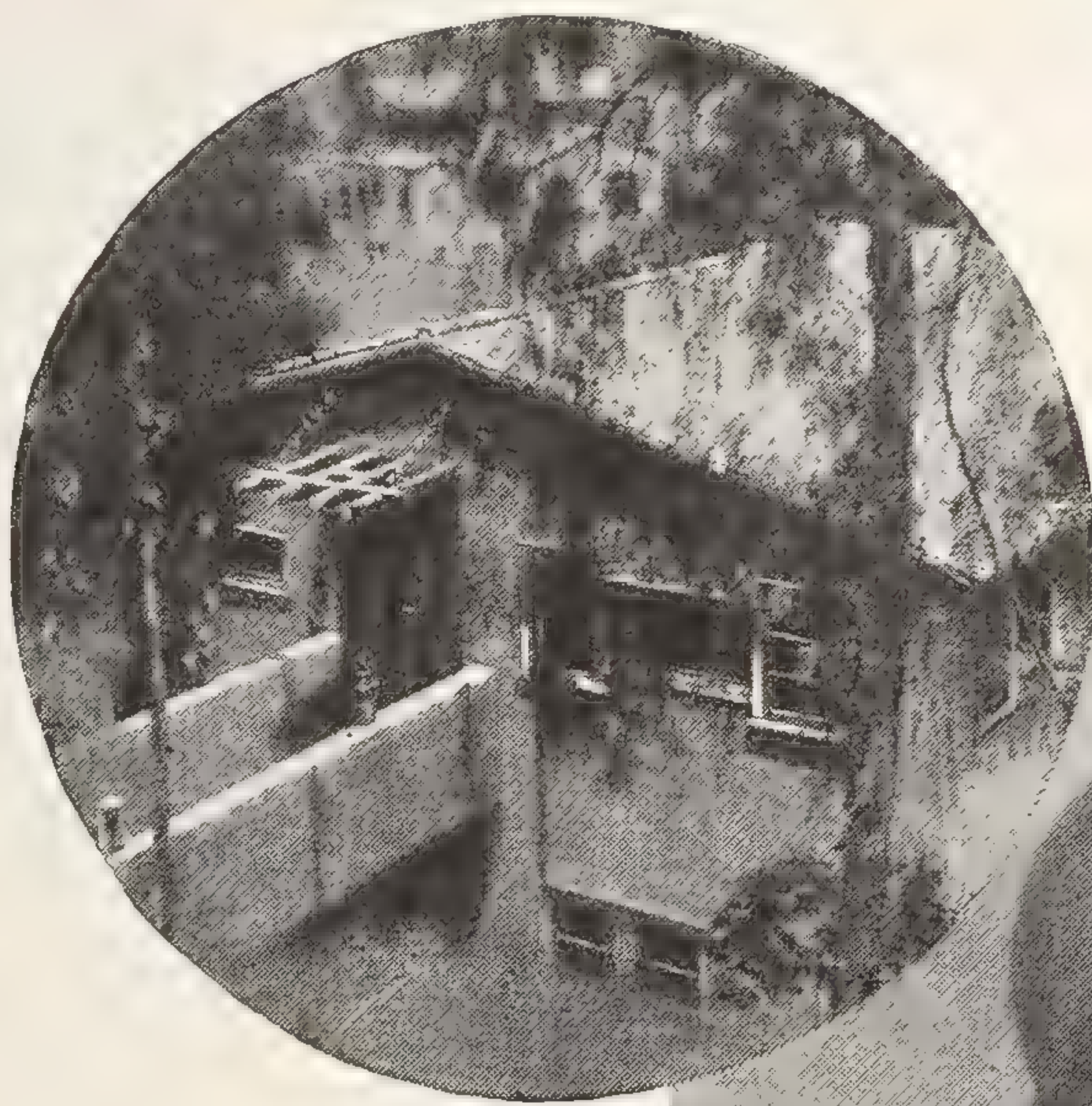
AND underneath those old happinesses were the old worries: Where can we get enough money to get him ready for the road? There must be a traveling bag, there must be clothes—that old overcoat would never do—there must be money in his pocket. He was getting thirty dollars a week, which would become forty on the road, which means that his salary would cover only the bare necessities, even if there were no lay-offs, which would be unusual. Most of the companies had trouble after leaving San Francisco.

But finally, by pooling every cent we had, we got him off, looking respectable and grinning like a kid with a new red wagon.

Driving home from the station, instead of returning directly home, I went the longest way round—thinking. It would be impossible to pay the overdue rent, or even the gas and light bill if I paid the telephone bill and the next instalment on the car. I must pay for the car, for he would need it  
(Please turn to page 88)

(Left) "We had the top floor of an old house on Vine Street, next to Belle Bennett's house and just around the corner from Mary Astor."

Photo by Bruno





# You are Judge and Jury!



A scene from "Bad Girl" (with Sally Eilers and Minna Gombell), declared by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences to be the best-directed picture of last year. The director was Frank Borzage. What do you consider the best-directed picture so far this year?

## The New Movie Magazine will award twelve gold medals for the greatest contributions to American movie entertainment for 1933—Send in your votes

**Y**OU are the real critics. After all, your approval or disapproval makes or breaks a picture or a star.

Your word is law.

For this reason, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE presents The People's Academy of Motion Pictures—just as the picture industry itself has its Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

But we believe that the Motion Picture Academy, as excellent as it is, does not go far enough to give really definite conception of the kind of pictures the people like the best and want most to see.

The People's Academy wants to hear from you. We want you to contribute to a national poll on what you, the picture-goers, consider to be best in the different classes. Only you, the fans, can tell this with any degree of accuracy.

This is the first opportunity for

the fans to express themselves nationally. Their poll should be of tremendous value to the motion picture industry itself, pointing the way to what the people want.

On this page is a list of the twelve questions we ask you to vote on.

Whenever you go to a movie, remember these questions. And check them over every once in a while.

We will publish these comments from you each month. All your votes will be faithfully and accurately checked.

### WE WILL PRESENT MEDALS FOR:

- 1—Best all-around feature picture
- 2—Best performance (actress)
- 3—Best performance (actor)
- 4—Best musical picture
- 5—Best human interest picture
- 6—Best mystery picture
- 7—Best romance
- 8—Best comedy
- 9—Best short reel picture
- 10—Best news reel picture
- 11—Best direction
- 12—Best story

Every three months we will announce the results of the voting up to date.

At the end of 1933 we will tabulate all the votes received up to that time, and as soon as possible in 1934 we will announce the results.

Following which, the People's Academy will award and distribute twelve special gold medals—to the producers, stars, directors, writers and others the people voted for.

Send your votes and your comments to The People's Academy of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Remember, we want to hear from every fan in America.



# THE BOULEVARDIER ELECTS

## Queen Mae

**M**ISS MAE WEST barges into our Hall of Fame this month as majestic as a Ptolemy and takes her place on the throne beside King Cagney. Match that for a royal pair! Queen Mae says Jimmy is the only one in Hollywood that's got anything like her style. "Animal personality," Mae says. "Gives them the rough stuff right out like I do."

How'd you like to see them as "Antony and Cleopatra" up to date? Write your congressman.

*Note to Her Majesty:*

**D**EAR QUEEN: I feel I owe you an explanation. In my Hall of Fame a couple of months back I tried to make it plain you were my Dream Girl (Ten years ago it was Lillian Gish. How dreams change!)

On page 94 of my little masterpiece I said right out, "Mae West is my Dream Girl," adding Connie Cummings and Heppy Hepburn as substitutes in case you went to jail or somewhere. . . . You know, like in the picture. But the editor apparently was in one of his holiday moods when he put the story together, for on the first page he crates a dozen sunkist babies and labels them My Dream Girls. Nice girls. I didn't mind. But I can imagine how you felt, a stranger in Hollywood not knowing who to trust. Probably thought I was giving you the run around. Nothing like that, Queen.

When I composed that Hall of Fame I hadn't seen "She Done Him Wrong," so if I felt like that then you can imagine how I feel now. Wonder Woman.

I sat through two shows of "She Done Him Wrong" and when the doors opened the next morning there stood the Boulevardier, twirling his mustaches, with a neatly packed lunch. I thought it greater than "Cavalcade." I mean to a rugged American the Bowery means more than the Boer War, naturally.

Seriously, Miss West, you gave a performance far finer than some the old doodle bugs of the Motion Picture Academy hand out those statues and speeches for. But we won't go into that racket now.

You have brought to the screen a new method and timing, to say nothing of that gorgeous animal personality. I like your motto: "Never embarrass the audience. Stifle the blush with a laugh." That's the way with men too, and how you know your men, Mae! Reminding us how women used to look before they put on pants as a master stroke. I haven't seen so much beauty bulging out of a gown since I wooed Lillian Russell (I was known as Diamond Jim Brady then).

*(Please turn to page 97)*

**New Movie Magazine's strolling**

**scribbler—as personified by**

**HERB HOWE—puts her on the**

**throne beside King Cagney**

How'd you like to see them as "Antony and Cleopatra" up to date? Write your congressman about it.

Drawing by  
**KEN CHAMBERLAIN**





# NEW PICTURES YOU



**T**HIS is the month marked off on the movie calendar as the lightest of the year. Well, there aren't so many pictures this month, truly, but it has been one of the most eventful of recent years, and if it's only the number of pictures that matters . . . well . . . there are certainly going to be plenty next month.

Radio is putting eleven shows into work. One of them is to star Joel McCrea and Dorothy Jordan in Barry Benefield's "A Little Clown Lost." If this team has anything at all . . . we should get another one like "Seventh Heaven."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer heads the parade this month but strangely enough, it is not its big show that appeals to your motion picture sorter-outer. "Gabriel Over the White House" deserves the support of anyone who ever got a kick out of motion pictures. This studio is going full blast also . . . its big deal for the month being the purchase of "Dinner at Eight," the current New York stage smash.

Warners and Fox are both to go full power during the month to come and Universal enters the lists with Erich Remarque's "The Road Back" . . . a near sequel to "All Quiet."

Marlene Dietrich and Alison Skipworth in a tense scene in "The Song of Songs." Others included in the cast are Brian Aherne, Hardie Albright and Richard Bennett.

Incidentally, has it occurred to you that the quality of the general run of motion pictures has improved about fifty per cent during the past six months . . . or am I wrong?

**GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE—(M-G-M)**—Just pretend that there actually is a man who has the power and courage to end the myriad trials and tribulations that are encumbering the fair name of our country.

It sounds impossible . . . it probably is . . . but in "Gabriel Over the White House" we have food for thought. . . . We have a challenge to our inherent decency. . . . We have a picture that thumbs its nose at platitudes.

We ask you to see it. We dare you to come away and not find its message lingering in your mind. It helps and shames a little; it doesn't preach; it reaches right out and hits you the

healthy punch on the nose that has been coming to all of us for a long time.

"Gabriel Over the White House" took courage. Courage on the part of its producers, courage on the part of its cast. Greg LaCava, as good a director as ever held a megaphone, deserves praise for stepping out right to the end of the bough and daring them to saw it off. It isn't "motion picture"; it doesn't remotely resemble anything you've ever seen before. But, for the sake of the pleasure you have gotten out of motion pictures since the first one you have seen, you should give this your attention.

**REUNION IN VIENNA—(M-G-M)**—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, of the stage, gave Mr. John Barrymore and his supporting cast plenty to aim at and it is much to their credit that the film version of "Reunion in Vienna" loses nothing by comparison with the stage production. "Reunion in Vienna" boasts an illustrious career. The Theater Guild produced it as one of its most outstanding successes and the famous Lunt-Fontanne combination hit its peak in the starring rôles.

There was little room for improvement after this famous stage team was



# SHOULD SEE—and WHY

through with the run. There were plenty of people along the Rialto who felt that Mr. Barrymore and Miss Wynyard had their courage when they tackled the job.

The resulting show is worth their efforts. It may be no better than the Guild production—possibly that was out of the question—but it is entertainment of a sort that is not usually seen. But most important of all, it is entertainment.

Be you male or female, man or maid, you will love and understand its characters. The story is brought down out of the clouds and served up to you in a way that we thought was swell, for we're not highbrow as a rule.

Frank Morgan, whom you may remember from "Rasputin and the Empress," assists John and his lady; and the spicy story of care-free love in the gayest of European capitals is a lively, joyous thing that should bring you fun and a new appreciation of what can be done on the screen. It is a great pity that there are no more of the type of "Reunion in Vienna." At any rate, you should certainly not miss this one.

## THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE—

(Paramount)—Those who are supposed to know about the motion picture business were pretty sure that Paramount would never be able to get a version of "Sanctuary" that would get past the censors. Yet Paramount did it and though the story is deodorized and generally spring-cleaned, it still carries the punch and wallop that it packed as a novel.

Miriam Hopkins, who is actually far too lovely for just one woman, has the rôle of the little southern girl and Jack La Rue bagged the rôle that George Raft turned down. William Gargan, who has certainly found his ideal working conditions in Hollywood, plays the man "who is too good to be married to anyone like me." And, once more, he does a grand job with it.

"Sanctuary," by William Faulkner, was labeled one of the most sensational stories ever written. Though much of the caustic characterization must, of necessity, be lost on the way to the screen, there is still enough left to make this production one of the cinematic thrills of the season.

Miriam Hopkins bit off a large mouthful . . . and your reviewer certainly never thought that any real sympathy could be secured for the characters of Mr. Faulkner's novel—they rang too strange and false—yet that is just what Miriam does. And she deserves your praise and attention.

We think you'd better go to see it.

## THE SONG OF SONGS—(Para-

mount)—"The Songs of Songs" presents a new Marlene Dietrich, and despite pants and masculine attire that she has worn of late, a softer, warmer, more feminine Marlene than you have ever seen before.

This picture, in the more or less humble opinion of your reviewer, explodes the old theory that only von

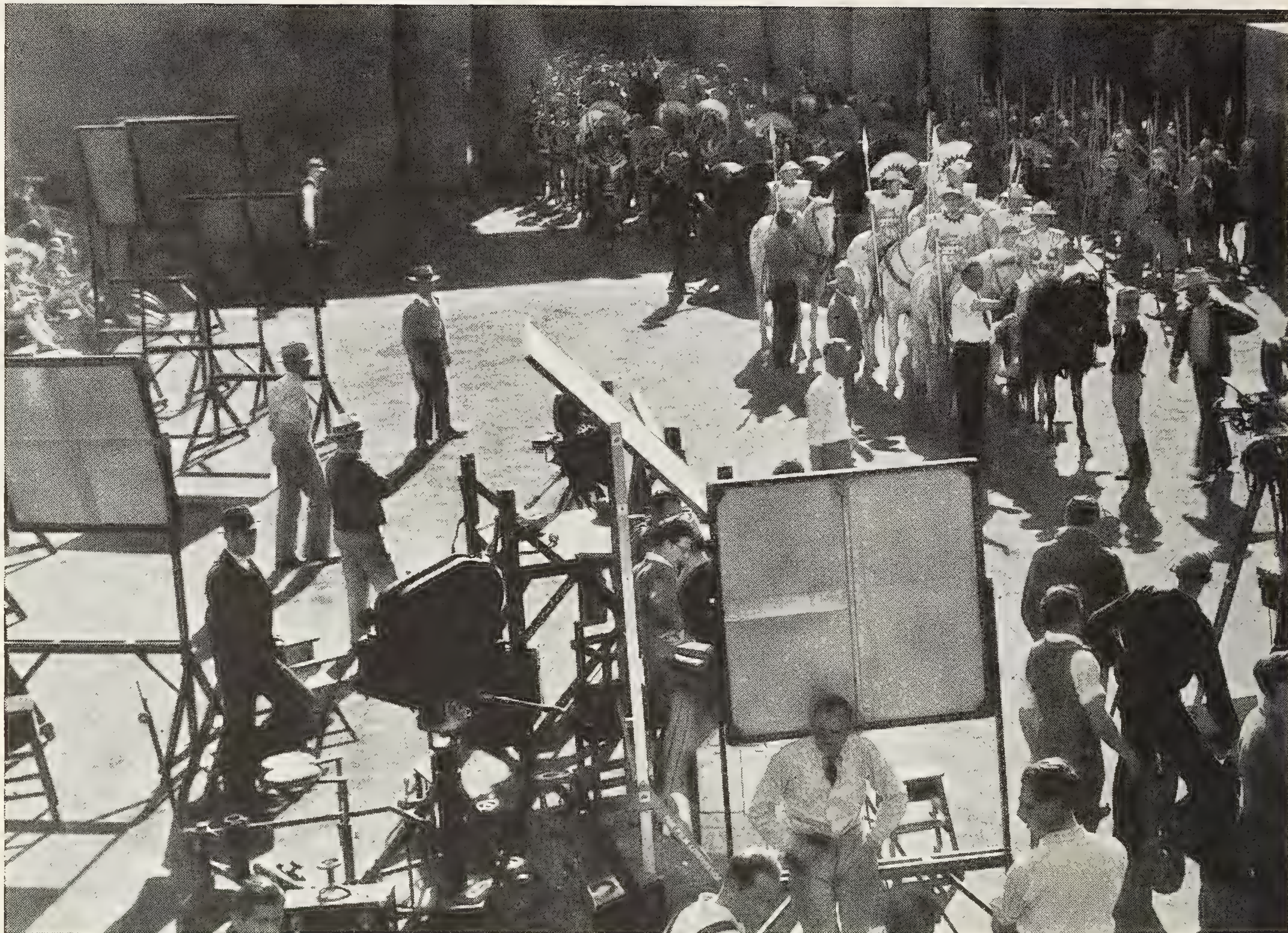


Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy in "Man on the Nile," the latest Novarro opus, Ramon more romantic than ever and Myrna more seductive than ever.

**ALL OF THE LATEST NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FORTHCOMING FILMS**



# The National Digest of the Best Talking Pictures



Sternberg could direct La Dietrich—for Mr. Mamoulian, the director of this show, gives us a star that can become much dearer and more understandable than of old.

It is a simple story made worth while by Marlene and Brian Aherne, who panicked Broadway in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" with Katharine Cornell. Aherne is commissioned to do a marble statue illustrating "The Song of Songs" by Solomon, and Miss Dietrich is the model chosen.

The simple fact that it is to be a nude likeness of a woman might warrant interest. For the beauty of Miss Dietrich is beyond question.

Though the story, by Herman Sudermann, is simple enough, the action seems a little involved at times as Miss Dietrich wavers between marriage with Richard Bennett and Hardie Albright and happiness with Brian Aherne. However, it works out well enough and results in a picture that certainly shouldn't be missed.

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN TROUBLE**—(Universal)—For many years Universal has been presenting the Cohens and the Kellys in one place or another with varying success.

For eight pictures George Sidney and Charlie Murray have been tossing verbal and actual brickbats and their public has come to accept them. If you like them, then "The Cohens and the Kellys in Trouble" is an hilarious picture.

## ACCORDING TO US

### The One Best Bet of the Month Is **GABRIEL OVER THE WHITE HOUSE**

—because it is like nothing that has ever been done before and we have it coming to us.

#### AND THESE ARE WELL WORTH SEEING:

##### **REUNION IN VIENNA**

—because John Barrymore and Diana Wynyard can't help but be good in a story like this.

##### **THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND**

—a sparkling story that is well off the beaten path . . . see it and get a laugh.

##### **THE STORY OF TEMPLE DRAKE**

—a cleaned-up version of "Sanctuary" that is still an unusual show. Miriam Hopkins gives it plenty.

##### **THE SONG OF SONGS**

—Marlene Dietrich, in Sudermann's drama.

##### **INTERNATIONAL HOUSE**

—a new-style comedy that is well worth your attention.

##### **TRICK FOR TRICK**

—a snappy new angle backed up by better than average acting.

##### **UNDER THE TONTO RIM**

—see this because it is far and away the best Western of the month.

Maureen O'Sullivan provides the love interest and . . . maybe you'd have guessed this . . . she's on the Kelly side. Frank Albertson holds up his end for the Cohens. Without its attempting to be pretentious, this is a good evening's fun.

**OUT ALL NIGHT**—(Universal)—If you don't think there is something funny in ZaSu Pitts' teaching Slim Summerville the facts of life there is something wrong with your funny-bone.

This time Slim is the pampered son of a wealthy family who finds himself married to a nursery attendant in a department store—without quite knowing how it happened. Naturally, Miss Pitts is the attendant.

Their courtship and honeymoon is all that this type of comedy team could ask for in the way of material and the resulting picture is well worth your attention.

**PLEASURE CRUISE**—(Fox)—Director Frank Tuttle must have had quite a little trouble making "Pleasure Cruise" the tight little show it turned out to be. The story is somewhat unbelievable but due to Mr. Tuttle's deft handling you get the feel of the thing and have a good time.

The moral of the story is that a wife shouldn't go on cruises with anyone but her husband . . . or she shouldn't get caught if she does. With the "Warrior's Husband" influence around the lot, Fox found another story about women who work and men who stay



# New Pictures You Should See — and Why



"The Warrior's Husband" is one of the Fox company's featured films of the new month. Elissa Landi and Ernest Truex play the leads in this unusual comedy, in the stage version of which, by the way, Katharine Hepburn made her first hit. This back-stage photograph was made especially for The New Movie Magazine. . . . The production is the second one for Fox under the personal supervision of Jesse L. Lasky, whose first was "Zoo in Budapest." David Manners, Marjorie Rambeau, Helen Ware and Helene Madison are also featured members of the cast.

played by Katharine herself.

As it stands, it is still one of the funniest shows of the year . . . or any other year. Ernest Truex scores a decided hit with a new brand of comedy that may or may not prove popular. That is up to you to decide. But I dare you to see several scenes with Marjorie Rambeau and Mr. Truex without getting plenty of laughs.

The story . . . a kind of combination farce and satire . . . tells of an ancient state ruled by its women. Mr. Truex draws the rôle of the effeminate husband of the toughest of them all. And he plays it for all there is in it.

David Manners looks well in a short skirt . . . and once more your reviewer can't help wishing that we'd had an opportunity to see Miss Hepburn in a similar get-up.

And while we are on the subject, there is nothing wrong with Miss Elissa Landi.

I think we can safely tell you that you will like "The Warrior's Husband."

**FAST WORKERS—(M-G-M)**—There is beginning to be grounds for suspicion that Mr. John Gilbert, who used to be the big gun in "The Big Parade," is about due for a re-deal.

Since sound came in and exploded Hollywood's pet romantic fantasy, Jack hasn't been getting the breaks. His shows have been good without being good enough, and this last one is not really a knock-out.

Out of fairness to Mr. Gilbert, however, this time it is not his fault. And Mae Clarke is especially fine.

**THE ADOPTED FATHER—(Warners)**—George Arliss and Bette Davis offer you another typical George Arliss production. For some reason or other George Arliss is not going as well as your reviewer feels that he should. "The King's Vacation" was, to our mind, a swell little picture, not, you understand, anything out of the ordinary, but a sweet, simple, understanding little show that entertained . . . on its own merits . . . and not through the excellence of its actors.

Well, it seems that we weren't altogether right. Once more, I'm telling you that in "The Adopted Father" you have a sure-fire piece of entertainment. Nothing along the lines of sensationalism (I don't think you want that every night in the week) but a clever, smart little show with one of the greatest actors that ever donned make-up.

(Please turn to page 122)

home to wash the dishes. This time it is Roland Young who undertakes the housewifely duties and Genevieve Tobin who flirts with the "office husband."

Due, as said before, to deft direction and Mr. Young's competent acting, the story sorts itself out and ends fairly logically with everyone happy . . . though Genevieve seems to be one week-end cruise ahead.

A little "risky" for the family . . . but holding a couple of good—and new—laughs.

**TRICK FOR TRICK—(Fox)**—If you are one of the people who has been asking for something new in motion pictures, "Trick for Trick" is the answer to your plea. Though it is probably going to be quite a little way from being the best picture produced by Fox this year, it still has enough entertainment packed into it to make it worth while.

A couple of rival magicians are called in to solve a murder that comes mighty close to both of them. And the result is eerie and unusual. Sally Blane is pretty well mixed up with the proceedings and is very nice to have around.

Ralph Morgan and Victor Jory play the rival magicians and Hamilton McFadden, who can make a picture move faster than most, is responsible for the direction.

**INTERNATIONAL HOUSE—(Paramount)**—Chalk this one up on the wall of the living room. It might spoil the wall paper but it will assure

you of the best evening's fun you have had in a long while.

This is far and away from being one of the best pictures your current scribe has ever seen . . . but it and "She Done Him Wrong," from the same studio, have given us more fun than anything we've come up against recently. And you can write in and kick to the boss if you don't think we're right.

There's something about "International House" that gets the cobwebs out of your brain. The laughs seem to come from deeper down than they usually do—either that or the whole darn story is so down to earth that you throw the whiskers and smoke glasses into the corner and just sit down to have a good time.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, W. C. Fields, Rudy Vallee . . . and it doesn't matter, anyway, who's in it—for that isn't the kick to the film. It's just a rough, tough, two-fisted yarn of what happens when good fellows get together, even if they don't know one another. One other thing, when you go to see "International House," as you certainly should, don't expect any "Grand Hotel" . . . there isn't even a similarity.

**THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND—(Fox)**—Though Miss Hepburn has shown that "The Warrior's Husband" is not the ideal vehicle for her, your reviewer can't help feeling she would have been much better than Miss Landi who seems to lack some of the buoyant believability of the original Antiope as



# Take your NEW COIFFURE from the STARS



*Ernest A. Bachrach*

(Above) Jean Harlow rarely changes the style of her hairdress. A soft hairdress should be chosen by anyone who is a platinum blonde.

(Left) The year started off with a bang for Julie Haydon, whose fine-spun blond hair is worn short and almost straight. Blond hair worn straight gives added dignity.

(Right) Genevieve Tobin brushes her hair smoothly back from the forehead and lets it wave softly at the sides.



*Ray Jones*



# Stars to Pick Their Radio Favorites



Photo by Wide World

Ruth Chatterton's favorite star of the ether is none other than—  
**LAWRENCE TIBBETT**



Photo by Wide World

Billie Dove says that the biggest radio thrill she gets is from—  
**CONNIE BOSWELL**



Photo by Wide World

Lew Cody considers that the best of them all is—  
**BEN BERNIE**



Photo by Wide World

And as for Glenda Farrell, she thinks there's no one quite like—  
**MORTON DOWNEY**

Nancy Carroll, Bette Davis and Richard Dix pick **JACK PEARL** (standing, at left). Spencer Tracy selects **PAUL WHITEMAN** (standing, at right). Za-Su and Jimmy Cagney pick **ED WYNN** (seated, at right). Others in the group are Lowell Thomas (standing, center) and Major Edward Bowes (seated, at left). This photo was taken for *The New Movie Magazine*.



Photo by Wide World

has done twenty years' service. Ed actually wore it back in 1913 as a legitimate street hat. Now it's always good for a laugh. But age has its advantages and the revered old derby gets special treatment. Today the old iron hat travels in its own box and enjoys individual care at the hands of Mr. Willie Crowley.

**MORE AND MORE:** Two stations added to NBC network in 1932 bring the total to eighty-seven. We wonder how this fits in with Ed Wynn's idea for welcoming the repeal of prohibition on a coast-to-coast pick-up.

"Well," as some one remarked, "if beer and light wine don't bring back prosperity, at least they'll help us to forget about it."

**WASN'T THAT A DAINTY DISH?** During their rehearsal for a recent broadcast, the Do-Re-Mi Girls noticed a visitor of distinguished appearance in the studio, who seemed to be taking more than a casual interest in them. They were, so the story goes, considerably flattered when they saw him beckon to a

page boy, and overheard him ask their names. He seemed particularly interested in Miss Maybelle Ross when she was pointed out. After the broadcast he rose, approached Miss Ross, drew a paper from his pocket and with a courtly bow handed it to her. He did not wait for thanks, or acknowledgment, but instead turned quickly on his heel and left. When she opened the envelope and saw a legal seal it was all too clear. The interested gentleman was a process server.

**MAYBE** Miss Ross will retain Shyster, Beagle & Shyster for her attorneys. You remember Groucho Marx's recent difficulty, of course, when, on entering his office, he spoke sharply to his secretary: "Don't bother me; I've had a hard day in court." "What was the case?" "Disorderly conduct, but I think they'll let me off."

**STORIES AND TAN:** Al Jolson blew into town the other day with a couple of stories and a Florida coat of tan. Two weeks more back in Miami and the mammy singer won't need any more burnt cork in the make-up box. The boys (*Please turn to page 79*)



# Come On Along!

## HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

**P**EGGY HOPKINS JOYCE, the fastidious, eating corned-beef-and-cabbage!" exclaimed Alice White, as we Oh'd the alluring Peggy, at the party which Lew Cody was giving for her, one of those famous corned-beef-and-cabbage dinners of which Lew has maintained a long line through the years. "I thought Peggy probably ate only pigeon's milk and honey wafers!"

But here she was, devouring her corned-beef-and-with gusto.

"Now you boys," Lew admonished the four Marx brothers, "are gentlemen, so don't take any more than three or four pieces of corned beef before helping Miss Joyce to the food!"

Peggy looked charming in gray slacks and polo shirt. When she arrived she was wearing a top coat and beret to match her outfit.

As Lew said, "You can dress up for corned-beef-and-cabbage if you want to, but you don't have to."

Alice White arrived with her heart, Cy Bartlett, and looked cute in a tailored suit which was almost completely covered with a pair of enormous silver fox furs. Alice is wearing her hair very blond these days and no make-up except lip rouge.

Blythe Daly came with Harpo Marx and Sam Harris, producer, the other Marx Brothers having come earlier with their wives.

After dinner there were games. Lew Cody doesn't maintain a whoopee room merely to whoop in; he has all sorts of little fascinating games there. You can play a little horse-racing game with toy horses, or can indulge in pool or throwing darts or in pitching quoits. All the men elected to play pool, but Alice White and Peggy got a great kick out of the horse-racing game.

"You can just say," said Lew Cody, "nobody played bridge—so everybody had a good time!"

Willie Collier, Jr., was there, and Harry Joe Brown, Jean Acker, Phyllis Crane and others.

"Gary doesn't seem to know just what this party is for, but who cares so long as we can come to Gary's house," remarked Lionel Barrymore.

It had been intended that the party should be for Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney, but as the evening went along, and it was found that Jimmy Durante was going to New York soon, Jimmy was added to the guests of honor.

Gary Cooper is always a wonderful host.

The party had been announced as informal and most of the guests had been invited by telephone or personally. Having been requested not to dress, several of the guests communicated with each other before the party, and decided to surprise Gary by arriving in costume.

So Mary Pickford wore a pinafore, the Countess Frasso was dressed as Marlene Dietrich—in pants—and others were amusingly garbed.

Mary declared the apron she had on was one she had worn in an early picture, but Chico Marx said he knew she had gotten it at a grab-bag sale.

Wesley Ruggles arrived in the middle of the controversy, all dishevelled, and proudly announcing his baby boy was already beginning to notice him. Mrs. Ruggles had intended coming, but at the last minute, he said, had decided their child needed a change of diet, and was staying home to oversee it.

There was dancing, with old-fashioned Bowery waltzing predominating, and with fake prizes given.

Harpo Marx grabbed up a beautiful statue and pretended to present it to Helen Hayes and Ben Lyon, but Helen declined, saying that she couldn't break up

(Right) Sylvia Sidney, laughing and teasing as usual, just the opposite of the girl we are accustomed to seeing on the screen.

*Exclusive New Movie Magazine photos by Wide World*



(Left) At Leonard Stillman's party we ran into Tom Brown and Patricia Ellis having a perfectly swell time together.

(Right) That was a real party Anna May Wong gave recently.





Going places and doing things with **GRACE KINGSLEY,**

**The New Movie Magazine's Hollywood society reporter**



*Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Irving Lippman*

two homes for one statue, and that neither she nor Ben would consent that it should go to the other's home. So the statue was returned to Gary, who pretended to be much relieved.

Chico and Zeppo Marx found a backgammon board, and thereafter they were absorbed almost to the point

When Gary Cooper gave his swanky party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney, of New York, Sari Maritza and Leslie Howard settled down for a chat.

of forgetting supper, until Jimmy Durante pretending he thought they were a little touched in the head, took them sandwiches.

Jimmy Durante played (*Please turn to page 115*)



# Music IN THE Movies

By  
**JOHN EDGAR WEIR**

Maurice Chevalier and Helen Twelvetrees in a scene from Paramount's new picture—with music, of course — "A Bedtime Story."



**A**T least fifteen musical pictures are promised for this year. Another musical film vogue is in the making. Exhibitors report the public is hungry for good music. But the musical pictures this year will be vastly different from many of those offered before. There will be a greatly improved technique. The old stage routine of much music and no story will be abandoned. The musical numbers will be brought into the picture as a logical part of the story, and action will not be slowed down. A typical example of the new musical pictures is "Forty-Second Street," the first of the 1933 cycle to present the new technique.

Sound recording has been so far perfected that many critics say that screen music is now better than the original. All of the major companies have pretentious musical productions either actively in the works or scheduled and these will bring to the films a new kind of musical entertainment for which the producers promise much.

And now for the newest of the spring records.

Here's a new one by Louis Armstrong and it is a knockout. I think it is the first Louis has made for pictures, and if so, he is destined to become one of their biggest money-makers. "That's My Home" is the title of this offering, which is a sort of composite of "Sleepy Time Down South" and "You Can Depend On Me." But this doesn't detract from the excellence of the recording, in which Louis does some really remarkable work, ably supported by a band far above the average. Of course the vocal is by the Rascal himself. The other side, also by Louis, is one of his own compositions, "Hobo, You Can't Ride This Train," and

## Hollywood Schedules Fifteen New-Type Musical Pictures for 1933

it's a real rhythm number. You'll like the novel vocal work. This is a Victor record.

Make way for Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, who give us "Street of Dreams." This is done in Guy's always-new style, and leaves nothing to be desired for dancing. Carmen does the vocal in it. We find on the other side "I Call To Say Good-night," another Lombardo number and up to the usual Lombardo standard. This is a Brunswick record.

Here we have a waltz, played for us by none other than the old highhat boy himself, Ted Lewis, "Play, Fiddle, Play" and it's right down Ted's alley. The way Ted can sell a song is nobody's business and in this case he is superb. The other side "I'm Sure of Everything But You," has a lot of the Lewis corn in it, but a lot of you may like (*Please turn to page 91*)

### THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS

"THAT'S MY HOME," fox trot—played by Louis Armstrong and his orchestra. (Victor)

"STREET OF DREAMS," fox trot—played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Brunswick)

"JUST AN ECHO IN THE VALLEY," vocal—sung by Bing Crosby.

"PLAY, FIDDLE, PLAY," waltz—played by Ted Lewis and his orchestra. (Columbia)



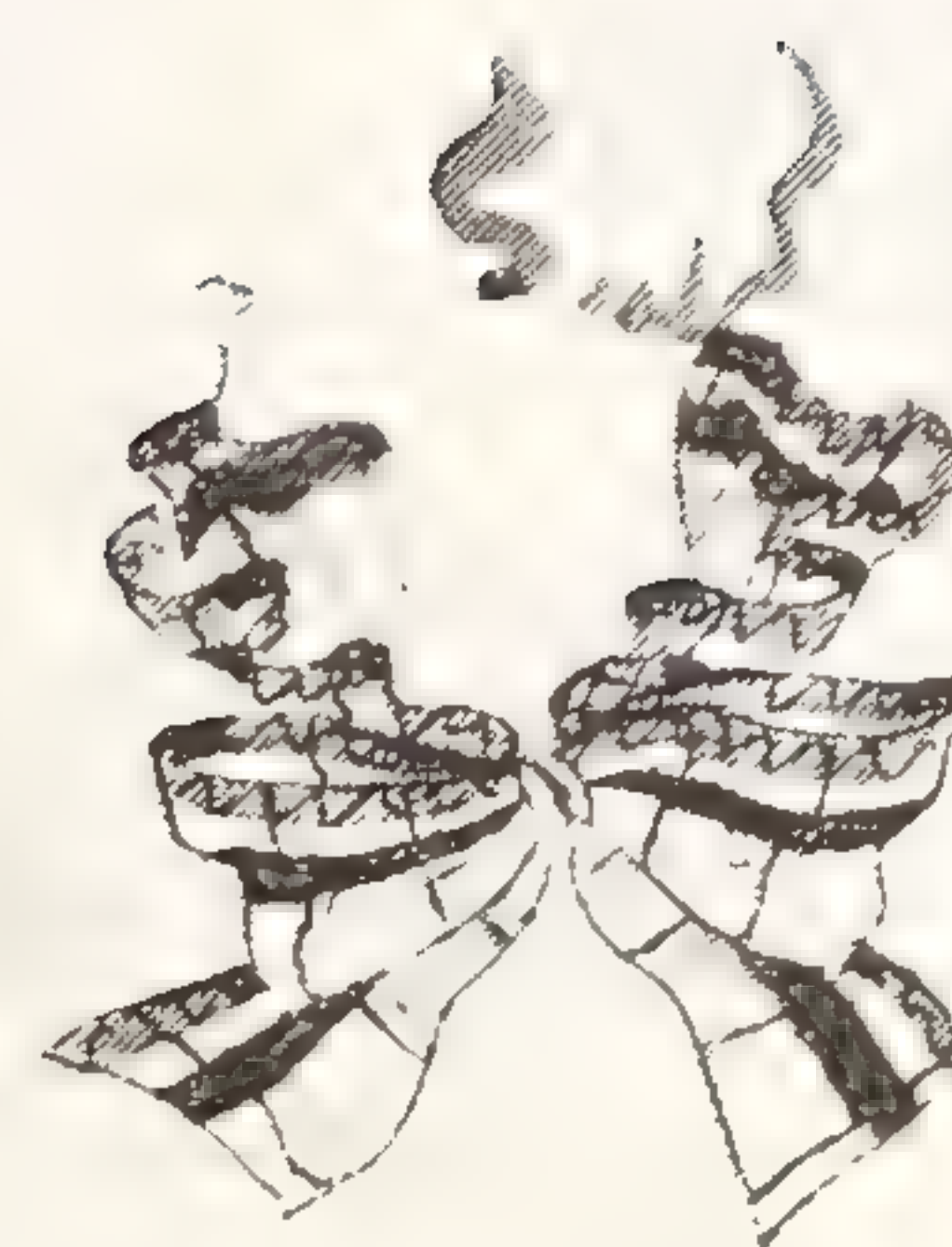
**BRIGHTEN**

# Your Spring Wardrobe



Ma215—One of the smartest hats of the season—the new Turkish fez—is given in diagram in this circular.

Turn to page 77 for  
direction for obtaining  
diagram patterns  
described here



Ma216—Here you have diagrams for three of the newest collars and smartest scarfs.



Ma217—Diagram patterns for three of the new full sleeves.



Ma218—Learn how to make this petal edge trimming and three other dressmaker trimmings.

**Here are smart new accessories and dress-**

**maker touches that you can carry out**

**with the aid of our New Method Circulars**



Ma219—Directions for making the new cartridge pleats and decorative shirrings used so much.



Ma220—Directions for dress trimming designs carried out with bias seam binding in this circular.



Ma221—Knitting directions, in full, for this up-to-date sweater blouse are given in this circular.





# Lunching at MARY'S

An impromptu feast  
brings out some of her  
hidden cooking talents

**1** Mary Brian separates the eggs to be used in her egg-nog pie. The yolks (there are two) will be added to three-quarters of a cup of evaporated milk and one-quarter of a cup of hot water, heated and mixed with two teaspoons of gelatin soaked in three tablespoons of cold water.



**2** Mary uses a rotary beater. The egg yolks, beaten with one-half cup of sugar and one-eighth of a teaspoon of salt, are then combined with the hot mixture.

**D**O come up and see my apartment. It's being redecorated." It was Mary Brian on the telephone. "But look out for the paint," she warned. "It isn't quite dry."

When Mary Brian telephones, everyone scampers to do whatever she wants done, so, of course, I went right over. I arrived to find her deep in the mysteries (to me) of making an egg-nog pie.

"I thought I would surprise you and make the lunch myself," she explained. "I hope you're not too hungry, because there won't be much."

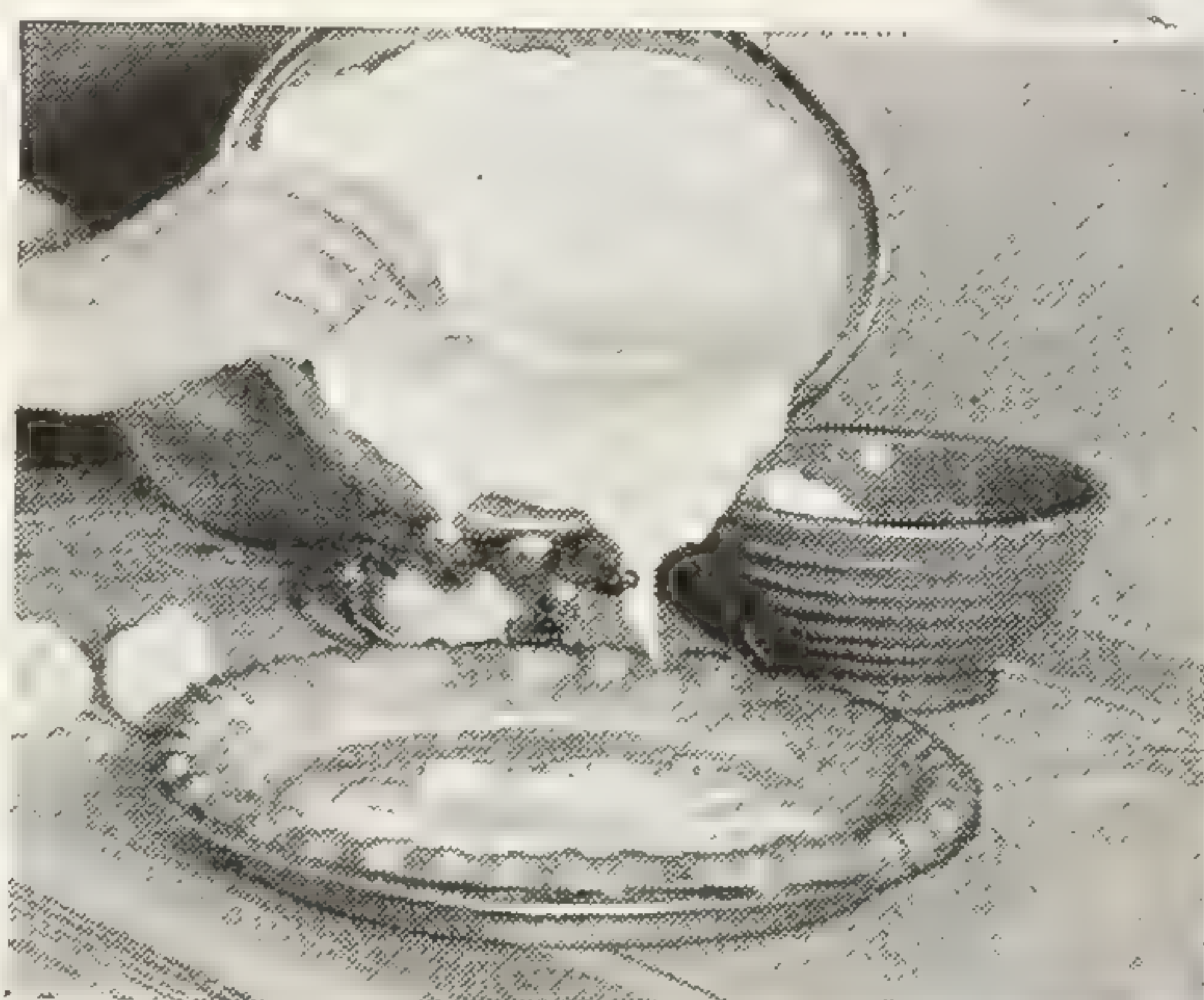
After one look at the size of the pie, I wasn't worried about any lack of food, even when she told me that June Collyer and Glenda Farrell were coming. I could see a good bridge game looming ahead, so I helped Mary put the finishing touches on the luncheon and learned exactly how she makes an egg-nog pie. Knowing that Mary is one of those southern gals, you can imagine just how good it was, and I copied her recipe for you:

## EGG-NOG PIE

2 teaspoons gelatin	3 tablespoons cold water
1 teaspoon nutmeg	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup unsweetened evaporated milk	2 eggs
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup whipped cream

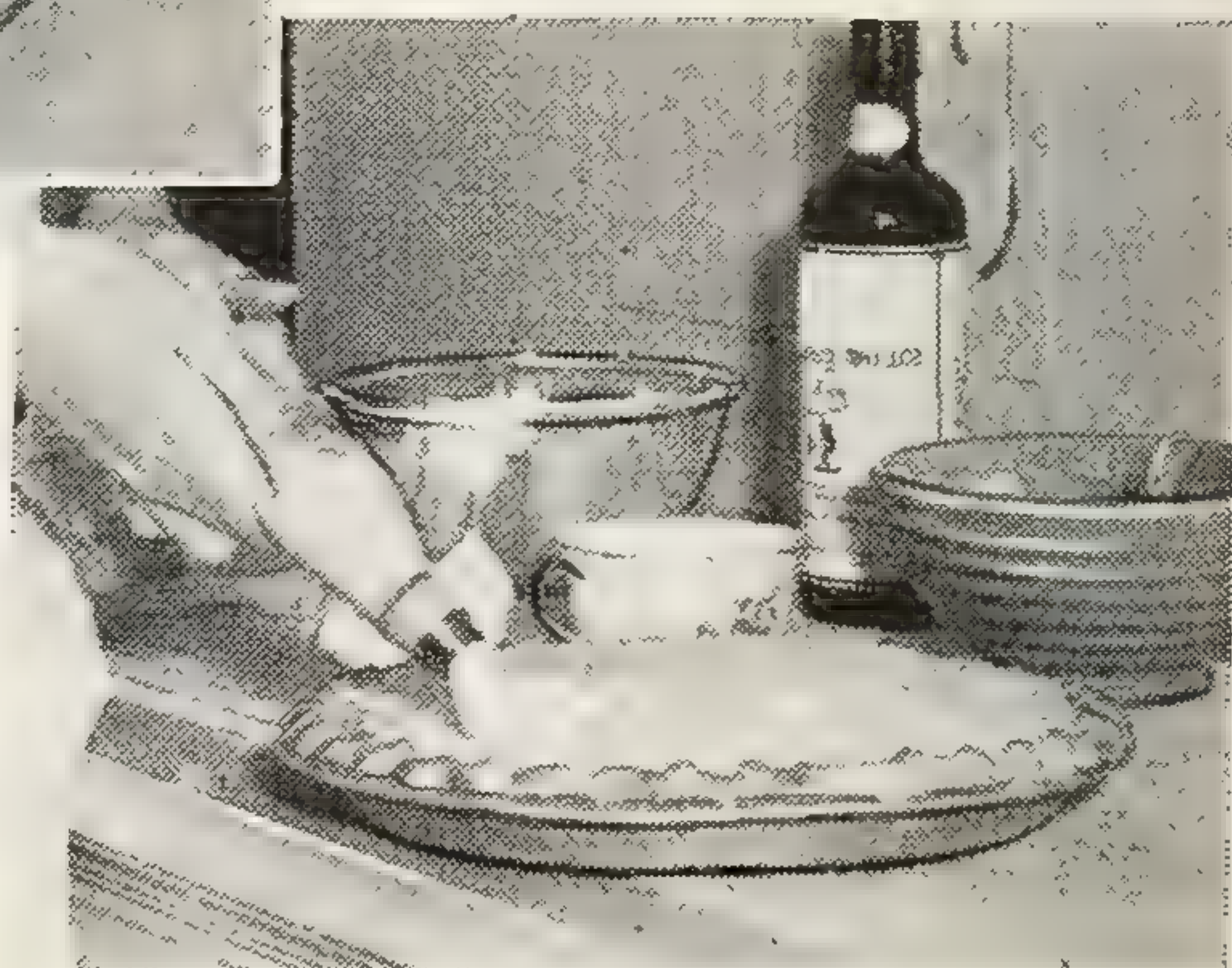
Combine milk (Please turn to page 81)

**3** Mary adds the beaten egg whites to the first mixture which has been cooled in the refrigerator and beaten with rum flavoring.



**4** Whipped cream is stirred in and then Mary is ready to put the egg-nog filling into the crisp pie crust which she baked some time before.

**5** Now for the finishing touches. A pastry bag and the remaining whipped cream give Mary a chance to show what an expert pie decorator she is. But the decorations didn't last long.





# Clocks and Hearts

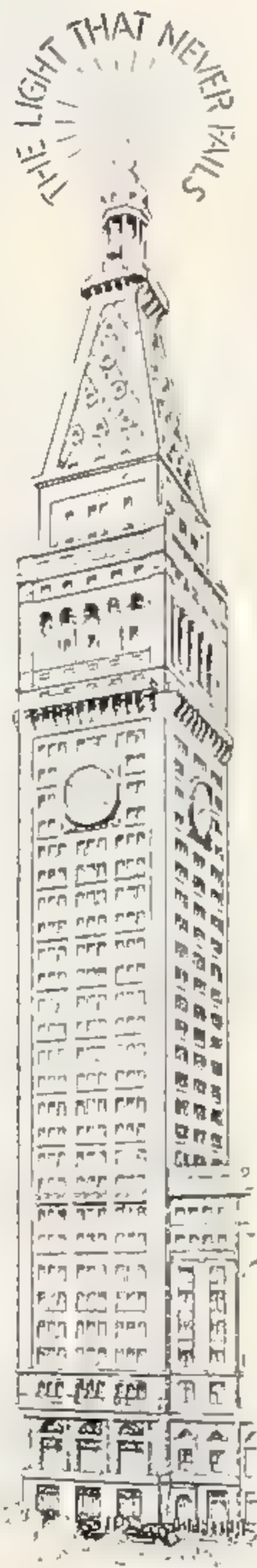


**W**HEN you look at a beautiful clock which has kept almost perfect time for nearly a hundred years, you marvel at the skill of its maker.

However, it could not have kept ticking 31,536,000 times a year if it had not been regularly inspected and kept in good repair during its long life.

But far more remarkable than the old clock is the engine made for you by Nature, which pumps faster than the clock ticks—your own heart which has throbbed more than 35,000,000 times a year with no stopping for repairs. Your very life depends upon its continuing ability to pump blood to all parts of your body.

Do you take good care of your heart? It will serve you longer, make you happier, make your life more worth living if you do not abuse it and if you do not neglect it in case it beats too fast or too slow, too faintly or too violently.



A man with a bad heart—who has learned how to take care of it—frequently outlives men who persistently abuse their hearts. Some of the most efficient and useful people in the world have had heart trouble for years.

In sharp contrast to people who have real heart ailments are the many persons who worry about imaginary heart trouble. Indigestion, lung trouble or nervousness may cause symptoms near the heart, while the heart itself is entirely sound.

If you would keep your heart beating contentedly, like Grandfather's clock—seventy, eighty or perhaps a hundred years—give it attention—at least an annual examination by a competent doctor. He will tell you what to do if it needs help or special care. The Metropolitan will be glad to send you its free booklet, "Give Your Heart a Chance." Address Booklet Department 533-B.

*Too prolonged overstrain at any age in life may cause heart trouble. There are, however, three general groups of heart difficulties:*

**FIRST**—the heart troubles of young people caused by diseases of childhood. Rheumatic fever and rheumatism (associated with "growing pains," tonsillitis and stiff and painful joints) frequently cause heart disease. Diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles may injure children's hearts.

**SECOND**—heart diseases of middle-aged people resulting from syphilis, toxic poisoning, or focal infection in teeth, tonsils, sinuses and elsewhere.

**THIRD**—heart ailments of old people which may result from one of these definite causes or from hardening of the arteries.

Many people whose hearts have been damaged are adding years to their lives by hygienic living, rest and intelligently balanced exercise.

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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**A bright and cheerful guest room is always inviting**



The high post canopy bed is draped in yellow dotted net and is covered with a quaint candlewick spread in yellow and green.

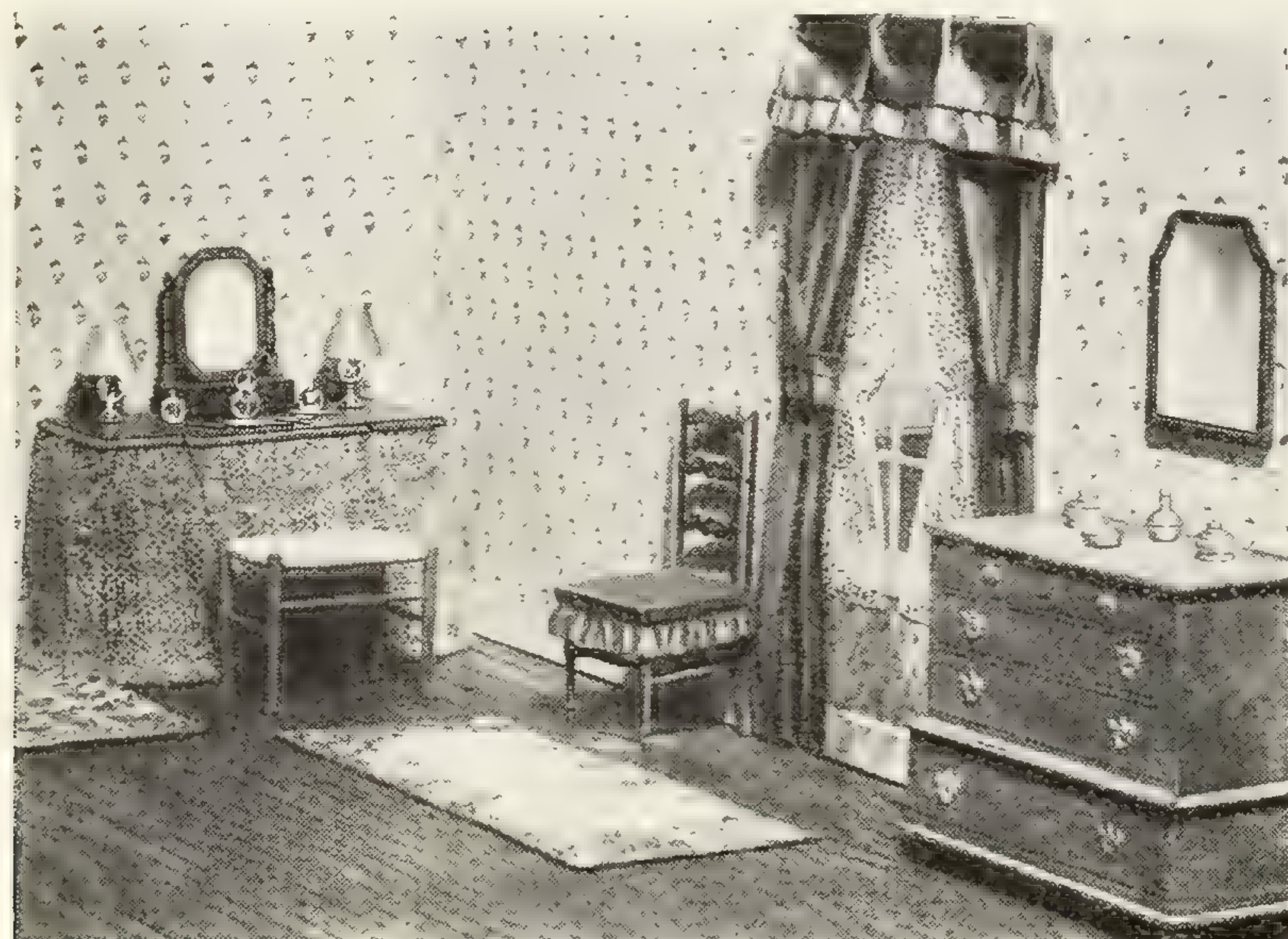
A view of the room looking down gives a very good idea of the arrangement of the furniture.



# The Guest Room of our COLONIAL HOUSE

**By BETTY LENAHA**

*Models by Herman C. Knebel*



**I**N previous issues of this magazine we have furnished and decorated the entire first floor and the large bedroom of our little Colonial house and now we come to the guest room.

This room is exceptionally well planned and easily adapts itself to a comfortable arrangement. It is a fairly large room and contains two windows which provide the desired cross ventilation and plenty of light, and two doors, one leading to a roomy closet and the other to the upstairs hall. A guest room should be comfortable, cheerful and inviting, so we decided on a cool, bright green and yellow color scheme. For the walls we selected a quaint Colonial paper with a canary-yellow background decorated with pink-and-green nosegays. The doors and woodwork are painted ivory. The floor is polished hardwood, partially covered with small hooked rugs in shades of yellow, rose and green. These hooked rugs can be easily and inexpensively made at home with the aid of a new attachment you can get for your sewing machine.

The furniture in the room is maple. The canopy bed, with its gracefully turned high posts, is draped in a yellow dotted net; there is also a box-pleated ruffle of the yellow net around the bottom of the bed. For the bed cover we used a candlewick spread with a yellow background and the simple design worked in green wool. On each side of the bed are small maple drop-leaf tables containing two convenient drawers. On top of each little table is a decorated china lamp with a shade to match, an ash tray and a few books.

The maple chest of drawers is an excellent reproduction of the quaint Early Colonial chest on chest.

A dainty little dressing table is placed in one corner of (Please turn to page 83)

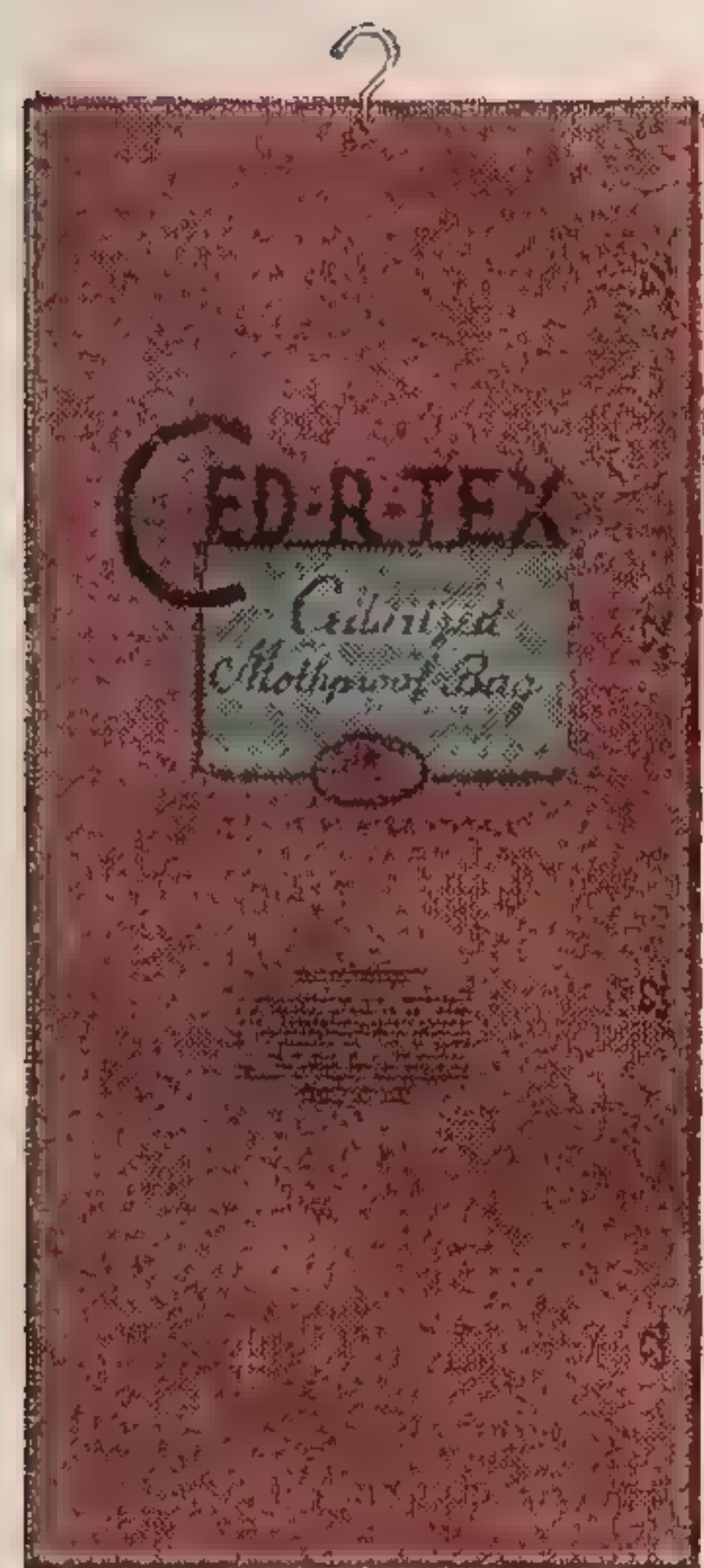


**In Woolworth  
Stores . . . . . These**

**Greatest American Moth-  
Proof Bag Values . . . . .**

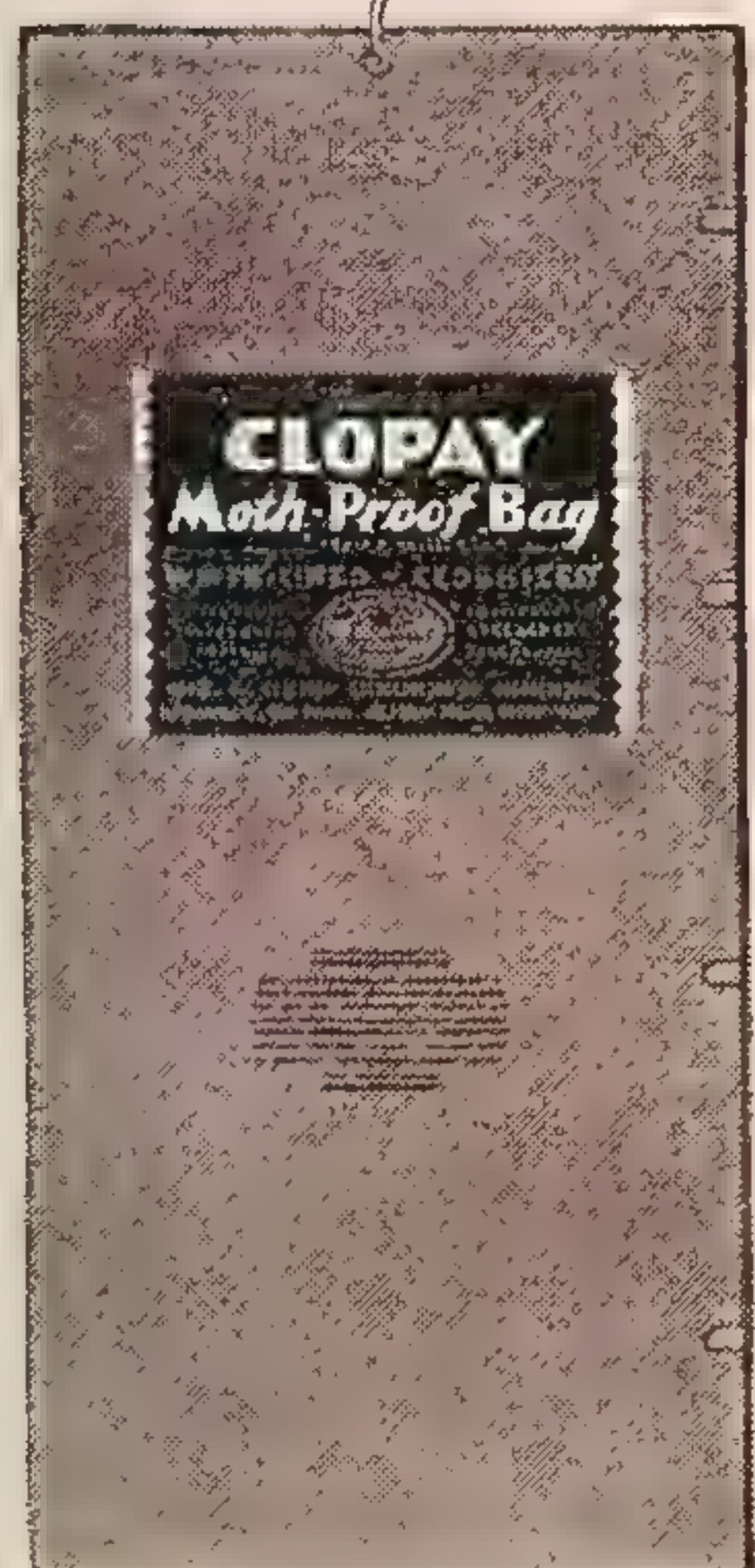
**10c** *Keeps Clothes  
Safe in This*

**GENUINE  
CED-R-TEX  
Cedarized Moth-Proof  
BAG**



Moths ruined more clothing than fire destroyed in 1932! Don't expose your valuable furs and wools to this menace. Keep them safe from moths, dust and dirt in genuine CED-R-TEX, America's greatest selling 10-cent moth-proof bag. Full garment size; stout 50-lb. strong red cedarized Kraft paper; garments removable without injuring bag. Approved by Good Housekeeping Magazine. Only 10c each.

**NEW LUXURIOUS  
WHITE LINED  
CLOPAY  
EXTRA-HEAVY  
MOTH-PROOF BAG  
20c**

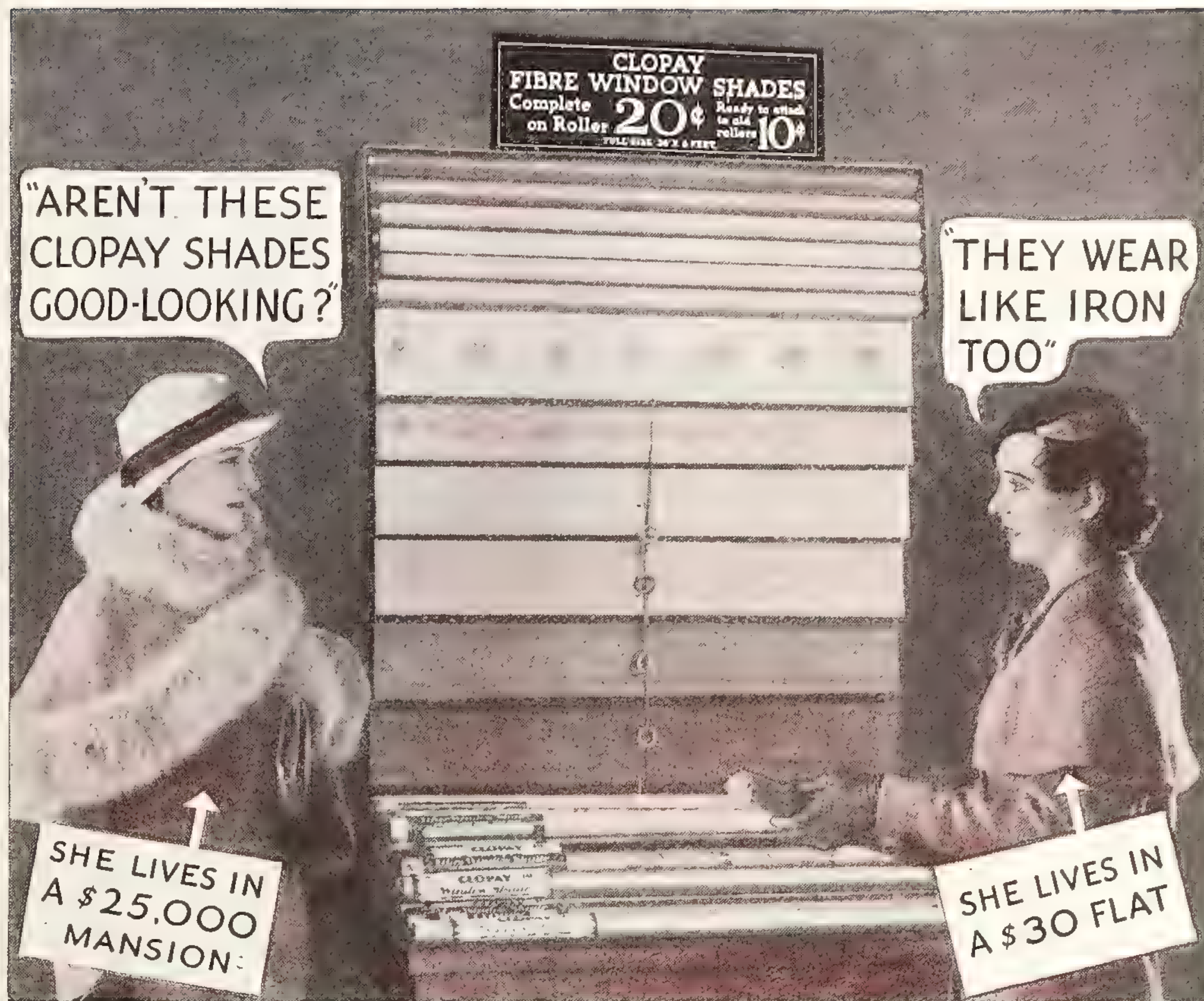


Holds 2 to 4  
Garments

In every way the equal of bags for which you have paid 39c and 49c. Inside swivel hook. Side opening. Garments easily removable. Wide, expanding gusset sides. No finer bag obtainable. Approved by Good Housekeeping Magazine. Only 20c each.



**For Sale at Most  
WOOLWORTH STORES**



Costumes by Vogues & Vanities

**Now is the time  
to hang clean, beautiful**

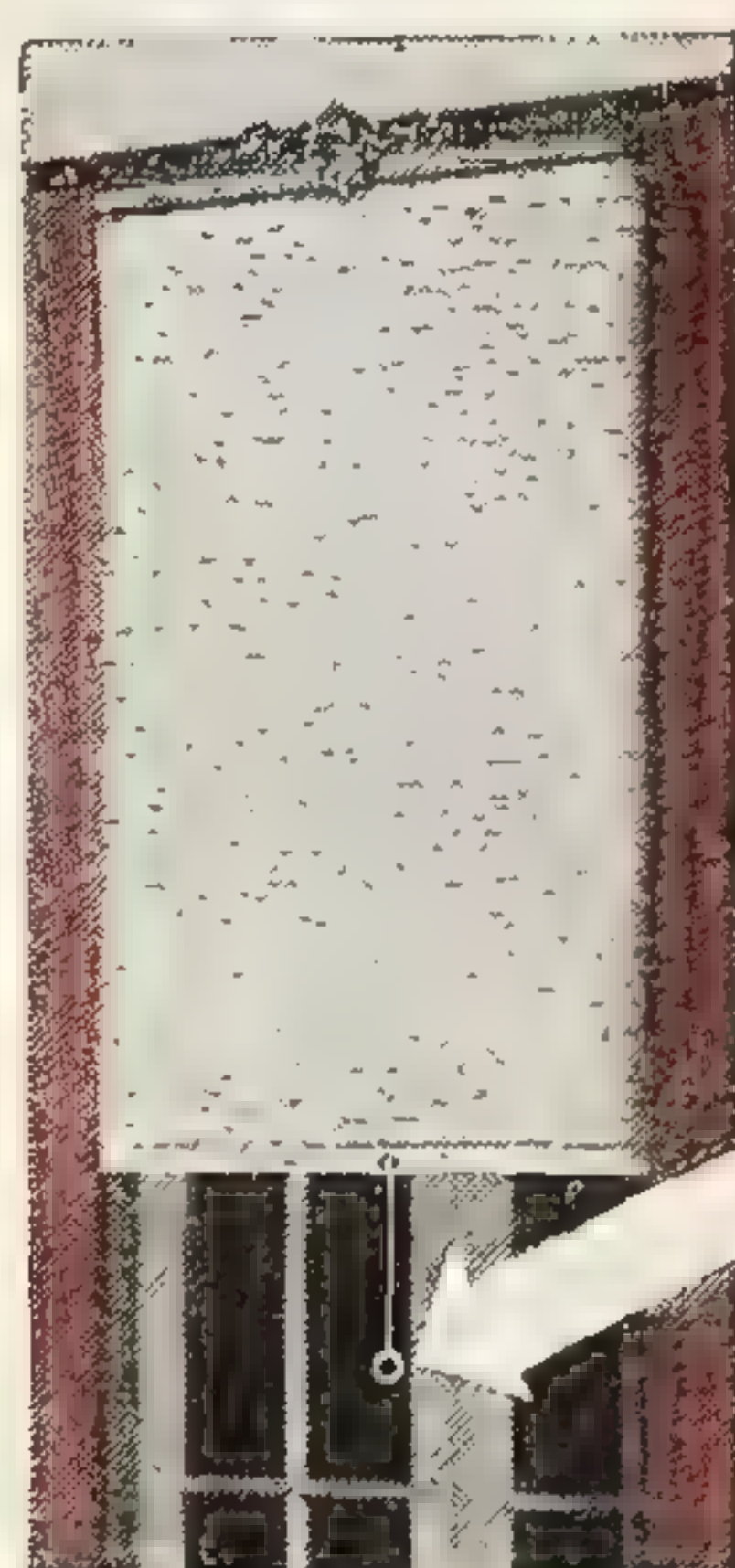
**CLOPAY  
FIBRE  
WINDOW SHADES  
.. at all your windows**

**D**ON'T let disreputable window shades disgrace your housekeeping any longer! No matter how thoroughly you houseclean, dingy window shades make your home look ill-kept and shabby, inside and out.

For 10c each, get beautiful CLOPAY Fibre Shades that will do credit to your crisp, clean curtains. CLOPAY Shades look expensive at your windows, and they actually outwear old-style shades costing ten times as much. CLOPAY Shades won't crack, pinhole, fray or curl at

the edges. The CLOPAY finish is patented; obtainable in no other shade.

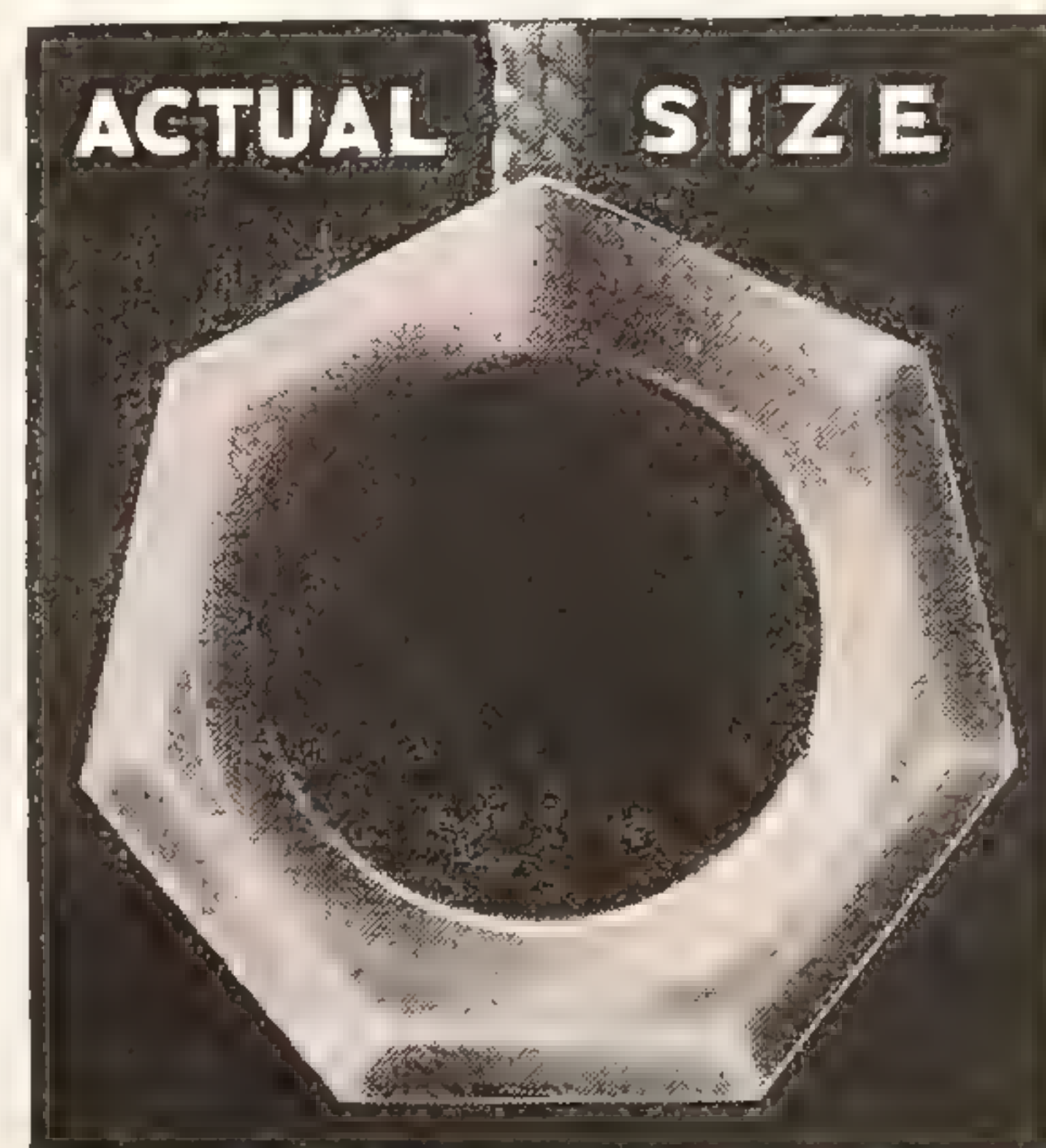
The beautiful CLOPAY colors are fade-proof. Choose lovely plain-tinted shades to harmonize with your home's interior—or the smart new two-tone chintz effects that you simply can't get in old-fashioned shades. All styles only 10c at 5c and 10c stores everywhere. Send 3c for 10 samples and booklet to Clopay Corporation, 1205 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.



**CLOPAY  
SHADE PULLS 5c**  
For Use With Any Shades

Jewel-like shade pulls moulded from Bakelite and Plaskon, with double 10-in. cords. Always look like new. Washable; durable; attractive; modern. Dark Green, Light Green, Ivory, Dark Blue, Rose, Orchid or White, to match CLOPAY Shades.

Illustrated  
CLOPAY Shade No. 2 — Ecru





# BOX OFFICE CRITICS

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Make them short and snappy—and tell why you do not like someone or something. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## MR. PRODUCER, READ THESE:

Eugenia Wilson, 1302 Oak Street, Pine Bluff, Ark.—Peggy Shannon? What's happened to Peggy? Why don't we see her more often? I'm sure if this young lady were given half a chance she would do better. Why? Because she is a "Red-Headed Woman."

Mrs. F. R. MacMillan, Buffalo, N. Y.—This is just a grateful vote of thanks to the person or persons who have finally discovered that there are adults who possess more intelligence than the average twelve-year-old child. Such recent pictures as "Bill of Divorcement," "I Am a Fugitive," "One Way Passage," "Cynara," "Animal Kingdom" and "A Farewell to Arms" are such excellent entertainment and have been so beautifully acted and directed, that I hope they will satisfy the "Great God Box Office" so that producers will continue to release more like them. These pictures are such a vast improvement over the ones that used to be written for a star's type or personality. I wonder if there are others who agree with me.

Mrs. Mary Martin, 847 Bryant St., Palo Alto, Cal.—From one who's nature just "itches" to pick to pieces the plot, acting, or anything, for that matter, in every moving picture that comes along, this testimony of mine should be worth something: "Love Me Tonight" with the charming Jeanette MacDonald and the inimitable Maurice Chevalier was a grand picture. It supplied splendid acting, a fine cast of supporting characters, witty comedy, not to mention the superb singing which only Chevalier and Miss MacDonald can produce. Who could ever forget that catchy tune, "Isn't It Romantic?" Here's to more pictures of this type for the "movie-bored" public!

Mrs. H. B. Schiek, 211 Wisconsin Ave., Waukegan, Ill.—Just finished reading the February NEW MOVIE and



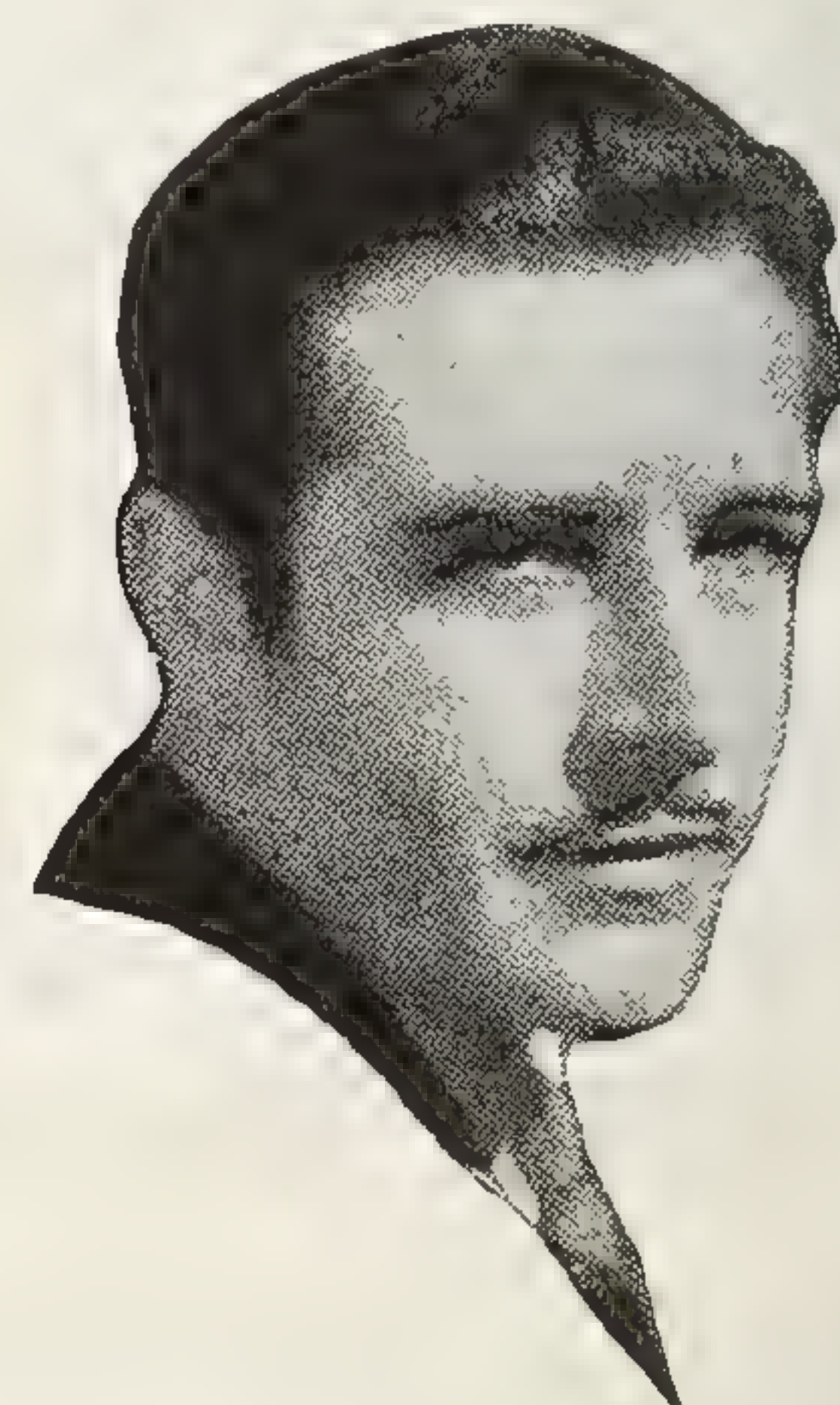
"I see that they" (ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville) "are to be teamed in another picture, and I say, the more the merrier."

I have a suggestion to make—namely, that the movie producers quit employing foreign picture stars or actors and "Buy American." We can surely duplicate these actors' services with our own unemployed and keep the money in America. I refer to such actors as Diana Wynyard, Lilian Harvey, Marlene Dietrich and Heather Angel. The latter has a rôle in Al Santell's "House of Refuge." Our actors are discriminated against in Europe. "Buy American!"

Beth L. Johnson, 106 West 52nd St., Minneapolis, Minn.—We are fed up on silly sex pictures and all that. What we want are some really worth while pictures, something everyone will enjoy. Pictures like "The Vagabond King," "Rio Rita" and "The Desert Song" just aren't being shown any more. You have your musical reviews,

and while they're enjoyable and highly entertaining, they cannot compare with the former. And speaking of "Vagabond King," why not put Jeanette MacDonald in some more pictures like this? Give her a real chance to show the world how she really can sing. And, by the way, what has become of Dennis King, John Boles and Lawrence Tibbett? They certainly deserve another chance to show us their truly operatic voices. Come on, give us some more like the "Vagabond King"!!

Douglas Beverley, Sr., 3311 Fowler Ave., Omaha, Nebr.—A radical departure—a strange, fantastic picture, "STRANGE INTERLUDE"—a picture wherein the awe-struck audience goes suddenly and dynamically—*psychic!* You sit there, amazed, intrigued, laughing one moment, staring the next! You hear the actor's outward voice—you sense, you feel, you *hear* his inward



"What has become of Dennis King, John Boles (above) and Lawrence Tibbett? . . . Come on, give us some more pictures like 'The Vagabond King.'"

voice! This empiric, surprising technic is new. It has that in its favor, first off—but can it last? I, for one, do not believe so; at least in its present grossly exaggerated state! Of course, we said that of the first automobile, of the first picture, of the first talking picture—and they have all come, conquered and remained! But if these strangely psychic pictures are to remain, they will have to curb their powers, confine themselves more to the subject and less to trifling irrelevancies. "Strange Interlude" was full to overflowing with unimportant rubbish, as an Englishman would phrase it! There are times for pantomime in pictures, there are occasions for strained silence, there will probably be a place for—*PSYCHIC*—but it will have to know and respect its own strength! . . .

(Please turn to page 74)

"Peggy Shannon? What's happened to Peggy? Why don't we see her more often?"





# If . . . you're looking for NEW recipes and menu suggestions . . . you're interested in beautifying your home . . . YOU'LL WANT THESE HELPFUL BOOKLETS and CIRCULARS!

All women like compliments on their cooking . . . and you're bound to have praise aplenty when you follow the menus and recipes in the circulars prepared for you by the Tower Home Service Bureau. They're new . . . unusual . . . healthful . . . easy to prepare.

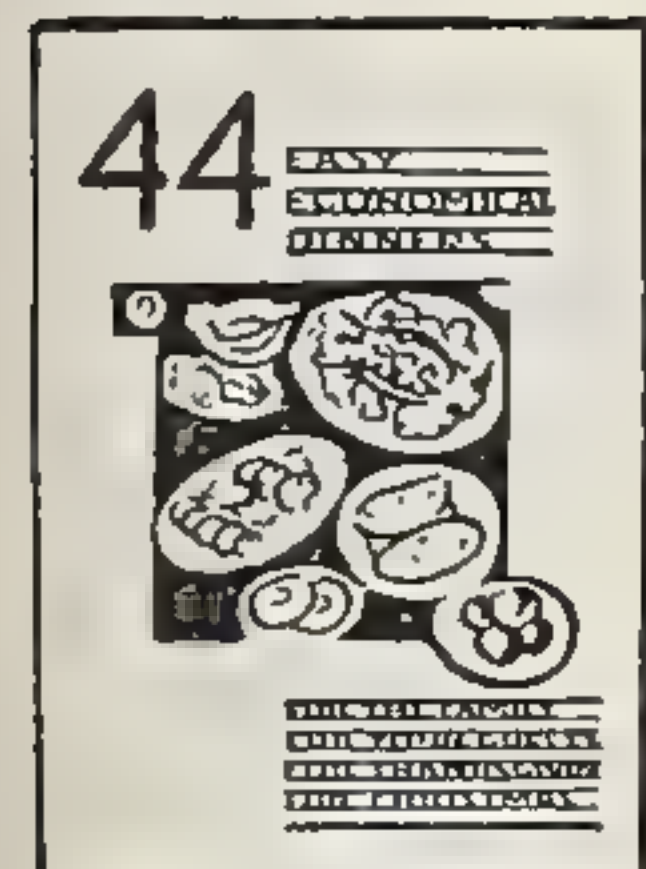
And we've found that the good cook is usually just as particular about her home, too. Wants it attractive . . . comfortable. So the Home Service Bureau also offers you pamphlets on home beautifying and some of the most intriguing house plans you've ever seen. A charming home and a well-set table keep you popular with friends and family.



- ☐ **FAVORITE RECIPES OF THE MOVIE STARS . . . . . 10¢**  
Spring a special Italian Salad on your family some night and then have the fun of telling them it's Winnie Lightner's favorite recipe. Forty-six pet recipes of the Movie Stars in this booklet!



- ☐ **REDUCING THE RIGHT WAY . . . 10¢**  
Height and weight charts . . . calory chart . . . satisfying menus with low calory content . . . general exercise hints for reducing.



- ☐ **44 EASY ECONOMICAL DINNERS 10¢**  
The kind you'd always be proud to serve . . . yet they aren't expensive. The trick? It's the little surprise touches! Like Pear Salad with Ginger.

- ☐ **FOOD CHILDREN LIKE TO EAT . . . 10¢**  
For breakfast . . . the school box lunch . . . party refreshments . . . low-cost lunch and dinner dishes . . . favorite candies and desserts.

- ☐ **FOODS THAT MEN PREFER . . . . . 10¢**  
Breakfast breads . . . pies and pastries . . . puddings and simple desserts . . . cakes . . . meat and meat substitutes . . . vegetables . . . confections . . . menus.

- ☐ **MENUS FOR TWO . . . . . 10¢**  
Intriguing menus and recipes . . . food budget for two . . . how to order . . . utensils needed for two.

- ☐ **SHOPPERS' GUIDE FOR FRESH AND CANNED FISH . . . . . 10¢**  
A resume of fish buying . . . recipes for cocktails and appetizers . . . fish soups . . . for the main course . . . salads . . . for breakfast . . . entrees and luncheon dishes . . . sauces and garnishes.

- ☐ **MEAT AT ANY PRICE . . . . . 10¢**  
Recipes for all kinds of meat . . . ways of cooking cheaper cuts . . . list of low-cost cuts . . . ways of using left-over meats . . . making the most of a little meat . . . using canned meats.

- ☐ **FOOD IN THE FAMILY BUDGET . . . . . 10¢**  
Helpful data on buying . . . what to spend for various foods . . . keeping food accounts . . . economical use of fruits and vegetables . . . making the most of meat . . . economical use of cereals . . . sugar, fats and oils.

- ☐ **HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT DESSERT . . . . . 10¢**  
100 calory portions . . . delicious layer cakes . . . small cakes and cookies . . . pies . . . gelatin desserts . . . inexpensive puddings . . . ice box cakes . . . ways to use ice cream . . . ten favorite desserts.

## Pamphlets on Home Beautifying

- ☐ **BRIGHTEN YOUR HOME WITH COLOR . . . . . 10¢**  
Distribution and balance of color . . . how to read a color chart . . . 20 different color schemes.
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Draperies for the French Room . . . for the English Room . . . Italian and Spanish draperies . . . for the Colonial Room . . . the Modern Room.
- ☐ **YOUR LITTLE COLONIAL HOME . . . . . 10¢**  
Three practical budgets for furnishing rooms . . . patterns for curtains . . . 15 adaptable floor plans.

## Tower House Plans

- ☐ **THE COLONIAL HOUSE . . . . . 3¢**  
Plan and discussion of details.
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Plan . . . convenient features . . . interior decoration.
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# Just a little piece of CHOCOLATE



**YET** what a big  
part it plays  
in the health of millions

It looks like chocolate. It tastes like chocolate. Yet millions have found it such a big thing in keeping healthy.

A little thing for a big purpose—to keep "regular"—that's Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax checks on every point you should look for in a laxative:

Ex-Lax contains a laxative ingredient approved by doctors everywhere.

It tastes like the most delicious chocolate you ever ate.

It does not gripe or disturb the stomach. Causes no disagreeable after-effects.

It is *not* habit-forming.

It is a laxative scientifically timed to act thoroughly, gently and safely.

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. In the 27 years that Ex-Lax has been a household favorite, many laxatives have come and gone. Yet Ex-Lax is still the leader, holding old friends and winning hosts of new ones every year. Get Ex-Lax at any drug store—in 10c and 25c sizes.



# Box Office Critics

(Continued from page 72)

## RAVES

Hazel Petty, 6111 Townsend Avenue, Detroit, Michigan—Why should we all rave about Clark Gable when we have Cary Grant, a fine actor we want to see more of?

(Tracyite) R. A. Wood, 1266 E. Glisan Street, Portland, Oregon—Dripping with enthusiasm, radiating energy, winning the country over to his razzle-dazzle type of acting, that fast-talking mug, Lee Tracy, skins 'em all—including (name your favorite he-men, folks).

He outsteals all picture stealers. He does not qualify in the ranks of manly beauty, but do you notice that? You do not! It's that dynamic personality of his'n. It's that speed, that pep, that dash.

It only takes one picture and you're a Tracyite for life. Your neighbor's already one. Will you be the next?

Mrs. E. Seitter, 6454 Laflin Street, Chicago, Ill.—After seeing Boris Karloff in his vivid portrayals of fiends, monsters and maniacs, even the landlord can't scare us!

T. M. Fehman, 1452 Divisadero Street, San Francisco, Calif.—Here is an orchid for Lee Tracy. Has he got pep, enthusiasm, ginger, vim and vigor? *PLENTY*. In these days of depression and gloom it is certainly refreshing to see some one who has an over-abundant supply of the old pepper. Think back over any of his pictures and see if you can name any other actor who will compare with his wisecracking, hustle-bustle manner. Regardless of his situation in a picture he impresses one with the idea that life is full of pleasant little surprises if one looks for them. His every action, from his speech to the mere act of walking across the floor or answering the telephone, contains so much snap, speed and sparkle that one can't help being imbued with his enthusiasm. He packs more gloom-chasing tonic into one picture than can be found in a hundred written articles or speeches. To use a current expression I would say, "What this country needs is more of Lee Tracy's *PEP*."

Elsie Hood, Pylesville, Md.—I see few pictures and the memory of Helen Hayes' splendid acting was with us for days after seeing her in "Son-Daughter." Her charm was irresistible. She was not unlike Nazimova, with her lovely grace and pretty gesture. I will look forward with pleasure for her next picture.

Sally Eggers, 1302—58th Avenue, Oakland, Calif.—From an English war nurse in "A Farewell to Arms" to a Chinese character in "Son-Daughter" is a big jump, and who but the versatile Helen Hayes could make it? Her acting in the latter play is so superb and she puts so much humanness into the part that the dark intrigue of this heavy drama becomes almost believable.

C. Maher, P. O. Box 62, Lynchburg, Va.—Clark Gable in my estimation is the most outstanding actor on the screen. He has one of the greatest futures in screen history before him. He showed in "Strange Interlude" his ability to play in dramatic scenes. What

young lady's heart would not turn a flip when she sees him in a love scene?

Lee Aumiller, 3032 E. Monument Street, Baltimore, Md.—Here is a booster for Janet Gaynor, the cutest, sweetest girl in the movies. She doesn't have to worry about competition, because nobody can play those "pure and sweet" rôles as she can.

(Miss) Julia B. Goodall, 554 Orange Street, Macon, Georgia.—ALL honor to Marie Dressler! Though she were a star of lesser magnitude than she is, the simple fact that her light keeps burning on and on in her chosen profession, at an age when most actresses have faded from sight, is an inspiration to other women, in whatever line of endeavor they may be interested. Many are unwilling to miss a picture in which Miss Dressler shines. Her sparkling humor and brilliant vivacity cause a glow in the hearts of patrons of the theater. Long live Marie!

Addie Collis, 1325 Findlay Street, Portsmouth, O.—Roland Young is attractive, intelligent, humorous and does his small bits with wonderful acting ability. Why not give him a real part, something worth while!

D. G., 2108 Wellington Rd., Los Angeles, Calif.—After seeing Kate Smith in "Hello Everybody" I don't believe another actress deserves more credit. Honestly! She was great and can she sing? And how! Let's have lots more of Kate and more of her songs; then we can forget about the depression and all the people that are starving, by just seeing her. Now Kate, don't take me wrong. I only mean you're great just as you are—and please don't change. Good Luck.

Edna Bradley, 296 George Street, New Brunswick, N. J.—Thanks for giving us a new comedy team, namely, ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville. They were grand in "They Just Had To Get Married." We hadn't time to do much else but laugh during the run of it. I see they are to be teamed in another picture and I say, the *more* the merrier!

Alice Price, 1309 Madison Street, Lynchburg, Va.—Ramon Navarro: In my opinion the ideal male star of film-dom, wonderful lover, marvelous voice, and good to look at. What a shame he doesn't sing more!

Caroline Lehman, 1269 East 18th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Why isn't there more of a hullabaloo about *Elissa Landi*? Gosh, there is a girl who seems to have everything, an intelligent, pretty face, a divine form, a very natural actress, and certainly more than enough of poise and dignity.

Despite the fact that she seems to have the misfortune of having bad stories thrust on her shoulders, she enhances each film by her appearance and clever acting.

So here's hoping that she will yet land a suitable story, and that she will not desert the screen for some time to come, as I sure do get the grandest "kick" out of her.

(Please turn to page 119)



# How to Burst into the Movies

(Continued from page 40)

"Who that?" I ask to know.

"That are Garta Grebo, coming back from Sweden," he dictate.

"Why are she doing it like that?" I manipulate.

"She are being mysterious," he disgorge. "And O look some more!"

I look see. Goshes! There were a pink airplane and out from it dropp a golden pairashoot all covered with clouds. While dropping I could hear raddio signal reporting loudishly, "Do not come within 450 yds. of me."

"Who that?" I jidder.

"That are Norma Shearer coming home to take a bath," he say it. "She do it that way so that neither reporters, novelists or soap advertisements will suspect that she are here, working for the emotion pictures."

"Well, I shall be spanked!" This from me.

Then I look some more. Down street approach 4 barrels with umbrellas on top side of them.

"Those," report Hon. Ogre, "are Hon. Ann Harding, Hon. Tulu Bankhead, Hon. Jone Crawford and Hon. Sylvia Sydney keeping away from the publick gaze."

"For what puppose?" I denote.

"You no catch the I. D.?" he romp. "All that you just see are called the Einstein Theery of Advertising. You wish all world see you? Then go hide and stay hidd. You wish all world talk about you? Then lock up your face and throw key under the Hoover landslide. Too, you ask me how to burst into the movies. I tell you. Be mysterious. Don't have nothing to do with no reporters. Best way to catch Fame are to run away from him. Now get out before I ask you to go."

MR. EDITOR, in all your axperi-  
ence have you ever been alone  
with 4\$ in Hollywood? It are a chilled  
feeling like a ant walking over ice  
cream. After 2 hours of walking I  
could not tell myself from anny other  
unemployed. Yet I remain quite differ-  
ent from those. While others elope  
noisily around the outside end of Lott,  
hoping Mr. Fox would come by and  
reckonize a Great Actor, I just sneek  
buggishly from places to places, look-  
ing sly. Yes, sir & madam! I should  
not go round, making myself common  
like Ed Win and others. When I see  
Hon Will Rogers go by, throwing  
smiles & ropes at everybody I chase  
him up and holla, "Stop being so prom-  
inent, Hon. Will, or nextly you know  
you will be less famus than Mussolini."

"Thanks so many," he say cowboy-  
ishly. "And what are your name, if  
any?"

"Mike O'Brien," I report deceptively.  
"There are too many Irish in  
Japan," he humorous, and march.

This were good way to get famus,  
by golly. I see that while walking.  
Pretty soonly I go hide behind a tele-  
gram post so that Hon. Karl Lam-  
merle would not see me while going  
past. Next I knew one enlarged Police  
Stroke me on collar and dictate,  
"Hay!"

"Yes, sir, it is," I say it.

"It ain't neither," I gollup. "I am  
Adolph Menjou, thank you to know."

(Please turn to page 76)

# It will pay you to know the answers

## Question 1

### IS FELS-NAPTHA SAFE FOR FINE FABRICS?

Indeed it is! Not only safe—it *helps prolong* the life of the filmiest finery because it washes so quickly and so gently. It's nice to work with, too—easy on the hands.

## Question 2

### IS FELS-NAPTHA GOOD FOR BOILING?

Good?—it's great for boiling. And it's excellent for soaking, too. In fact, Fels-Naptha is always ready to work *your way*. In water of *any* temper-  
ature. In tub or machine.

## Question 3

### WHY IS FELS-NAPTHA GOLDEN IN COLOR?

Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of the fine mate-  
rials of which it is made.

## Question 4

### IS FELS-NAPTHA GOOD FOR WHITE CLOTHES?

Best thing ever! It gets things so thoroughly clean they *look* clean, they *smell* clean, they *are* clean. Your eyes can see, your nose can tell, the difference! What's more, Fels-Naptha *keeps* the snowy sparkle in white clothes after repeated washings. Use it to avoid that "fourth washday grayness."

## Question 5

### WHY DOES FELS-NAPTHA DO BETTER WORK?

Figure it out for yourself. Instead of only one cleaner, Fels-Naptha con-  
tains *two*. Fine velvety soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha (so  
much you can smell it in every generous bar). Combined by Fels-Naptha's  
exclusive method, these two cleaners work together to give you *extra*  
help. Under their gentle cleansing power, even the greasiest dirt melts  
away. Take advantage of Fels-Naptha's *extra* help. It is economical—not  
"cheap," but an honest value. Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha and  
*see that you get it!*

© 1933, FELS & CO.

## CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA

The golden bar  
with the clean naptha odor

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. T. M. 5-33

Some women, I understand, find it a bit easier to chip  
Fels-Naptha into tub or machine by using one of your  
handy chippers instead of just an ordinary kitchen  
knife. I'd like to try the chipper, so I enclose 3¢ in  
stamps to help cover postage. Send the sample bar, too.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Please print name and address completely)





## How to keep WASH GLOVES supple as when they were skins

Is the stamp "washable" in chamois, doe- or pig-skin gloves just another ha-ha to you? Don't blame the gloves. They are as sensitive as your own skin to the least bit of harshness in soap.

Wash your gloves with soap you *know* is PURE—IVORY SNOW, the quick-sudsing form of pure, gentle Ivory Soap.

And Ivory Snow *really* dissolves in LUKE-WARM water! It is made in a new way—not cut into flat flakes, but *blown* into quick-dissolving, sudsy *round* bits.

### Six Rules for Success in Washing Gloves

1. Use IVORY SNOW and just barely LUKE-WARM water. Hot water is fatal to gloves. Ivory Snow melts instantly in water that is safely cool.
2. Wash gloves *INSIDE* as well as *OUTSIDE*. A soft nail-brush helps to get finger-ends clean.
3. Rinse thoroughly *inside and out* in barely LUKEWARM water. No flat particles in Ivory Snow to cling flat to the leather and make rinsing difficult—*no soap spots!*
4. **DON'T SQUEEZE** or wring gloves. Lay them flat between folds of a Turkish towel and *pat* loose water out.
5. **DON'T** hang wash-leather gloves to dry on a hot radiator or over heat of any kind.
6. Soften by working onto your hands just **BEFORE** they are dry.

KATHRYN MARTIN  
*Washability Expert*

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.



## How to Burst into the Movies

(Continued from page 75)

"How stuppid of me," say Hon. Police. "I have only been in Hollywood 12 years, so I cannot know all the names. Goo-by, I must look for Hashimura Togo."

**W**ERE that not a very estranged way from him? But I promenade onwards with a swell chest. Just like Garta Grebo I require Sherlock Homes to dishcover who I is.

Just then a youngly man, looking handsome like a tailor, bounce out from store.

"One (1) moment!" he decry. I look at him disgustly. I run. He catch.

"Are you name of Togo?" he ask it.

"Not ever," I snib. "I are Frederick March in Dr. Jackal & Mr. Snyder."

"Ah," say he. "You are hiding behind your face again, Hon. Fred. I introduce myself. I are Oscar Smear, press agt. for Catamount Pictures. But I must go seek. All Hollywood are looking for Hashimura Togo."

"Why should?" I require.

"He are wanted," snuggest Hon. Smear and go way.

You ever seen anything like that? If I had walked 4th that morning with my hair full of base drums and raddios I could not be more seeked after than I was now. Thusly, sontering along, I were wondering which person I should pertend to be nextly. Should I be Ethel Barrymoor or Thos Mixture the cowboy?

**J**UST then I hear persons on sidewalk speaking about me. When I encroach they holla, "Here he come," and when I evaporate they holla, "There he go." 44 mixed persons with reporter expression commence to jump after me, waving paper and photograph boxes. I walk. They walk. I run. They run.

Then thoughtfully, while running, I think, what would Garbo Greto or Norma Shearer do under such a circumstances? They would go home-wards and hide. I hurry with both my legs. Then, O Lordly, what I see? There stood an enlarged U. S. Male truck awaiting letters. Quicker than you can say Edw. Robinson I jump to that postage-stamp car, kick brakes, jerk gas and begin shooching through Hollywood just like a wild firecracker. After me folla all sort speed-up cars, fire-indians, motor-busts, mutter-cycles and bootlegging mechanisms, all making hoot-hoot song to stop me. I go so fastly that beat 6 telegrams from Los Angeles.

Then at lastly there I was, back to kitchen of Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, where I jump into my shortsleeves and commence bathing the dishes what I left that morning a. m. in my hasty to quit. To get back there make my heart so full of happy dishwater that I sing-song from rapture:

Home, home, Swede, Swede home!  
Be it ever so humbug  
There is nothing ezackly like it!

**Y**ET even in my musical noise I could hear sound of persons outside making loudish holla, "Togo are here!" "Togo are there!" Goody! They have surrounded me with large contrax from



every film copperation in Hollywood! So onwards I sing, making pretense to hear nothing.

Then with immediate suddenness who should burst into door but Hon. Geo. F. Ogre, proprietor of Hollywood.

"So ha!" he narrate. "So you are there!"

"Yes, sire," I doze. "I are here to-day. Tomorrow I shall be in some elsewhere. O dear sir, thanks so many for good advice. This morning I go forthly, pretending Fame were merely spinach. I disguise myself as Ethel Barrymoor, to keep people from looking at me. Yet everywhere I go persons say, 'We want Togo!' They get so thick I have to escape away in a U. S. Male Truck. And talking loudishly outside, I shunt wonder, are Marx Bros, Warner Bros and Smith Bros, hoping to star me in new play of passion called 'Webster's Dictionary'. So I are here, waiting for he who makes highest bidd."

"I shall make highest bidd," corrode Hon. Ogre, pointing his mean hair at me.

"O so grateful!" I say. How muchly you bidd?"

"13\$ & 50c per monthly."

"O, my darling Mister! Those price were just same you gave me before," I renig. "Do you not see folks howelling my name outside? Do I not tell you that I hear persons, everywhere I go this a. m., decrying, 'We are looking for Hashimura Togo?'"

"O yay," amputate Hon. G. F. Ogre. "And you think they want you so muchly?"

"To give me Fame," I say.

"To give you Hal," he say. "This morning I send all Hollywood chassing after you to bring you back."

"For why?" I otter.

"**B**ECAUSE this," he data. "When you elope away from me so rapidly, in serch of famus job, you niglected to give me back the key to my Wine & Booze Closet. Had you not came back I should been obliged to close my Thinking Studio."

"Can I believe that?" I snagger.

"When living in Hollywood you must believe annything," he wob. "Now take key with immediate quickness & shake me up 4 qts. gin. Those Bankers are still waiting, and I cannot waste my time with trifles."

Therefore I elope to Wine & Booze Closet where I took 7 drunks of it to help soap my brain.

Now I feel deliciously worse.

Hoping you are the same

Yours truly,

HASHIMURA TOGO.

To obtain circulars described on page 67, write to Miss Frances Cowles, in care of this magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all seven. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given beside the descriptions.

# The price she paid for a cup of coffee!



**L**ONG past her beauty sleep now. One o'clock. Two o'clock. Still trying to relax and doze off... still tossing on her pillow. And she knows it is adding years to her looks!

All too frequently a seemingly harmless thing like coffee produces sleeplessness. True, many people can drink coffee without ill-effects. But others can't.

## Why Many People Can't Drink Coffee

A single cup of coffee often contains as much as two grains of *caffeine*—a drug stimulant.

That much caffeine can keep you wide-eyed and awake—denying your body the rest it *must have* in order to preserve your vitality and health, your youth and beauty.

## It's Easy to Give up Coffee

Some people know they ought to give up coffee. Yet they go on drinking it, quieting their conscience with the mistaken idea that coffee is a habit difficult to break. It isn't.

Two and a half million families have discovered that Postum is a hearty, full-bodied, satisfying drink. A delicious drink. A drink that does not cause nervousness or sleeplessness or upset digestion as coffee does.

Why? Because Postum contains *no caffeine*. It is made only from wholesome ingredients—slightly sweetened whole wheat and bran, roasted to a golden brown.

## Make this 30-Day "Come-Back" Test

If coffee doesn't agree with you drink Postum instead for 30 days. That much time is necessary to banish the effects of a habit of long standing. At the end of 30 days see how much better you sleep, how much quieter your nerves are, how much better you feel.

We will send you the first week's supply of Postum free—simply fill out and mail the coupon below. Postum comes in two forms. Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. Both cost less than ½¢ a cup. Postum is a product of General Foods.

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. T. M. 5-33

I want to make the 30-day "Come-back" Test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply.

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Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Fill in completely. Print name and address.

If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ontario.



Take your  
CHOICE  
-and save 50%



## MIFFLIN

### ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH

Guaranteed to be equal in quality and effectiveness to other leading brands costing double the price. For cleansing the teeth, mouth and throat—and for removing unpleasant breath—it has no superior. Excellent for use after smoking.



## MIFFLIN

### ASTRINGENT MOUTH WASH

Recommended by Dentists for correcting and preventing spongy and receding gums. It cleanses and preserves the teeth and leaves a delightful, refreshing taste in the mouth. There's nothing better on the market—at any price.

Mifflin Chemical Corporation, Philadelphia  
AT LEADING 5 & 10-CENT STORES

\* Tested and approved by  
Good Housekeeping Bureau

# The MAKE-UP BOX

IT looks like whipped cream and it feels soft and soothing to hands roughened by wind and water and burned by the sun. It's a good cream to start using right now because it's a protection against sunburn, too. It comes in an attractive little blue and white jar that stands on four brief legs and would decorate equally well your dressing table or kitchen shelf—and of course the latter is a good place to keep one jar of hand cream.



A fluffy hand cream in a blue jar.

HAIRPINS! Flat ones to hold up the sides or little ones to keep stray ends in place; or all kinds, if our hair is really and truly long. But how to hang on to them is a problem that's just been solved by a new and attractive, fully equipped hairpin box that has just come to our notice. The most used varieties are represented—each in its own compartment—and the box is compact and attractive enough to be kept in plain sight where the pins will always be available.

WE'RE becoming more and more open-minded on the topic of powder shades. Long ago there were just white and flesh and rachel. But now almost every color in the rainbow is represented. A cosmetic house that brings out two attractive lines of powder has just added four new shades to its list. Jade and mauve for evening—and a charming effect they make under the lights, giving the skin a clear white tone—special brunet and a radiant toned rachel.



Hairpins in a convenient box.

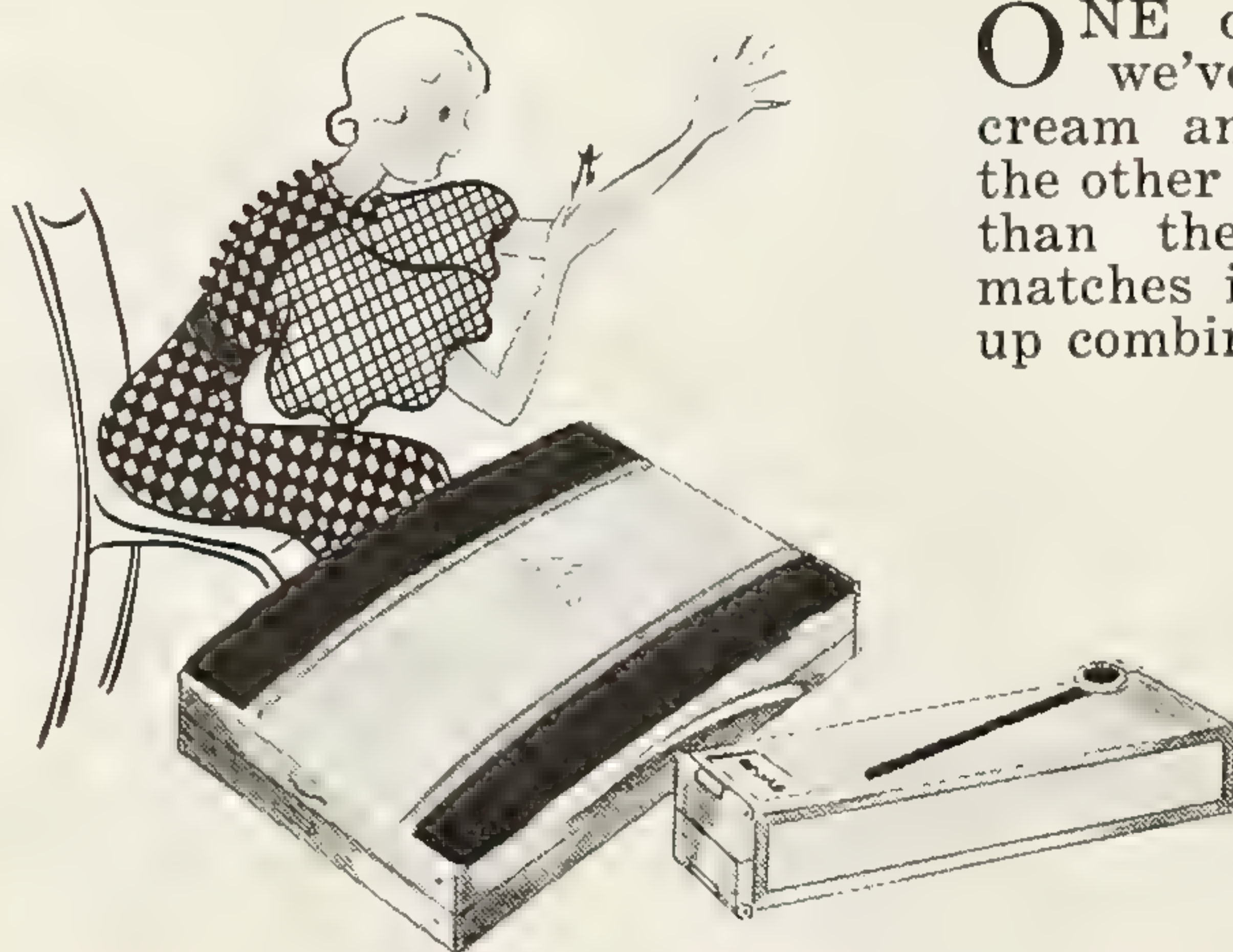


Four new powder shades to try out.

AND another concern has brought out a new shade that fits right in with spring thoughts. It's been put out to meet the demand you and I have been making for warmer-toned powders. English peach is its title and it's the shade of peach ice cream.

AND speaking of colors, the new Eleanor blue, named for Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the president, can now be used to tint your lingerie, blouses or other spring clothes. It's a new shade added along with many new bright pastels to the roster of colors now available.

ONE of the most attractive vanity sets we've seen is the new tiny black and cream and chromium one that arrived just the other day. The double compact is no longer than the efficient automatic lipstick that matches it. Both come in a variety of make-up combinations.



An attractive lipstick and compact set.

For further information about these articles, names and prices write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



## Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 63)

are already beginning to figure that it will take more than "April Showers" to wash away that dark-skinned look.

Among the winter guests at Miami was Sam Goldwyn whose pronunciation of the English language has sometimes been questioned. Jolson says that Goldwyn and George S. Kaufman, the playwright, were playing a little game of poker one night. Things were sort of slow and Kaufman suggested deuces wild. Sam Goldwyn proposed they make it "deuces and trees."

"But," replied Kaufman, "I thought only God could make trees wild."

**THE MESSRS. DAMON 'N PYTHIAS:** The Damon and Pythias of the ether are Lennie Hayton, twenty-four-year-old maestro, and the chap he shares an apartment with, one of our first friends among radio singers, Bill Hillpot, *Brother Trade* of the Smith Brothers' "Trade and Mark." Bill tells us that Lennie is a "deadline worker," meaning he doesn't like to start arranging his programs until the evening before the broadcast. That he sits down with a quart of coffee and battles with treble and bass clefs until dawn. Three hours' sleep and he's off for rehearsal. Both Bill and Lennie belong to the curly haired brigade.

Most of his spare time Lennie, big-time radio's youngest conductor, is on a bus-man's holiday. He goes from one night dancing spot to another listening to other orchestras and bands. But he ends up practically every evening at the Biltmore for a load of Paul Whiteman's music.

Whiteman was his first boss. "It's just like going back to the Alma Mater," says Lennie, "only the fare is cheaper."

**AS** for Billy Hillpot, he seems fated to be the embryo movie actresses' lucky star. Successively three of his young lady friends have hopped the Twentieth Century for Hollywood and movie fame—Virginia Bruce, Boots Mallory and the last one, Jean, (you guess her last name) just took off. Billy's now having his calling cards printed with movie contracts on the back.

**OFF TO BUFFALO:** Three of radio's star performers first made their mark in the world in Buffalo—Jack Smart, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd.

As an announcer in the up-state metropolis Wilbur (Budd) Hulick first sprang to prominence when he "ad-libbed" steadily for two hours and twenty minutes of a foggy afternoon about the imminent arrival of Costes and LeBrix at the local flying field. By the time Budd had finished describing a nearby elm for the sixth time, word finally reached the eminent exponent of Stoopnocracy that owing to the weather conditions, Aviator Costes had cancelled the Buffalo excursion hours before. Somebody at the studio just forgot to pass the word along.

Small wonder then, that with an ad-lib background such as this Budd Hulick should team with Colonel (Charles Taylor) Stoopnagle.

**THE SAWDUST TRAIL:** A lot of radio chatter has centered around the old lumber yard owned and operated  
(Please turn to page 80)

## NOW GET RESULTS —WHITER TEETH from the toothpaste you use



### YES, QUICK RESULTS

**S**TART brushing your teeth with Kolynos. In just a few days they'll look whiter—shades whiter. They'll feel much cleaner. Here's the reason: Kolynos does what ordinary toothpastes can't do. As it removes ugly stain and tarnish—it foams into every tiny crevice and kills millions of germs that are the known cause of most tooth and gum troubles. Thus Kolynos gives RESULTS YOU CAN SEE. Cleaner, whiter teeth. Healthier looking gums. Give up incompetent ways of brushing and start using the Kolynos technique—a half-inch of this remarkable dental cream on a dry brush twice a day. It's the better, quicker way to cleaner, whiter teeth—try it.



# KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM



# 57 easy ways TO SERVE this tasty, filling dish



HERE'S the *booklet of the month* for your recipe files—"57 Unusual Ways To Serve Spaghetti"! Prepared by Heinz dietitians, it is crammed with tempting spaghetti recipes and absolutely free. Send for your copy now.

Cooked in true Italian style, Heinz Spaghetti is tastefully flavored with tangy cheese, milk, butter, and the rich sauce of red-ripe, Heinz-bred tomatoes. You'll find it mighty good—and it's mighty good for you—because it's a wholesome, filling, *wheat* food. A body builder—like meat and potatoes. Yet less expensive—more digestible.

Clip the coupon and learn how to serve a different, and delicious spaghetti dinner every week in the year.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY  
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. • TORONTO, CAN. • LONDON, ENG.

## HEINZ

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SPAGHETTI  
READY TO SERVE



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Please send me your Free Recipe Booklet "57 Unusual Ways to Serve Spaghetti."

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Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 79)

by Charles (Stoopnagle) Taylor's father. When it came to wrestling with two-by-fours at least two of the Buffalo broadcasting crowd couldn't take it. The lumbering experience of the Colonel at his father's yard was short-lived.

Then there's the story of Jack Smart, Buffalonian No. 3, and this same wood collector's paradise. Actor Smart is the burly 242-pounder whom you've heard in so many different parts in the "March of Time." When Smart was on the Buffalo High School football team he was chosen "All New York State" tackle. After graduation he, too worked for a short time in Mr. Taylor's timber emporium. A very short time. Ten days. Jack is frank to admit that since that time he has never felt the lure of sawdust. His favorite poem is "Woodman Spare That Tree."

**MOANS AND HYSTERICS:** Realism is, of course, the keynote of these news dramatizations. Zest is added to most of the tense moments in the "March of Time," by Miss Betty Worth, official screamer. Hardly a program goes by that Miss Worth is not called in to reproduce a fit of hysterics, (2) shout like a stabbed woman or (3) moan like a lost lady. Never once, however, has anyone equalled Miss Worth's sigh at parting—and we have seen to it that all possibilities were combed.

**SHAM EXPOSED:** It's about time we exposed the crying hypocrisy of this radio racket. You've heard Gracie Allen's dog, Herman? That vicious bark? Well, there's no such dog or bark. All that yipping emanates from the slender throat of Miss Kaye Beall. Just as Miss Worth is official screamer, so Miss Beall has found herself a niche.

When Miss Beall first went to boarding school she was, according to her teachers, pretty much like all the other girls. Then one night she and her room-mate sat up baying at the moon, "just for fun." All the girls said the general effect was pretty good, but Miss Beall wasn't satisfied. In spite of the neighbors she kept right at it, practicing in all her spare moments and soon outstripped her room-mate. Today her canine cries ranging from the deep-throated baying of a bloodhound, to the yap of a Pekinese, are the marvel of all those who like that sort of thing. Her moment supreme was, however, when she impersonated an entire Alaskan dog team.

**SOUND** effects accompanying dramatic shows require an enormous amount of detail, research and ingenuity. The sound technicians' room at NBC looks like a junk man's paradise, battered cow bells, worn-out tomtoms, tin horns, tanks of compressed air, wind machines in various states of repair, old electric fans and whistles—everything from ocean liner to peanut stand.

The Crime Club keeps Ray Kelly, chief NBC sound effects producer, busier than the proverbial paperhanger. Not long ago Kelly used among some fifty sound effects called for on one program alone—carpenter's tool, one

(Please turn to page 84)



## Lunching at Mary's

(Continued from page 68)

and the one-fourth cup water and heat. Dissolve gelatin in three tablespoons cold water and add to the hot milk and water. Beat egg yolks with sugar and salt, and stir hot mixture in. Return to double boiler and stir until it thickens. Remove from stove and put in refrigerator until cool. Then beat, add rum to taste and fold in the beaten egg whites and whipped cream.

Mary used one-half pint cream, which made the pie that much better.

She made the prettiest green salad and stirred up some biscuits right before my eyes. Placing a little row of grapefruit quarters on a bed of endive, she poured a little thin French dressing over it and garnished with a sprig each of fresh mint and parsley.

And they—and I—hung around as long as we could, because Mary had her bridge decks handy—and there was a dish of mints on the table which Mary kept filled. She insisted they had sugar energy without a lot of fat-building bulk and that being hard they dissolved on the tongue, thoroughly satisfying the normal hunger for sweets.

Glenda was wearing a pair of tailored navy blue slacks. They were beautifully pressed, with the crease clear down to the bottom, which made them look a little bit dressy. She had pulled on a white woolly, turtle-necked sweater, and on her yellow hair she wore a bright red, woolen beret which matched her scarf. Her shoes were white, and she made a stunning picture.

"I wanted to make corn fritters, but Mother thought they would be too rich with the pie," Mary said.

"Can you make corn fritters?" Glenda asked skeptically.

Mary and Glenda are devoted to each other, but Mary always falls for Glenda's teasing, and so out came the cook book again. There, sure enough, was the corn fritter recipe all splotched up and showing plainly that it had been used many times. In case you aren't afraid of putting on a little weight, here is the recipe, which Mary swears makes delicious fritters:

### CORN FRITTERS

- 1 cup corn
- 2 egg yolks
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon pepper
- 1 cup flour
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder
- 2 egg whites, beaten

Mix ingredients. Drop tablespoonfuls of mixture onto greased griddle or frying pan. Brown well on both sides. The fritters may be fried in deep hot fat if desired.

"Where are your new decorations?" June suddenly demanded. And then we all remembered that Mary had said her apartment was being redecorated.

"Oh, that was just a gag," Mary said. "I felt an egg-nog pie coming on and wanted you to taste it."

"And it's lucky for you that it was good, too," Glenda replied.

And would you believe it? Mary wouldn't let us deal a single card until she had washed and dried every dish, put everything neatly away and cleaned up the kitchen.

And half of Hollywood has tried to annex this good little cook and grand little girl, Mary Brian. They just can't get her to the altar.

# PLEASE HIM

*this easy way*



JUST watch his face light up when that rich, red, piquant Heinz Tomato Ketchup appears on the table. No matter how simple the meal—how inexpensive the meat—Heinz Ketchup whets appetite to the hunger-pitch—brings a welcoming smile from the men folks.

For 57 years Heinz has made this ketchup to the same high quality standard. It is the simmered down essence of garden-fresh tomatoes—sweetened with the finest sugar—spiced to perfection. No wonder it is the largest selling ketchup in the world.

Don't fail to call your grocer now and order a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup for tonight's dinner.

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# HEINZ

## TOMATO KETCHUP

THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD





# RETAIN THE *Natural Beauty* OF YOUR SKIN



## with this marvelous **Olive Oil Face Powder**

**H**AVE you looked at your complexion lately? Really *looked* at it? ... Is it soft, smooth and clear? Or is it a little coarse, a little rough?

Sun... wind... days spent in the open! They drain the natural oils out of your skin. Cause your face to become dry and old-looking.

But your skin need not grow old! **OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder** enables even the most delicate complexion to remain soft, firm and youthful. This unusual powder acts as the skin-oils do to keep your skin smooth and supple. Yet it is as dry and light as thistle-down.

Try this *different* face powder today. In 7 smart shades to blend naturally with any complexion. The Good Housekeeping "Seal of Approval" is your guarantee of quality.

**OUTDOOR GIRL** Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are sold by leading drug, department and chain stores in 3 sizes — 10c, 25c and \$1.00. If you want to sample three of these popular preparations, mail the coupon for generous Free Trial packages.



Crystal Corporation, Dept. 87E  
Willis Avenue, New York City

Please send me a Free Sample of **OUTDOOR GIRL** Face Powder, Lip-and-Cheek Rouge, and Perfume.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

# Intimate Facts About Marlene's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 34)

And at night clubs, wearing a tuxedo; shopping on the boulevard wearing one of her many business suits, or wherever she went, dressed in the height of men's fashion, she aroused *ohs* and *ahs* of envy, admiration and criticism. The girls followed her lead like sheep and Hollywood suddenly looked as though it had been entirely deserted by the feminine sex.

An enterprising manufacturer rushed a "Marlean" suit into the market, a tailored one boasting a pair of trousers as well as a skirt; and the Paramount Studio officials decided it was time to act. They remonstrated with Marlene about wearing her trousers in public. And Marlene replied in her quiet, but none-the-less effective manner, that what she wore off the screen was her own business.

"If this be publicity, then let's make the most of it," said the Paramount publicity department, and blithely turned the full glare of the spotlight on Marlene's pants.

"I'M sorry I ever posed for pictures in them," Marlene said ruefully, and now refuses to talk about them to anyone. Six months ago she spoke of them naturally. Today the subject is just one more grievance she holds against America. And perhaps part of her annoyance is due to the fact that although the women imitate her, they do it, for the most part, badly.

For though half the women in the United States want to wear pants like Dietrich's not one out of a hundred can look as she does in her well-cut tailored trousers.

But Marlene's figure isn't the only secret of her success in wearing trousers. She knows how to underdress them. She wears no frilly, bunglesome underwear. A net brassiere and a pair of tailored silk shorts (men's shorts) are the foundation for her costume. Her shirts are made to order by a shirt-maker who also makes her shorts of the same material. Her men's shorts cross over in front like a wrap-around garment with two small buttons on each side. Four tiny pleats in front and back give the fullness necessary for a woman's figure.

No corset or girdle, not even a garter belt, are worn to take away from the mannish effect. Long stockings would break the line of the trouser leg, so she wears men's socks and garters.

**W**ATSON AND SON, tailors to many of the smartest dressed men in Hollywood have had to forswear allegiance to the male sex. Numbering among their patrons Dietrich, Garbo, Bankhead, Hepburn, Joan Crawford, Sally Eilers, Barbara Stanwyck and many other stars, it is only natural that all feminine Hollywood is rushing to them.

"Miss Dietrich, Miss Garbo, Miss Hepburn and Miss Bankhead are the only girls who wear men's trousers," said Mr. Watson, "and theirs are identical.

"Tailoring for women is quite different from making men's clothes," Mr. Watson said. "We don't make exaggerated clothes for men but I think a mannish suit for a woman should be exaggerated. For instance, if the shoulders of a woman's coat are made very wide, it tends to make her hips look slimmer, adds height and grace.

"Most of the girls still prefer the more feminine version of trousers. We make Miss Dietrich's trousers 22½ inches at the knee, 18½ inches at the cuff, which is 2 inches deep. But most of the girls prefer a 24-inch knee and 22 inches at the bottom."

**M**ARLENE does not usually wear men's shoes, although she has several pairs. She wears a heavy walking shoe which resembles a man's oxford. She sometimes wears ghillies with her suits. "I wear walking shoes with low heels because they look better with tailored clothes, and they are more comfortable," she told me.

"Most American women look so charming in feminine clothes. I think they should wear skirts," she said tactfully. "I wear the kind of clothes I like and the clothes that are most becoming to me and I expect other women to do the same. I think it would be a pity if all women suddenly appeared in trousers."

## HERE'S WHAT THE COUNTRY THINKS OF THE TROUSERS FAD

(Continued from page 35)

Richmond: Masculine trouser fad not accepted locally stop However smart tailored clothes with masculine tendencies are being accepted stop Do not feel that the trouser fad will last.

Jane Mitchell,  
Thalhimer Bros.

St. Louis: Some interest has been shown in trouser clothes for women in inexpensive price lines stop Feel that this vogue will add impetus to the sports field where it has already appeared in the form of pajamas stop There will be no acceptance for general wear.

Katie Greenough, Fashionist,  
Stix, Baer and Fuller Company.

Toledo: Had window and good publicity on mannish suits with trousers and skirt stop Very little interest shown stop There is a great deal of interest in the tailored suit for women stop Expect the trouser vogue to take hold for summer with girls.

The Lasalle and Koch Co.

Minneapolis: Answering your wire stop Our opinion is that this is a fad stop We have surveyed the city and find only two have been sold thus far and they were California people stop We find there is no interest in such mannish styles stop We believe that the American woman still prefers feminine styles. L. S. Donaldson Co.



Pittsburgh: Trouser suits receiving casual interest stop Man-tailored skirt and jacket suits increasing in popularity stop Cannot see any great demand for trouser suits for general and business wear stop There is likely to be a slight demand for country wear as warm weather arrives stop Commercially it is extremely hazardous and doubtful as to taste.

Kaufmanns.

Atlanta: Mannish vogue Marlene Dietrich not at all important in Atlanta stop Not accepted locally and not pushed by our stores.

Richs, Inc.

Miami: Mannish clothes for women not being accepted here stop Do not see it as resort item.

Burdines, Inc.

Washington, D. C.: Have promoted mannish clothes as created by Marlene Dietrich both by advertising and publicity stunts stop Tied up with local newspapers and have not had any customer acceptance.

H. J. Grinsfelder,  
The Hecht Co.

Los Angeles: Answering your yesterday's wire stop No appreciable acceptance fad locally.

Bullock's.

## The Guest Room of our Colonial House

(Continued from page 70)

the room. The top of the table is maple and it is simply draped in yellow dotted net. The table contains a pair of Sandwich glass lamps with decorated paper shades, a comb, brush and mirror in silver, a glass powder box and a pair of glass perfume bottles. The swinging maple mirror is on a little maple stand and contains two small drawers. The maple chest of drawers with its brass hardware, on the opposite side of the room, is an excellent reproduction of an Early Colonial chest on chest.

Near one of the windows is a charming little reading group consisting of a comfortable Cape Cod chair upholstered in glazed chintz with a green background with a small floral design in yellow and black. Placed conveniently near this chair is a small maple tripod table on which is a pewter lamp with a paper shade, a cigarette box, a pottery ash tray and some books.

The draperies are simply made but most attractive. They are made of plain green glazed chintz edged with a wide pleated ruffle of the same material and topped by a pinch pleated valance also of the green chintz. The glass curtains are dainty ruffled tie-backs made of yellow dotted net.

The whole effect of the room is charming in its simplicity, the color scheme is cool and inviting and the arrangement of the furniture is comfortable and convenient.

If you have been following the development of our little Colonial house which we are reproducing in miniature room by room you will be glad to know that the nursery or child's room of the house will appear in the next issue of this magazine.

# There's WASHDAY MAGIC in a teacup when it's ¼ full of LA FRANCE!



**AVOID THIS!** Hard rubbing wears out clothes. La France cleans *without* hard rubbing.



**AVOID THIS!** No more need for any separate bluing rinse. La France blues perfectly while you wash!



Washed the ordinary way—clothes often lose their snowy freshness, look gray.



Washed with La France—clothes become cleaner, in less time, with less effort.



**D**ISSOLVE ¼ cup of La France (about ⅓ package) in the washing water along with your favorite soap . . . wash the way you always do—and the magic begins to work!

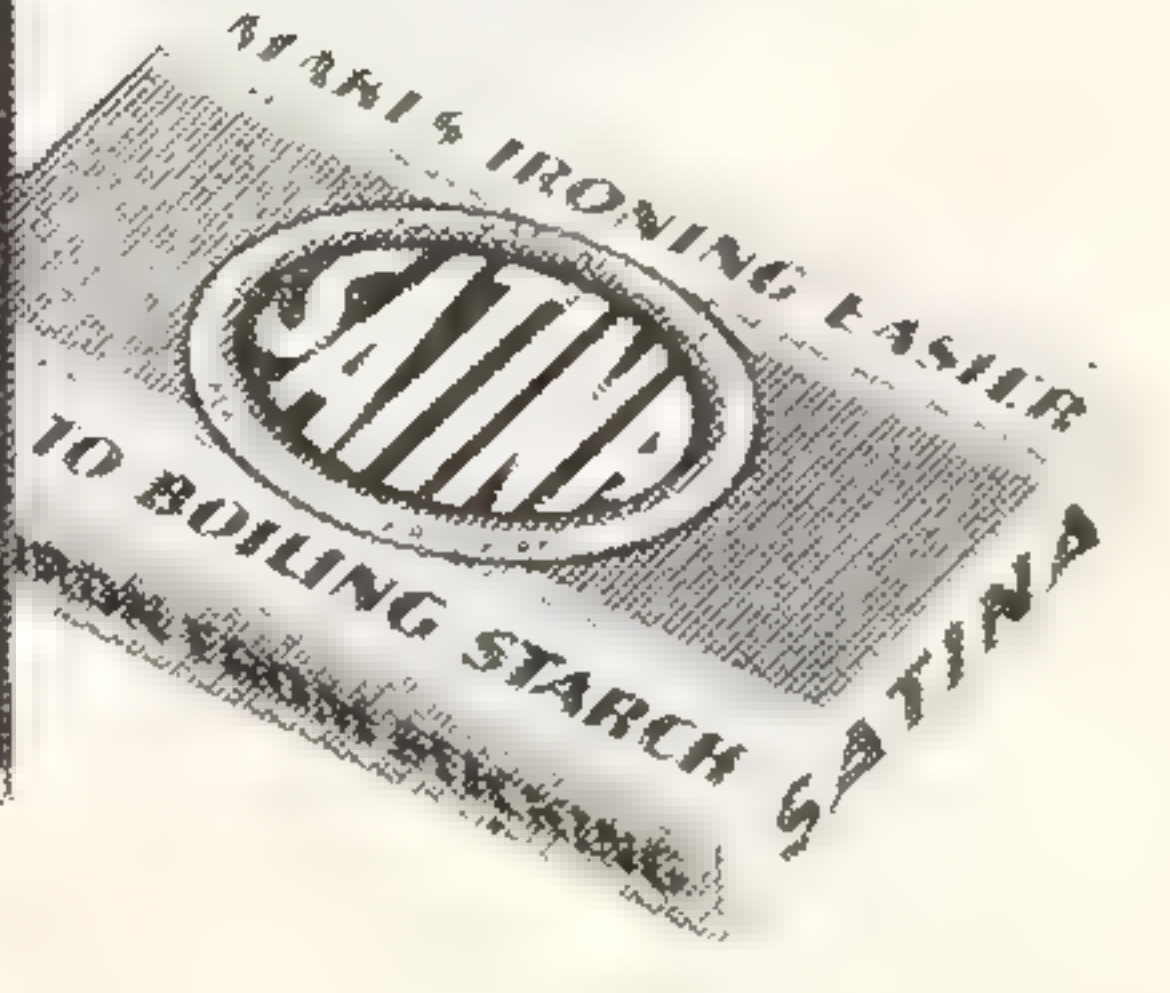
La France blues at the same time as it cleans—either in hard or soft water. There's no separate bluing rinse to be prepared—one whole step in laundering saved!

All the grease and dirt disappear from your clothes without any hard rubbing at all! Junior's "mud-pie" rompers . . . your husband's shirts . . . your linens . . . they come out clean as can be and blued perfectly! When you wash blankets, you'll find they'll be as light and fluffy as they were the day you bought them.

You'll be proud of your snowy, sweet-smelling wash, and you'll be through long before your usual washing time! No wonder thousands of women say "La France makes washing so much easier!"

Nearly every grocer carries it! And remember . . . if you aren't perfectly satisfied . . . be sure to ask for your money back!

La France  
is never more  
than 10 cents . . .  
enough for three tubs-  
ful. Satina—never  
more than 6 cents.  
Enough for 4  
starchings!



**Make your ironing easier, too!**

Satina, added to boiling starch, takes all the "push" out of your ironing. Use Satina with your starch and your iron will never stick! All your starched pieces will have a smooth, glossy finish and a sweet fragrance. La France and Satina are both products of General Foods.

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And please include a free sample of Satina

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(Print name and address—fill in completely)

If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.



Real **QUALITY**  
requisites for complete  
**EYE MAKE-UP**  
now in 10¢ sizes



**Maybelline  
EYE SHADOW**

An extra large quantity of rich, fragrant, smooth, creamy shadow contained in a modern gold finished vanity. Accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes. Colors: Blue, Brown, Blue-Gray, Violet and Green.



**Maybelline  
EYEBROW PENCIL**

Here's the pencil you've always hoped for. Very smooth, and clean marking. Extremely easy to use. Full standard length. Made of the purest, imported ingredients and capped with a snug-fitting, gold finished protector. Black and Brown.

**Maybelline  
EYELASH GROWER**  
A pure, colorless, effective preparation which when applied nightly keeps lashes in soft, healthy condition and stimulates their growth. Generous supply in attractive, convenient tube.



**Maybelline  
EYELASH DARKENER**

The largest selling mascara in the world because it is tearproof, non-smudging, and easy to apply. Instantly makes lashes appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant. Black and Brown.

These famous preparations now in 10c sizes mean simply that you can enjoy complete, satisfactory eye make-up without the obstacle of cost. Try them. See how they'll make you more attractive to others. But—insist upon genuine Maybelline preparations—for quality—purity and value.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

**Maybelline**  
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

## Wanted—A Pen Name

**W**HO is the author of our new Hollywood gossip department, "Hollywood Day by Day"?

His real name must remain secret. But we are looking for a suitable name under which he may continue this department. We want a name that will best express the spirit and intimacy of this unusual and authentic feature—a feature behind the scenes of Hollywood.

There have been many famous trademarked names used for gossip: "Cholly Knickerbocker," is a historic example. We want a name that will give to our "Hollywood Day by Day" the same flavor and glamour which Cholly Knickerbocker for years gave to his inside chit-chat of New York society.

The editors considered dozens of names but could not agree on any one that seemed to meet all of the glamorous possibilities of this Hollywood diary. The New Movie Magazine is submitting the problem to its readers.

One hundred dollars will be paid for the name which, in the opinion of the editors of this magazine, can be most effectively used by the author of this department.

Anyone anywhere is eligible to enter this contest except employees and their families of The Tower Magazines, Inc.

Readers may submit as many names as desired. If, in the opinion of the editors of The New Movie Magazine, two names may be of equal merit, an equal winning prize will be given to each contestant.

All names must be addressed to **HOLLYWOOD DAY BY DAY**, The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The contest closes at midnight, June 10th, 1933, and the winning name will be announced in the August issue of the New Movie Magazine on sale July 8th.

The decision will be left entirely to the editors of The New Movie Magazine.

This magazine will not be responsible for material submitted and cannot be held liable for anything that may be lost in transit or otherwise. Contributions will not be returned but will become the property of Tower Magazines, Inc.

Every contribution will be carefully considered. As stated, any person may submit as many names as he desires.

Think of names you would like to use yourself if you were the author of the "Hollywood Day by Day" department—names that suggest a writer of intimate gossip and inside revelations.

## Radio Rambles

(Continued from page 80)

dish, three steam whistles, two revolvers and blanks, one iron door, one water cradle, one compressed air tank, one effervescent powder, one water pitcher, two glasses, one public address system, one flexible metal hose, one light bulb, one baby cry.

But we're still waiting for Ray to reproduce that pin drop. And what kind of noise does a man make when he's falling in love?

**THESE LETTERS:** Phillips (Country Doctor—Seth Parker) Lord gets a letter every day in the year from the same woman. Sometimes they're so long they carry two three-cent stamps. Last Christmas still another lady admirer recorded all her favorite love poems on a phonograph record and sent them to Phil, just for a surprise. Phil has never met either of these admirers. Nevertheless it is still possible they're the two reasons for his proposed world tour on that one hundred and sixty foot schooner he's just bought.

**CROOKS A HIGH FLIER:** There's one fellow besides ourselves who always gets to a loudspeaker whenever Richard Crooks, the Metropolitan Opera tenor, gives forth on those commercial programs—and that's Flyer Clarence Chamberlain. Long before he was an opera star, Dick Crooks knew Chamberlain when Chamberlain was piloting planes with the 626th Aero Squadron. Now Dick covers most of his concert tours by the heavenly route.

**THE LADY'S DAUGHTER:** Here's one on Dick Crooks that proves there are still people left with high-salaried librarians. Last Winter Crooks visited

at the home of a certain newly rich couple. The librarian had just acquired a collection of several Schubert lieder in the great composer's own handwriting. With his hostess and the librarian Crooks entered the over-ornate music room of the mansion, where both the Franz Schubert manuscripts and the hostess' little daughter were on display. The young lady, however, seemed little impressed either by the songs or Mr. Crooks. She sat fidgeting with boredom on the piano stool.

Noting her child's behavior, the hostess turned to the tenor:

"Oh Mr. Crooks, you sing, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then would you mind turning my daughter's music for her?"

**TONGUE TWISTERS:** One of the greatest difficulties encountered by actors on the "March of Time" news broadcast is scrambling words. The pace is swift and occasionally the boys in the case unintentionally pull a Roy Atwillism. Bill Adams, who always acts the part of President Roosevelt, took the radio word-twisting award last Summer when *Time* dramatized the Walker-Roosevelt hearings. The questioning centered on alleged fee-splitting in the Walker regime.

"And, Mr. Walker," said Adams crisply, "Am I to understand that you condone spitting fleas?"

*Ho! Hum! Guess we'll send all this over to Amos 'n' Andy's new secretary and get it typed. The two boys have just hired a girl for the first time in their lives. They claim that half their work now is finding work for her to do.*



# Two Who Fled from Hollywood

(Continued from page 27)

regular starting time, too, so that there would be no delay or hitch in the mechanics of picture-taking.

"Really!" she exclaimed. "But surely the stars are not held down to mere minutes, like factory hands, Mr. Fairbanks!"

Lateness, I explained, was inexcusable on any account. Costs of production were so high that every second wasted was so much gold ticked away.

"Why," I said, "if George Bernard Shaw himself should ever decide to take a job in Hollywood he would be expected to be at his post with his pen poised at the stroke of nine, and to cross his last 't' on the dot of five o'clock. Even Mussolini—if he should sign a contract to act in his own play—would have to buy a stop-watch to regulate his coming and going, though, of course, quitting time for those engaged on a set is most elastic."

"Well, I never imagined you had such discipline!" said my naïve old lady. "It gives me an entirely different viewpoint——"

Someone joined us, and I excused myself, so I didn't have to confess that while it is absolutely imperative that everybody be prompt to the minute, it is understood—but not admitted—that no day's work shall start on time, nor any production be so irregular as to start on schedule! Morning and night the clock is slapped in the face, as it were. Rehearsal may be called for eight, but begin at nine. Six may be the appointed hour to knock off work, but we may be only half through at midnight. A company has been known to keep at it for twenty-six hours when inspiration was going strong.

WHAT would my old lady have said if I had also told her that the Hollywood producers and their satellites are the hardest-working group in the film industry? She would have been more puzzled than ever. For the general idea of these overlords is that they sit in sumptuous offices, with modern Roman baths and rare wines and viands at hand, picking beauties for their shows or playing contract bridge with their favorite yes-men, or perhaps keeping a squad of secretaries on the verge of nervous prostration because the reception room is full of very important people who are cooling their heels while the bosses discuss the cutting of an office boy's salary!

But that is only one slant at the fantastic whole. Like everyone else in the cinema colony, the producers are wrapped in the atmosphere of impermanency, and they are subject to the winds of caprice that blow there twenty-four hours a day. While they may be ridiculed for their weather-cock decisions, and lack of judgment and taste, it is an astonishing fact that they keep their heads at all, for they are pulled in a hundred different directions by bankers, distributors, exhibitors, directors, actors, writers, technicians and public opinion. And they often work for fifteen hours at

(Please turn to page 86)

# AN AMAZING OFFER!



## Did you get YOURS yet?

This dainty, non-leakable perfume container has been enthusiastically received by thousands of fashionable women everywhere. Easily carried in the purse, ready for instant use and available in six different colors, they are fast becoming an indispensable accessory to milady's handbag. As they make welcome gifts for your friends, you will no doubt wish to get *more* than one.

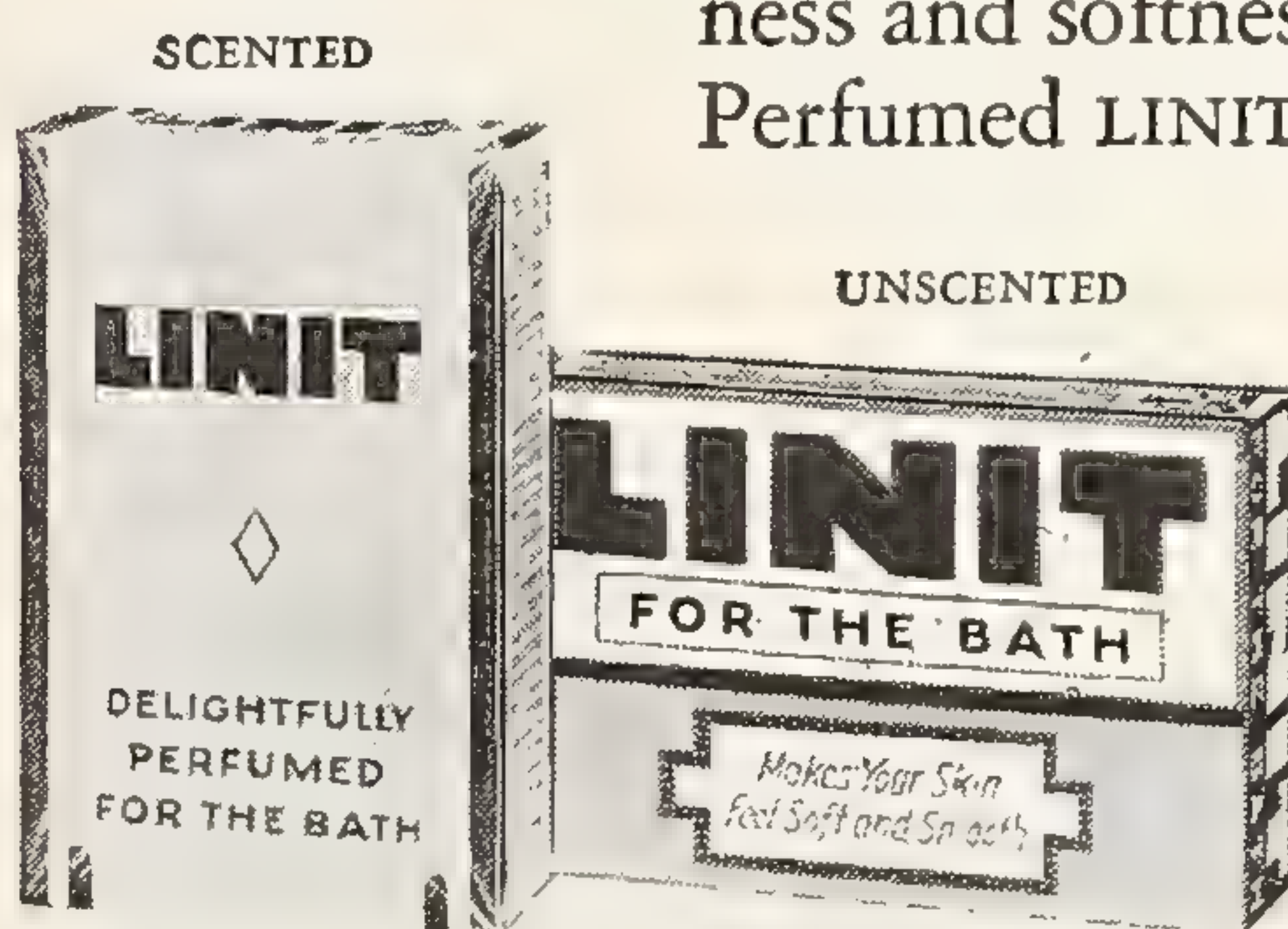
Just send your name and address with the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH perfume container wanted. Use the handy coupon below.

## RESULTS are IMMEDIATE with a LINIT Beauty Bath

Try the Linit Beauty Bath to make your skin feel *instantly* smooth and soft. It leaves an invisible light "coating" of LINIT so that dusting with talcum or using a skin whitener will be unnecessary. To enjoy this delightful Beauty Bath, merely dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your tub—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap, and then feel your skin! It will rival the smoothness and softness of a baby's.

Perfumed LINIT is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores. Unscented LINIT in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.

*The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin*



THIS OFFER EXPIRES NOVEMBER 15, 1933

Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. TM-5, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York

Please send me.....perfume containers. Color(s) as checked below. I enclose \$.....and.....LINIT package tops.

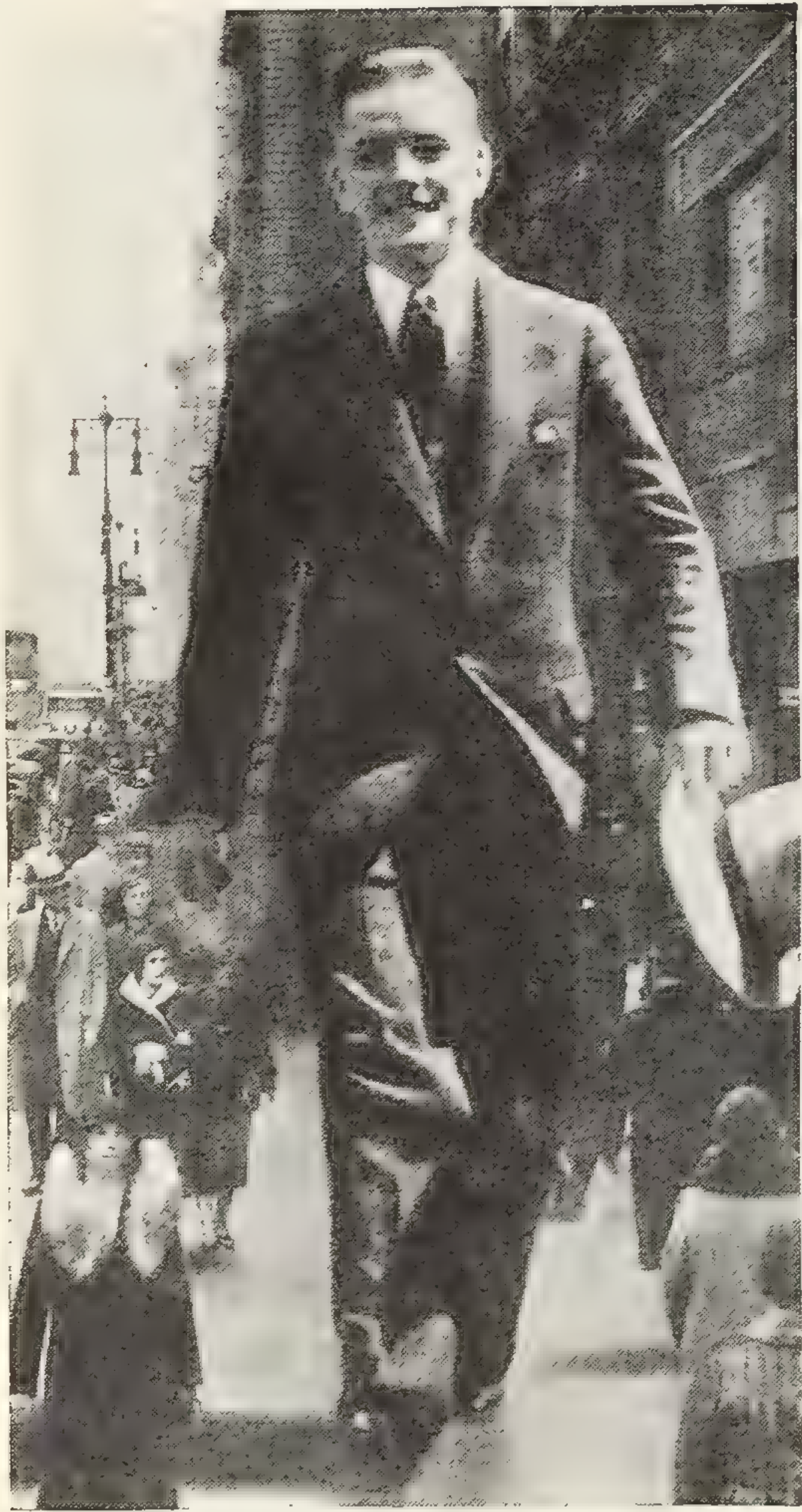
☐ Black ☐ Brown ☐ Red ☐ Blue ☐ Green ☐ Ivory

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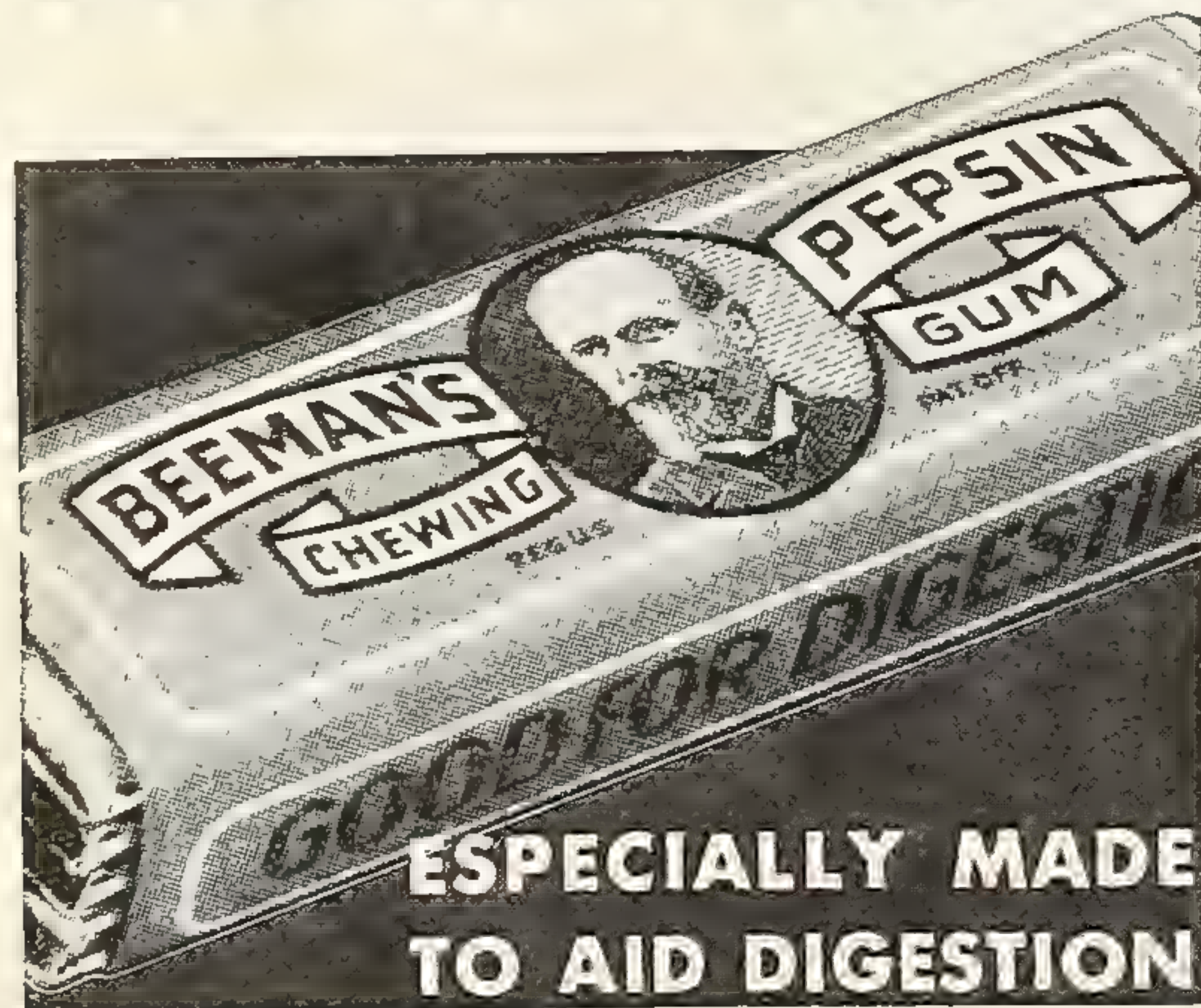


## Gangway!

Right over the heads of the crowd . . . that's how you feel when your digestion is good. You're happy — peppy — popular. But when your digestion is not good it may spoil your whole day, and unfortunately you may not realize just what is the matter.

Chewing Beeman's Pepsin Gum is a mighty pleasant way to keep happy. Many find that it helps prevent indigestion. Make it a daily custom — chewing Beeman's.

## Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



# Two Who Fled from Hollywood

(Continued from page 85)

a stretch when production is in full swing, with perhaps as many as ten films in various stages of completion to supervise at once.

NOT a cinch, eh? From the perspective of this Atlantic liner, as I was now seeing these much criticized producers and executives, they rated their steam rooms and contract partners, or even an absurdity disguised as serious purpose, such as sending a ten-piece brass band to inspire a frantic poet engaged to write dialogue for Dante's *Inferno*, which had passed through sixty-nine titles to "Eternal Fires!"

Inwardly smiling at these foibles, I found Joan on deck, and hastily wiped my mind clear of Hollywood. But not for long. Joan, it seems, had no more escaped our tag than I.

"That bright college youth in the Sherlock Holmes cap asked me how long I expected to be a popular star," she said.

"What did you tell him?"

"I said, as long as I was good enough."

"And then?"

"He advised me not to be jealous of Garbo and to stop imitating her!"

Cheek? Then some! But you wouldn't believe some of the things that are said to the Hollywood actors even by otherwise polite nice persons, to say nothing of the way they are misquoted when they do speak and words put into their mouths when they don't! Fan mail isn't all honey, either.

"I don't think we can get away from Hollywood until we reach the other side," I said to Joan, "so we might just as well make the best of it meanwhile."

That night in the smoke room I had need of my resolve, for one of the self-elected wags of the voyage, aiming his raillery at me, said to his table companions in a raised voice:

"How can Hollywood help being crazy? Any town that was full of actors would be a Bedlam!"

Of course, I laughed with the rest of the company, and I didn't enter any argument on the point, but it set me speculating as to what would actually happen to them as individuals, and to the place they might inhabit, if 80 per cent. of the bankers, or doctors, or lawyers, or clergymen were confined to one relatively small community, commanded to be relentless rivals, and to please the multitude at all costs or lose their heads.

HOW would they stand the strain? Could they be emotionally unaffected pillars of society while a sword dangled above them and as they walked on quicksand? I don't believe so. If Hollywood doesn't know its mind, if it is erratic and abnormal, it isn't because of an actor population, or too much so-called artistic temperament, but because of the frightful pressure and competition on the human beings involved, and the ephemerality of its final reward.

Yet fickle, contradictory and uncertain as it is, the actors are irresisti-

bly drawn there, and when Hollywood is once in your veins you can't hope to escape. It is like some drug compounded equally by angel and devil. You love it. You hate it. Sometimes, both at once! . . .

For a day or two following the smoke-room episode, there was nothing to remind us of our connection with the screen, though several times I thought I saw questions in eyes that never reached lips. Paris and London took possession of Joan's mind and mine.

Then "the author" appeared. It was a middle-aged spinster, quite sure that she had the most wonderful story, if only it would be given a reading, but of course neither the publishers nor the Hollywood editors would look at it. Couldn't I do something?

"Mr. Fairbanks," she said earnestly, "why do the studios always go for big names, and why do they always change good stories into poor plays, and why do they always choose new and silly titles for almost everything they do, and why do they only consider the manuscripts of unknown writers just to steal their ideas?"

ALL the old questions that are never answered to everybody's satisfaction, and which do no good to answer, anyway. Especially so far as authors are concerned. They never can see that the personality and powers of an actor come first in the screen presentation of a story, and that everything else is secondary, at least from the angle of the Great God Box Office. After all, the public comes to see LIZAVETA KARMAZOV in "White Hands I Loved" rather than "WHITE HANDS I LOVED" in which Lizaveta Karamazov is playing!

That is the one fundamental reason for all action taken in connection with stories—anything can be done to a story so long as the star is given every opportunity to do his or her brand of dramatic presentation. Old stuff, maybe, but those who complain against altered masterpieces of fiction, or jibe at a novel purchased at a high price and then changed beyond sense or recognition, forget the reason in back of the alleged idiocy or barbarism.

As for the re-titling of classic novels, standard plays and current fiction, if there is one thing that an author doesn't know more than another in the chameleon judgment of cinema heads, it is in the value and punch of a title. However, even when the Hollywood title-givers have decided on one that is a wow, it is only the beginning of a series of them, which are born of midnight sleeplessness and sweat delivered to the press during the various stages of a film's progression. But, whisper: Often this is done not so much for sweet variety's sake as to prevent a rival producer from stealing the idea and then suing *them* for one of their own carefully calculated hits!

Why not encourage new writers? Certainly, it ought to be done. But manuscripts submitted by unknowns are, alas, looked upon with suspicion and seldom bought for fear of plagiarism consequences. Plagiarism is a



bugaboo that is never laid. And with good reason. For it has been demonstrated over and over again that the writers of unsolicited manuscripts have a family weakness for law suits based on ideas that have been common property since Homer smote his bloomin' lyre and sung his tales to the innocent Greek villagers!

**G**ENTLY but firmly as possible, I went over some of these facts for my maiden authoress in the ship's dining-room. Undismayed (authors wouldn't be authors if they weren't that), she smiled, her eyes shone like those of one seeing visions, as she said:

"What you say, Mr. Fairbanks, is all too true, though you are kind enough not to point out how your studio editors have a positive genius for picking the worst stories sent in, but that of course may also be due to the spell cast by what you call the Great God Box Office."

"Perhaps," I murmured.

Then came her real inspiration: "Do you know, Mr. Fairbanks, that my story is simply made to order for you and your father and Joan Crawford in the same picture!"

Again, gently as possible, I told the advocate of family picture production that while it would be most interesting to do something of the kind, I was afraid that personalities would creep in to mar the story for me, perhaps for the others, too, and where would we be then in the eyes of the public?

Where, indeed! So far as the aspiring authoress went, she evidently tried to fix it herself, for I heard among other bits of ship gossip that we must be a very queer lot, each one of us jealous of the other as screen favorites!

At last we got to Paris. And for days at a time Hollywood kept to its place in California, but just as soon as I met up with an old friend whom I hadn't seen for years, the air was filled with questions about the cinema capital and its glamorous people.

"Why, you two ought to be divorced long before this," said one of my franker friends, "if you expect to get anywhere in your game. Happily married couples are never, never artists!"

I told him that the American screen fans had had us on the verge of divorce several times, and were hoping for the best.

**G**OING to London, we had the startling experience of being treated as an ordinary married pair—home folks rather than theatrical egoists—but the first question Noel Coward asked me was:

"How's Hollywood?"

And we were off again to the West Coast whirligig.

"They're going to do my 'Cavalcade,'" said Coward.

After seeing its grandeur, its heart-break, its tremendous scope that night, I knew why its author smiled so quizzically when he told me "Cavalcade" was going into the talkies.

Well, I must confess that Hollywood was with us on the way to Europe, in France, and in England, and back all the way to New York. We came to the all-too-much-proved conclusion that the only way to get rid of Hollywood was to go there!

Away from it, all its people and doings are reel stuff. In the midst of them, they are real.

Only the difference of one letter in a word, but all the difference in the world as to what you mean.



## Don't be satisfied with 1/5 of a dentifrice!

TEETH can't be kept sound and beautiful by *unbalanced* care. Healthy gums, for instance, are highly important—as much so as effective cleaning and safe polishing. Economy is a factor with many of us—but certainly it is not more vital than the prevention of decay. What your teeth need is the balanced, 5-way protection of Squibb Dental Cream.

- 1 It cleans effectively and *safely*.
- 2 It polishes well and *safely*—with complete freedom from grit.
- 3 It prevents bleeding of the gums the *safe* way—by keeping them healthy, and avoids using dangerous astringents. Frequent bleeding of the gums no dentifrice can cure. The dentist should be consulted.
- 4 It is economical because it gives greatest protection. Squibb Dental Cream is sold at the lowest price manufacturing cost permits. *Its use is true economy.*
- 5 It combats the germ acids that cause tooth-decay.

You know the 75-year reputation of E. R. Squibb & Sons. You can place absolute confidence in the efficacy and safety of Squibb Dental Cream. Its clean, refreshing taste makes using it a pleasure. If you want to keep those teeth of yours at their best, visit your dentist regularly, and brush your teeth with Squibb's at least twice every day.

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### the 5-way dentifrice



Are you familiar with  
these Squibb Toilet Products?

You'll find a new delight in using dainty creams and powders made to the high Squibb standard of purity and quality. For effective care of the skin these products are outstanding: Squibb Cold Cream, Squibb Cleansing Cream, Squibb Vanishing Cream, Squibb Lanolin Cream, Squibb Toilet Lanolin, Squibb Talcum and Bath Powders. Sold at all good stores and moderately priced. Look for the name Squibb on the label.



# FROCKS and FRIENDS

**Perspiration can Cost  
You Both**



**U**nder your arms there is a social and financial enemy. A social enemy, because the odor emanating from arm-pits is positively repulsive to your friends!

A financial enemy, because the acids of perspiration stain dresses and fade colors. That alone can cost you the best dress that you have to your name.

## *Odorono Saves your Dresses and your Friendships*

Odorono, a physician's defense against perspiration and its odors, protects you. For perspiration *must be prevented* if you are to avoid ruining dresses and offending friends. Greasy creams and sticks, temporary powders, perfumes, soaps, cannot save you. But Odorono is certain; with it your freshness is secure. Without it doubts can disturb your mind—perspiration wreck your dresses.

Choose with confidence the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.



**ODORONO  
REGULAR**

for use before retiring  
—gives 3 to 7 days'  
complete protection.

**INSTANT  
ODORONO**

is for quick use—while  
dressing or at any time.  
1 to 3 days' protection.

# ODO·RO·NO

# "Love Speaks Kindly When it Meets and Parts"

(Continued from page 53)

to get about when he came home. Perhaps the landlord would wait again, and if the telephone was not disconnected, perhaps a student would call up for work. And if the gas and lights were not on for a bit, that could be endured. So I decided to pay for the car and the telephone and go "flat" again. But that was all right; his career was going as it should, and this end was my job.

**B**UT when I got home and counted up the check book, I found that I didn't have to "go flat" again—I was "flat" already. And when I opened the mail, there was a final notice from the landlord! Now what to do? None of the students owed me any money... it was all in and spent and most of the lessons yet to be given.

So I told it all to my friend—my friend who has meant so much to me through all of this—Mal St. Clair's mother, Mrs. Norman St. Clair. And she sent her other son, Eric, to take lessons from me, so that I could pay my rent and have a place to teach.

Then Hilda Romaine took a flock of lessons for her part in grand opera, and the car instalment was paid. Then I sold a treasured set of books on the history of the stage, and the lights and gas were paid, and once more the Gable establishment was safe.

The grand old auto had been promoted to a roadster by now. Clark had turned it in on this newer—not new—car after driving it nearly ten thousand miles, for the original price of fifty dollars. That was a pretty good deal.

I was frightfully lonely, and would take the new-old car and the Airedale and drive for hours out in the valley, up one road and down another, hating to go back to the empty home that seemed so purposeless with Clark away.

I didn't put in those driving hours worrying about him, as some wives may about absent husbands, but in thinking about his work, wondering about his acting, about his happiness, about his future. Never about women, or drinking, or gambling.

**I**HAD never had the habit of running in to friend's homes to gossip or spend time in their companionship. Looking back, I seem to have been alone almost always when not teaching. So I found myself almost completely alone, except for Mrs. St. Clair, Bob Perry and his lovely wife, and Hilda. But those times are good. They accumulate thought.

Also, I had never formed the habit of hanging around Clark's work. I never went to the studios where he worked, and never backstage in the theaters.

When I went to see the performances or to the rehearsals, I never made myself known as his wife, nearly always paying for my seat, or else slipping in past the head usher and sitting in the back, then going home by myself and waiting there. I doubt if the Macloons ever knew of my constant attendance, or what part I was playing in Clark's life. The theater abhorrence of theatrical wives and

mothers made me determined never to be classed that way.

Clark wrote from San Francisco, still enthusiastic about his experiences, and thrilled over the understudy rehearsals. He was glad he knew his stuff. They had also given him the part of Paris to get up in. He might even get a chance to play it, as there was some sort of an upheaval in the company.

He was full of praise for Miss Cowl's efficient management and kindnesses. He was looking forward to the engagement in Portland—returning there an actor with real actors. Then Seattle and the endless rain, then Vancouver, and the English accents and the boat trip, and then home.

**W**E had left our little home on the alley. I think it is hard for men to realize the difficulties attendant on keeping a tiny home presentable. Then the coaching was difficult there in that tiny room. But the determining factor in my consciousness was the association there of illness.



Photo by Wide World

An informal picture of Clark Gable, made especially for New Movie Magazine, while he was working in "The White Sister." Clark's a grand fellow with the reporters and cameramen. He doesn't go out after publicity, but there's no trouble he won't take if the newspaper crowd asks him to.



So we moved into the old De Longpre home on Cahuenga Avenue. It has been since torn down, but what a lovely old house it was! I remember going there with my father once when I was so little my feet couldn't touch the floor when sitting stiffly in a golden spindle chair. He took me to a beautiful party given by the great painter in honor of Madame Mojeska, and I sat next to her in my golden chair and gazed and gazed at that beautiful woman, and finally went to sleep with my head in her lap.

And the same beautiful ceilings and parquet floors were there, and traces of the home's beauty of line and garden, when Clark and I lived there. And the days grew shorter and shorter and then flew by. . . . Clark was coming home! . . . And then the day that stopped like the clocks that time movie sequences—Clark was home!

Although bits of gossip drifted in, and although I knew that fellow actors and actresses on the road were explaining to Clark that he had made a mistake to marry—especially, as one famous woman said, “especially to marry a woman who does nothing for you.” Even though I knew these things, I still hoped to be able to cling to my triple job of wife, coach and financial supporter, for I had promised to see Clark through to the Broadway job, and I wanted to carry out this promise.

ANY woman who is married to a good-looking and successful actor must be able to “take it.” If she cannot understand that the problems of their married life are a bit different from those of the average married couple, she will soon find that out. I had been in the theater too long not to know these things, so I kept my own counsel and went ahead.

And this thing of changing wives or husbands with the advent of prosperity, this is a common thing in Hollywood—or elsewhere. The member of the team who bears the brunt of the hardships and sends the other member out into the limelight, seldom has anything left with which to be charming and interesting. And gradually the inevitable occurs; the more fortunate member of the team advances in appearance and in opportunity to meet interesting people, and naturally, meets someone in the new environment who seems, oh, so much finer and more desirable. And it is all over.

Clark went into nine productions one after the other for the Macloons. No more extra work, no more gritting the teeth and grinning while calling casting offices in endless routine. But the moving pictures were still the ultimate goal, and the stage only the field.

Clark played the juvenile with Lionel Barrymore in the Los Angeles production of “The Copperhead,” the same production that Douglas Montgomery made his professional stage debut in as the coward son.

Clark was excited about the opportunity of watching a Barrymore work, and learned fast. I remember how puzzled he was at an incident at one of the rehearsals which he told me about. Montgomery was making an exit, leaving Barrymore on the stage for one of his most important scenes, and he could not remember to close the door. Finally Mr. Barrymore spoke to him with such savage rebuke that he never forgot it again.

Clark wanted to know why Barry-  
(Please turn to page 90)

## THERE'S NO EXCUSE

FOR

# half-hour nose!

It's happened to all of us! . . . A furtive glance in a mirror and the horrible discovery that a shiny nose has ruined the assurance of a perfect make-up.

But from this day forth, you have no excuse if you're caught at anything but your best. For Pompeian has perfected a soft fine powder that will cling, not for minutes, but for hours! In addition to this, the new Pompeian has all the beauty-giving properties of the finest present-day face

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It comes in a variety of flattering skin tones, expressly created to complement and enhance every complexion type.

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*How ugly even the prettiest nose may look half an hour after it has been powdered with ordinary powder!*







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Eighty years have passed since loving fingers sewed this demure party dress. The lace has faded . . . but the seams hold firm . . . the stitches unbroken . . . as in all garments sewed with J. & P. Coats or Clark's O. N. T. six cord thread. Today, these strong, elastic threads are helping women to do sewing that stays sewed!

*The dress above belongs to Frances C. Dickinson, Kane, Pa.; made in 1853 for a little lady who wore it at a party where she met the man she married.*



**CLARK'S O. N. T.**  
**J. & P. COATS**

For more than a Century—as Today  
*The Two Great Names in Thread*

# "Love Speaks Kindly When it Meets and Parts"

(Continued from page 89)

more was so excited over such a little thing as closing a door, so we had a long talk about suspense and holding the audience's attention on the unfolding story instead of on an actor's exit. You can notice in his work that he never takes the audience away from the story. Clark is a good actor.

He finally got acquainted with Mr. Barrymore through a bit of slang that he was using constantly then. Clark's dressing-room was way up on the top floor, of course, and Mr. Barrymore's on the stage floor directly underneath. Hearing someone call out repeatedly, "Who's got a match?" Clark yelled back, "I've got a sister in the navy." Mr. Barrymore said, "Who's that guy?" and Clark looked over the deck and said, "I didn't know it was you, Mr. Barrymore," and ran down with the matches, and started his friendship with that great actor. . . . Clark's performance was self-conscious, but he got his first notices in this production.

**I**N "Lullaby" he began to show himself an actor. In the part of the sailor in the last episode he did fine work—his voice was mellowing, and his action was easy and showed fine line. As the prosecuting attorney in "Madame X" he gave another poor performance but gained in voice. As Sergeant Quirt in "What Price Glory" he began to justify the faith I had held so unwaveringly. Except for some voice trouble in the out-of-town try-outs when he took the advice of the stage director about his voice instead of sticking to his own training, he gave a splendid performance in both speech and acting. Louis Wolheim played Captain Flagg for the last part of the engagement and he encouraged Clark enormously with his praise of his performance.

The newspapers were all noticing Gable now, and even Ted Cook occasionally mentioned him in his "Cook-Coo" column.

**I**N the meantime we had moved again, as the old De Longpre house was to be torn down in the course of the city "improvements." And this time—our last home together—we moved up onto the Vine Street hill next to Belle Bennett's home, and around the curve of the hill from Mary Astor.

Which all sounds very grand, but it wasn't, although it was very pleasant. We had the top floor of an old house that had at one time been a part of a religious institution. The second floor was empty and down the hillside on the ground floor lived a writer chap and his wife. That is the home that Stuart Erwin and Stanley Smith and William Bakewell and Frank Hotaling used to come to.

And again the car had been promoted from the old roadster to a rather grand old car that really looked like something. I always knew when Clark would be home because I could hear him coming up Gower Street full-tilt so as to make the old boat come up the hill in high, muffler out and gravel flying at the curves.

Sometimes I would go out on the little sun porch and watch him come.

That entrance had style! One night I was out there with a tray of supper things in my hands. I had heard him approaching the hill, and I saw him and Stuart Holmes, with his big heavy car, come together at the crossing. I was paralyzed, but they were both good drivers and managed to skid their cars around so that the crash only caught them tail end. And, saluting each other quite jauntily, each drove on his way, with very little perceptible slackening up of speed. And I found myself sitting on the floor with the tray on my lap, and I hadn't spilled anything either. It was a remarkable occasion.

**"CHICAGO"** came along next and the rôle of the reporter. Clark was a recognized actor by now and gave Nancy Carroll, who was playing the lead a close run with the critics.

He had made a study of a reporter friend of ours, a jaunty chap with a flippant hat brim and swinging coat tails. John Campbell he was.

And Clark used his walk and his turned-up coat collar and his world-wise manner of looking and speaking. Clark's reporter was a good job. He was intensely interested in acting. No amount of time was too much to perfect a line or a piece of business or to add to the characterization. I am sorry he has not been cast in this type of parts on the screen instead of the heavy lover stuff—he is so very fine in these parts.

Clark had a chance in this production to prove the value of quiet action, of standing still when others are moving, of "talking under" them, of using his own tone and quiet speech when others were all talking along in the same tone and tempo.

All of the great comedians have worked slowly, but the director of "Chicago" seemed to feel that the only way to get comedy over was to talk fast and loud. Fortunately Clark played his part in his own way, and was successful. When Nancy Carroll moved on his comedy lines, turning and twisting before the mirror or stooping over to powder her knees, he stood still and waited for her to finish and then continued and got the laugh.

Clark proved in this play all the things we had been studying so long. He had finished another step in his career.

**I**T is amusing to remember that the M-G-M Studio sent for him while he was playing in "Chicago," but he ignored the call. He wasn't going to any more of those d— studios. Then their casting director left a note asking him to come down, and he didn't go or answer the note.

Then the representative of the casting office came backstage and offered to send a car for him and take him to the studio, and he laughed and said he wasn't interested.

I tried to get him to go, but "Nothing doing!" was the only answer I could get out of him. And I didn't urge him much—he needed more stage.

Clark was working too long under the same director, and was picking up the careless West Coast habits. He



must have New York experience, and to win that, he must have some stock training to make him more pliable.

Dorothy Davenport offered Clark a job in the vaudeville act she was taking on the road as a prologue to one of her pictures. It would have been good experience, but at the same time there came an opportunity to go to Houston, Texas, with a stock company. There he would play a different rôle each week, and if he were independent enough in his acting, and would use the opportunity to experiment with the things he had learned, instead of merely doing the routine work of an ordinary company, he would be ready for Broadway as his next step.

So Clark went to Houston.

WHAT happened in Houston or later on in New York is no part of this story. The step from stock to Broadway, the New York stage experiences, the return to Los Angeles as star of "The Last Mile," the final fame in the same studio where he had stood with tired boots and raging heart while the "Merry Widow" danced into the camera—are all known to readers of stars' publicity.

What happened between us?

A touching romantic story was told me the other day—told me in all simplicity and trust by a high executive.

The tale of a story-book parting with good will and affection and best wishes—with a handclasp and a solemn agreement to be as the dead to each other—with a long lingering look behind and then—

It sounded rather "Tennysonian" to me.

I smiled and let it go.

And there he is, an actor of high rank, and here I am still making actors. And it is a very big world and a good one, and life is a long road—and a good one; and one need not be too busy to remember the song that ends, "Love speaks kindly when it meets and parts."

## Music in the Movies

(Continued from page 66)

it. This is a Columbia record.

Ben Bernie is our next entertainer, with "Well, Well, Well," a typical Bernie number with the old maestro holding forth in all his glory and with all of his trick vocal. He has some excellent support by the orchestra. The other side gives us "Down Where the South Begins," which I don't think you will find as entertaining as the preceding offering. This is a Brunswick record.

"A Shine On Your Shoes" is next from the show "Flying Colors." In this record we also hear "Louisiana Hayride" from the same show. Roger Wolfe Kahn and his orchestra do the work very nicely. The other side finds "It Don't Mean a Thing" and it will demonstrate that he has an excellent band. This is a Columbia record.

"Lucky Little Accident" comes to us now by Victor Arden, Phil Omen and their orchestra featuring piano work by this famous duo. Scrappy Lambert does the vocal work. The other side, by the same outfit, is "I'll See You in the Morning," a much smoother number, which I like better. This is a Victor record.

## NO JOB — WAS THIS THE REASON? — by Timmins

ANOTHER BOOK! YOU READ THIS ONE IN NO TIME

OH, I HAVEN'T MUCH ELSE TO DO THESE DAYS I'M STILL OUT OF A JOB. CAN'T SEEM TO GET ONE



HOW DID YOU ENJOY THIS LAST BOOK?

VERY MUCH. BUT, LOOK, ISN'T THIS UNUSUAL? WHEN IT SAYS THE HEROINE TAKES A BATH, IT ACTUALLY TELLS WHAT KIND OF SOAP SHE USED — LIFEBOUY



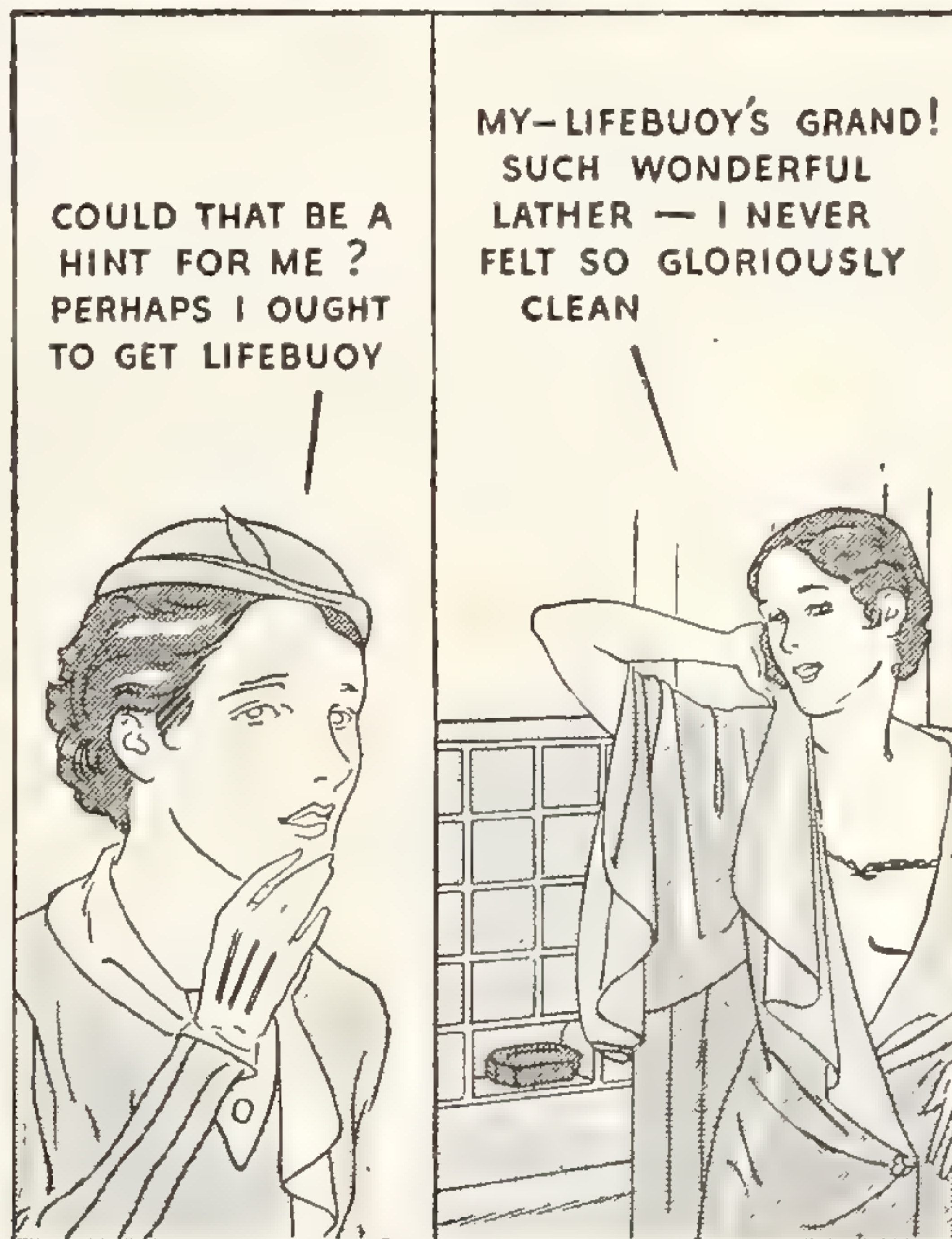
WELL, I CAN READ BETWEEN THE LINES CAN'T YOU? SHE WASN'T TAKING CHANCES WITH "B.O." —

— TOO BAD EVERYONE DOESN'T FOLLOW HER EXAMPLE! YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MANY OFFEND AND PROBABLY NEVER REALIZE IT



COULD THAT BE A HINT FOR ME? PERHAPS I OUGHT TO GET LIFEBOUY

MY—LIFEBOUY'S GRAND! SUCH WONDERFUL LATHER — I NEVER FELT SO GLORIOUSLY CLEAN



"B.O." GONE — a fine job landed!

JUST DASHED IN TO RETURN THIS BOOK. IT'S WAY OVERDUE. HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TIME TO READ LATELY. I'M WORKING NOW AND I'M SO HAPPY!



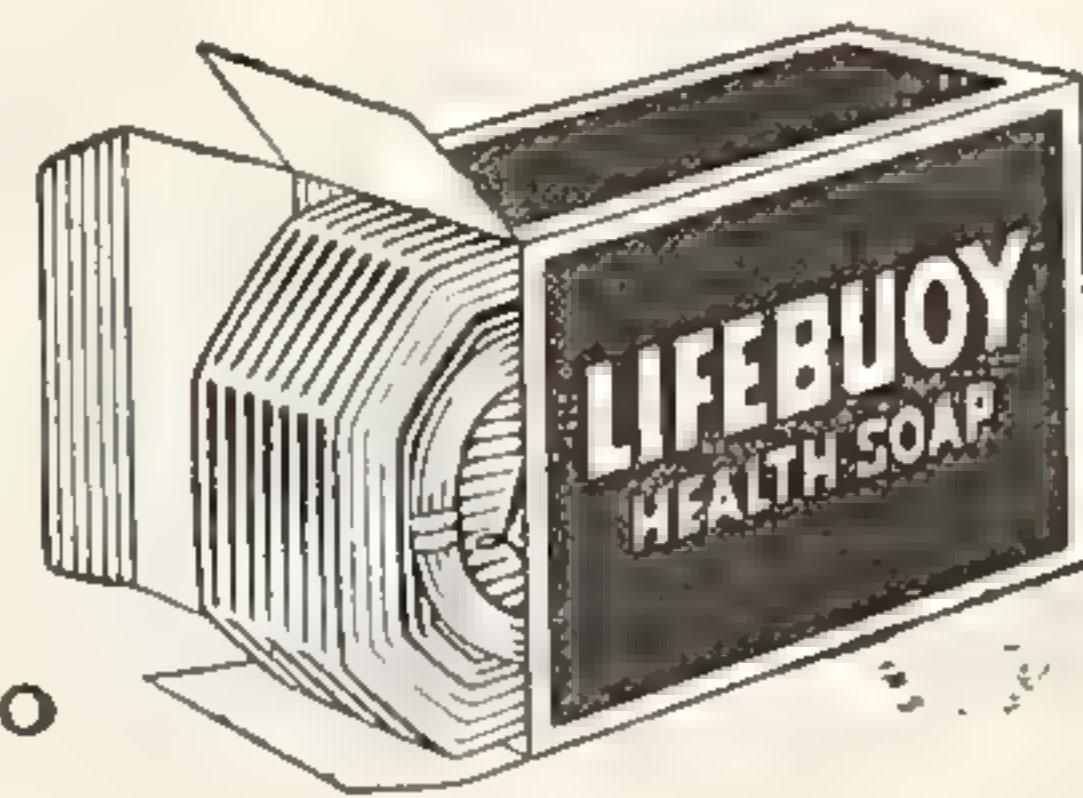
Don't let "B.O." stand (body odor) between you and your job

APPLICANTS are many, positions scarce, employers critical. Don't miss out on the job you're seeking—don't risk the job you have—by carelessness about "B.O." (body odor). Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap, gives extra protection. Its rich, hygienic lather purifies and deodorizes pores—stops "B.O."

Complexions aided, too

A fresh, clear skin helps you make a good impression. Use Lifebuoy—its bland, searching lather deep-cleanses pores—makes dull complexions radiant with health.

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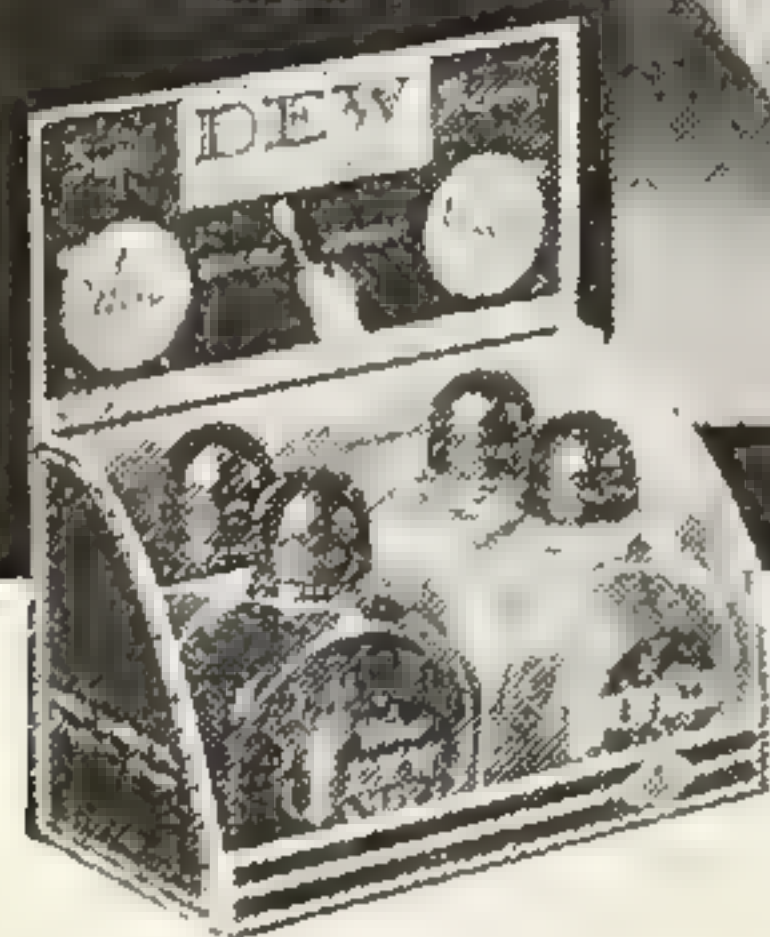
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Address .....

City ..... State .....

## Goofy

(Continued from page 46)

"Oh, my brother's a smart boy, all right. He invented a fly paper that's the best in the world on account of it already has the flies on it when you buy it. My brother says his fly paper is futilitarian, and when my brother says a thing it's usually wrong, so he must be right, don't you think?"

"I THOUGHT I'd like an aspirin on account of because I was getting so dizzy, don't you think?" Gracie went on; she's like a steamroller, nothing can stop her when she gets started.

"My brother, he's the type of fellow who never buys a suit with two pairs of pants because he only has one belt. He's awful clever. One day he bought a suit with two pairs of pants so he had to throw the belt away. Ha, ha, ha, ha. So he wears the extra pair of pants to hold up his other pants. . . . Excuse me while I take another bite of this liver and bacon. I like liver on account of it makes me think of calves and that's very romantical."

George seized the opportunity to talk while her mouth was full.

"Say, Gracie, your brother's looking kind of pale lately."

"Uh, huh. I asked him why he didn't go out and get some of that nice fresh air so's he could have rosy cheeks. He said he had yet to see an eagle with rosy cheeks. Say, my brother's the only man living without a profile."

"Say, Gracie, how do I recognize your brother?"

"If you see a man on the street with his hand in another man's pocket, that's my brother."

"What color's his hair?"

"Honest, I don't know. He never takes off his toupee."

GEORGE put his foot in Gracie's mouth and got a chance to talk. "I'll tell you the truth," he said. "Gracie's brother is smarter than she is. Use your own judgment. . . . Say, Gracie, why don't you order something for our guests? We got a room full of people."

Gracie studied the menu handed her by the hotel waiter.

"I guess we'll all have chicken patty."

"But," I protested, "I don't like chicken patty."

"Oh, that's all right. You have to have it on account of that's the only thing on the menu I can read. . . . You know, my brother would have developed into a good detective because when he was a kid he always found things that nobody lost. My mother says he'd be an awful trial to her only she don't believe in goin' to court."

George stuffed the carpet in Gracie's mouth. George: "Did you know that Gracie has an uncle? Oh, yes. Almost as smart as her brother. He once sent his shirt to the laundry and Gracie's brother came back because he was in the shirt. When brother came back Gracie took one look and returned him to the laundry. By the way, if you ever see a man with a collar button, that's Gracie's brother. He sometimes puts on the button and forgets the shirt."

"My brother says don't ever spell his name in italics on account of he can't read foreign languages," said Gracie, pulling the carpet out of her mouth and chewing on a tack. "You know my

uncle isn't a well man at all. He's been confined for a number of years."

Gracie got up and left the room and a heavenly quiet ensued. A lawyer came in and Eugene Conrad, the Burns and Allen gagman, arrived with two other men. All proceeded to work on the script for a broadcast. The gags flew thick and fast with George Burns standing up and acting them all out. Some he accepted as "colossal," others he discarded as "ouselay." (Lousy.)

George Burns is one of the few comedians who actually writes much of his material for the air, the stage and the movies. Yet he insists that credit go to his gagmen.

It was Burns who developed the silly giggle and inane manner of his wife, Gracie, to the point where they are part of the national humor. They've been married and working together for a number of years and get along ideally because they adore one another. She's very thin and quite small and her weakness, second only to George Burns, is Japanese kimonos.

THEIR apartment seems to be the rendezvous for the famous of Broadway. All day long and until four in the morning guests come in a steady stream, bringing new gags and coming to hear new ones. Gracie Allen and George Burns are riding the crest of the country's adulation and nowhere are the successful more admired and loved than on Broadway.

George and Gracie can look back to the time when Broadway didn't know about them and cared less to find out. But they're not the type to stop and look back.

Their lawyer, who adores them with a sincerity surprising in so calloused a professional man, pampers and scolds them. He says they are entirely too altruistic; they care more to develop an idea than to commercialize it. He scolds them for not asking for more money and they grin like children, listening and forgetting in the next instant. He scolds them for spending too much money and they listen and grin and forget about it the next moment. They're happy and they intend to stay that way, money or no money.

IN real life Gracie, the big silly of the radio—in fact, the silliest thing on the air—is level headed. She is much more practical than her husband. Yet, put her in front of a microphone and she changes completely. Her tongue starts wagging and half the time she *ad libs* and gets much funnier than her scripts call for. When she starts talking about her brother, strong men shake with laughter and weak women roar, she has that effect on people! Gracie has got to the stage now where that nutty brother is as real to her as if he actually existed.

"My brother," she'll tell you, "never learned to read because he was afraid of eye-strain. My radio announcer likes my brother very much. He says he's picked up the Governor in Albany and the President in Washington and sometime he's going to pick my brother up in the gutter. My brother's been in jail but he went because he likes to ride in the patrol wagon."

Dear readers: This interview now comes to a good end which we hope won't happen to Gracie's brother.



# Because . . . Mae West Isn't Diamond Lil

(Continued from page 41)

story of a girl who plays sexy roles without the refinement of Ruth Chatterton, who makes a bad woman bad when she plays a bad woman, yet who worshiped her mother to the day of her death, and who is clannish when it comes to her family.

**B**EVERLY, who looks very much like Mae, was more than eager to talk about her sister. "No one," she said wistfully, "seems to have bothered about Mae as she really is. They all write about how hard-boiled she is. They write about what they think must be her real life, based on what they know of her stage life. And they are far from the truth.

"Why don't they write about how Mae is up every morning at nine, working like a slave all day?"

"Why don't they tell how she works until long past midnight studying her characters and writing plays and books with authentic backgrounds?"

We suggested that maybe it was because no one had troubled to tell the public about Mae—and that started Beverly off on her favorite topic, her sister.

"A lot of people censure Mae for wearing the extreme clothes she does," said Beverly, settling herself cozily into a huge chair. "The idea of wearing extreme clothes was mother's. She was French and had worked as a stylist, so she naturally believed in dressing originally. Mae was always voluptuous looking, even as a little girl, so mother told her to wear clothes that showed off her figure. Long before European styles became fashionable over here, mother bought Paris clothes for Mae."

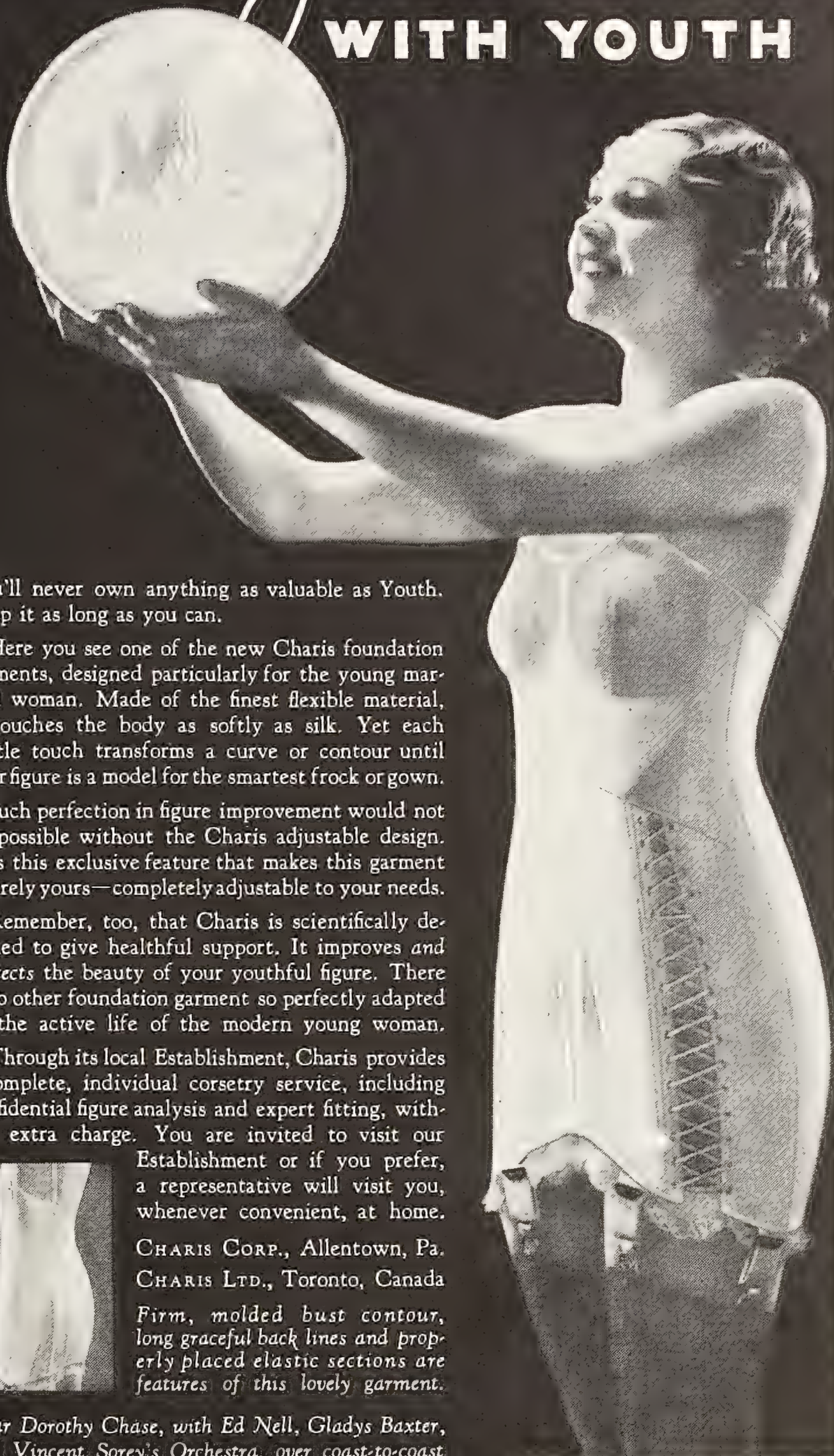
Beverly, pausing to reflect on the matter of clothes, began to laugh. "It's strange," she said, "what ideas clothes will give people. The fact that Mae wore extreme fashions gave them the idea that she was fast. I suppose mother knew this and that's why she kept an eagle eye on Mae all the time. She didn't have to, though, for Mae's whole life centered about mother and mother's wishes.

"About three years ago mother died." Beverly closed her eyes as if to exclude the idea from her conscious self. "If those who think Mae is hard-boiled could have seen her then, they would have changed their minds. She forgot all about her career. She dropped all of her plans for tours throughout the country and came rushing back to New York to be with mother. That's a side of Mae that no one outside of the family has seen. It's a side she keeps jealously hidden from the public. She doesn't believe in disillusioning them."

**A**S Beverly talked we had flashes of Mae as the public knows her. Mae saying "Hello, kid, been insulted lately?" And Mae whisking sexily through a room or stopping to put heat into a love scene.

"Mae," her sister said, "started being a professional when she was twelve. She never did care to play with other  
(Please turn to page 94)

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**KRANK BEAUTY AIDS**

# Because . . . Mae West Isn't Diamond Lil

(Continued from page 93)

children; they seemed silly to her. By the time she was twelve Mae was playing in a stock company. She had studied dramatics but what she preferred was singing and dancing. And"—she was very emphatic—"even as a little girl Mae's character songs were risqué. She knew she looked voluptuous and she knew that she should do something in keeping with her appearance. Mother realized that a career was one thing, private life another, so she agreed with Mae.

"You hear about so many girls having been discovered by Ziegfeld," Beverly said with a gentle hint of sarcasm. "Mae was really discovered by him. He liked her appearance and her frank way of singing sexy songs and the way she danced, so he featured her in the Folies Bergère. Mother used to meet her backstage and take her home. In those days Mae had a tutor because she didn't have time to go to school.

"After Ziegfeld, she played at Hammerstein's theater on Broadway and Forty-second Street. She knew her stuff was good when Hammerstein held her over for six weeks—quite a success in those days."

THE telephone rang and Beverly got up to answer it. She came back grinning. "Someone wants Mae to look at a play he's written. Everyone in the theater knows she's a softy when it comes to helping. Mae thinks she's gotten along because she's helped others; they've gotten famous and in turn have helped her. It's a circle, see? And she's smart enough to know it."

Ever since the days when she helped a certain young man to fame, Mae has been known in the theater as a picker of winners. The story, as Beverly told it, is a study in human interest:

"Years ago when Mae was touring in vaudeville she needed a pianist to fill out her act," Beverly said. "She let the fact be known—things are done that way in the theater—not by advertising. Someone sent a good-looking young man up to see her. He could certainly play the piano. When he sat down that piano fairly sang. And he had a certain charm about him, too. Mae took a liking to him."

"One day," Beverly said, "he and Mae were talking and he started to sing a little. Then he blushed and looked up and stopped singing suddenly. He said he didn't like to sing because he had a slight lisp and he was afraid people would laugh at him. Mae didn't laugh. She'd liked the sample of his voice and she urged him to sing a few numbers. After he finished Mae looked him straight in the eyes and she told him he should be ashamed to keep that voice a secret. And she said his lisp was fascinating.

"It won't be long," Mae told him, "when women will fall for that lisp and crave to hear it."

MAE WEST was a truthful prophet, for shortly afterwards the young man was snatched up by a Broadway producer and today he is one of the highest paid singers on the stage or on

radio. His name is—Harry Richman. "Why is it," we asked, "that Mae has never married?"

"I suppose," said sister Beverly, "you could say that Mae was selfish about her career. She believes you can't be a successful actress and have your mind and heart on something else. Marriage would take too much of her away from her work. She doesn't even like to devote herself to a romance because it interferes with her work. You must remember," cautioned Beverly, "that Mae isn't just an actress. She's a playwright, she produces and directs her own shows and looks after every little detail.

"When she produced 'Diamond Lil' David Belasco came backstage and congratulated her on the authenticity of everything in the play," said Beverly. "You don't suppose it's authentic because Mae is that type of woman herself, do you?"

"She doesn't care for night clubs," said Beverly. "Mae never did go much for night life. And—believe it or not—most people think it's a fairy story—Mae doesn't drink or smoke. She guards her health; and her voice is husky enough without making it harsh from stimulants. I've had people tell me she's putting on an act about not drinking, but it's really true.

"I don't want you to get the idea," Beverly warned, "that Mae is a self-sacrificing home-girl who looks longingly at the kitchen stove and yearns to hear the kettle sing. She wouldn't cook if she had to and she despises housework of any kind. . . ."

A KEY was fitted into the latch and we heard sounds of someone blustering in. We looked up and there stood Mae, blonde and white and pink and shockingly small. She weighs only 118 pounds and seems one-third the size of her stage and screen self. Her neck is somewhat thick for her size and that gives her an appearance of stoutness which she does not actually have. Yet, small as she is, she seems the personification of physical appeal. One can see how, with the addition of a fake bust and bustle, she can be transformed into a seducer of men of thirty or more years ago.

Mae sat down on a divan and curled her legs under her.

"Do you think I'm bad?" she asked.

"People have come right up to me and said I couldn't play bad women without being bad myself or knowing and liking that kind of women. I'm going to be honest with you now! In all my life I've never met a really bad woman—and the reason I can make them so glamorous on the stage is because they're not real."

IT was a truism with which we could not argue. Mae West herself is not glamorous. Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis—name any of the screen's exponents of glamour—they're not glamorous off-screen or offstage. They are all, as Beverly West put it, "nice girls who made good by hard work—and there isn't any glamour in hard work."



# The Mystery of Marlene

(Continued from page 33)

Fairbanks and Charles Chaplin rave about it for an hour. They said, "This man is a genius; he will revolutionize pictures!"

Mr. von Sternberg was not ready for the revolution at the time, so he went to Germany, and when he returned he brought it with him in the perfect form of Marlene Dietrich. They had worked together over there, and here, great things were expected; no one was disappointed.

"Morocco" was a sensational film and it introduced new camera angles, sequences without driveling dialogue. It gave us a new and better Gary Cooper and, above all, Dietrich.

What happened? The country became Dietrich delirious. Garbo was not to be given time to say, "I tank I go home." She was to be replaced.

Film fans wrote more notes to the magazines than the late President Wilson wrote during the International Havoc. People raved so much about Dietrich's legs that I was tempted to round up a group of Follies girls and picket the theaters, carrying signs reading, "Give the home legs a chance!" "Buy American!" was then an unborn slogan.

PARAMOUNT preened the feathers in its cap and crowed lustily over its find—and then the "gossip garglers" burst into activity. Dietrich and von Sternberg were inseparable! She ate every meal with him at the studio restaurant! Well, whom would she eat with? The gateman?

Gargle! Gargle! Gargle! "What can that beautiful creature see in that funny little man?" The fact that the little man turned her slender feet from the path of mediocre marks to the high-road of dreams and dollars couldn't explain her devotion and gratitude.

Mrs. von Sternberg probably had to read in the papers that her husband's affections had been alienated, but with the arrival of Miss Dietrich's husband and small daughter the alienation suit was swept off the front pages. For a while the star was permitted to do a little work, which, after all, was what she had come over to do.

Being a good actress and a fascinating personality is not enough to interest the public, according to the press agents. A campaign of mother-and-child publicity was launched for Dietrich; pictures of the two doing everything but taking a bath flooded the magazines. Our local gangsters took time off from hold-ups to read about the private life of the film favorite and forthwith laid a plan to kidnap the apple of the lady's beautiful eye.

They let her know of their plan in no uncertain manner. Fan mail was tossed aside while threatening letters from the pseudo-kidnapers were read with terror. The result was bars to throw depressing shadows from the sunlit windows of her Beverly Hills home and an armed guard that would do credit to Al Capone to mar the intimate picture of mother and daughter who were inseparable.

In every studio stars are balking at bad stories, and directors are refusing to direct films unless changes are made  
(Please turn to page 96)

"She's pretty—"  
"She's lively—"  
"She's a good dancer—"



CAN you blame him for blaming her? For wondering why she doesn't do something about it?

A girl who has everything to make her popular, yet fails to "click"!

And the pity of it is, it's *her own fault, her own carelessness.*

It's hard to forgive a girl who has the ugly odor of underarm perspiration on her person and her clothing. For it is so easy to be always sweet and dainty—with Mum!

A quick fingertipful of Mum applied to each underarm when you dress—that's all there is to it. Just a little half minute and you're protected for all day or evening!

The beauty of Mum is that you can use it *any time.* For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing, you know.

And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can use it immediately after shaving under the arms.

Remember, Mum does not interfere with natural perspiration. It just prevents its ugly odor. Don't let this disagreeable thing stand between you and popularity. Play safe with Mum. 35c and 60c at all toilet counters. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.

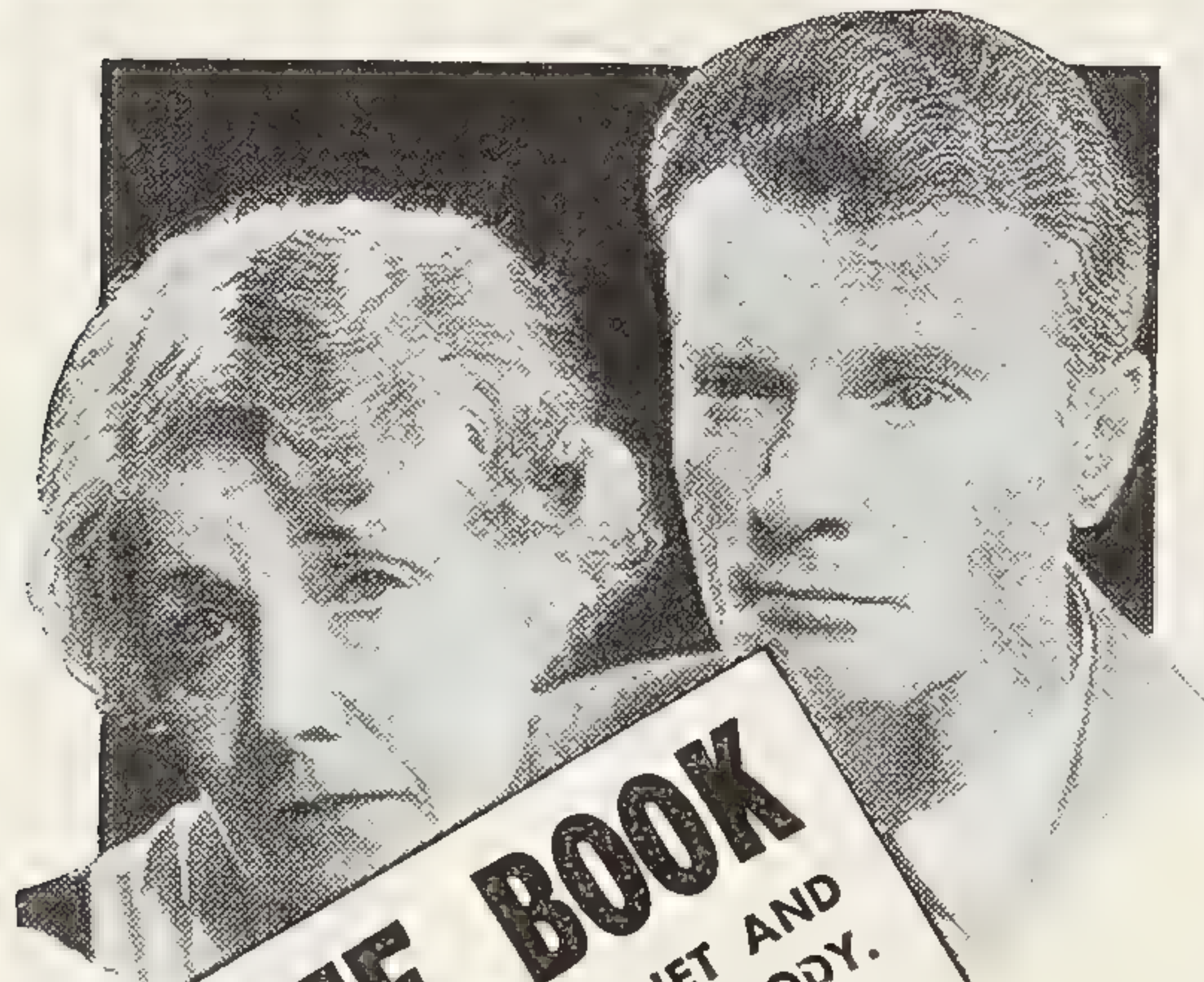


**MUM** TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

STILL ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS WOMEN—As a deodorant for sanitary napkins Mum has the gratitude of countless women. It *insures* protection.



# WAKE UP! DON'T LET CONSTIPATION WRECK YOUR LIFE!



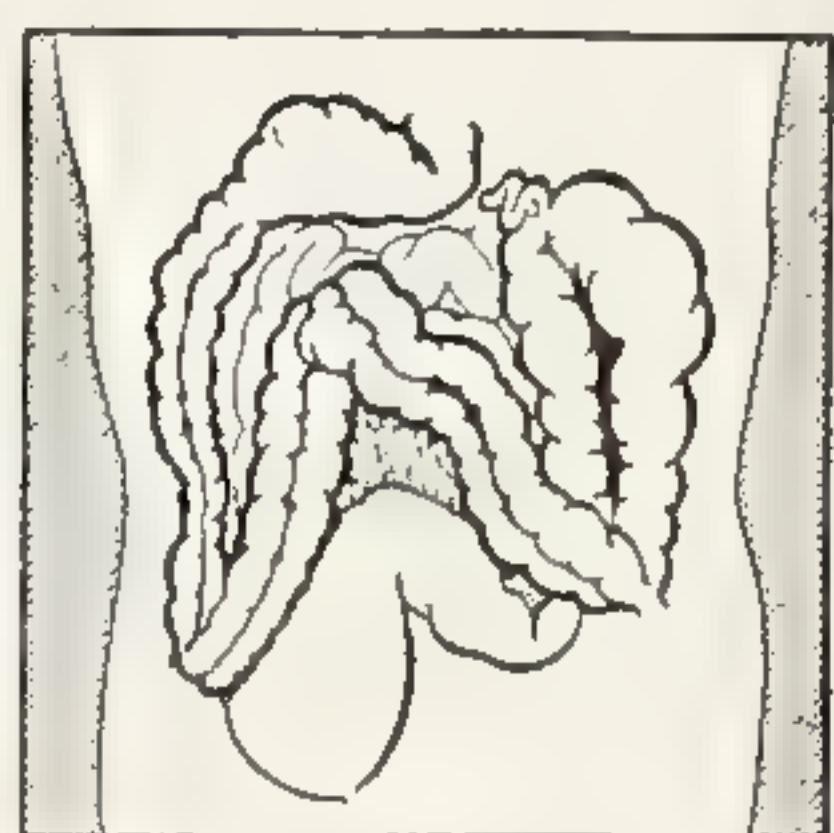
COUNTLESS men and women are headed for grave illness as a result of internal poisoning due to intestinal delay. Many are already slaves to drug physics and laxatives, which cause serious irritation to vital organs. Yet the condition is easily corrected today by new natural methods.

## LAXATIVE FOOD WITH VITAMINS Overcomes Constipation by Getting at Cause

Your doctor will tell you that none of the drug physics and laxatives does anything to end constipation. They offer temporary relief, but never touch the real cause.

Today, however, we have the new laxative food, Edrolax, with Vitamins, which gets at the cause by providing what is missing in the modern diet.

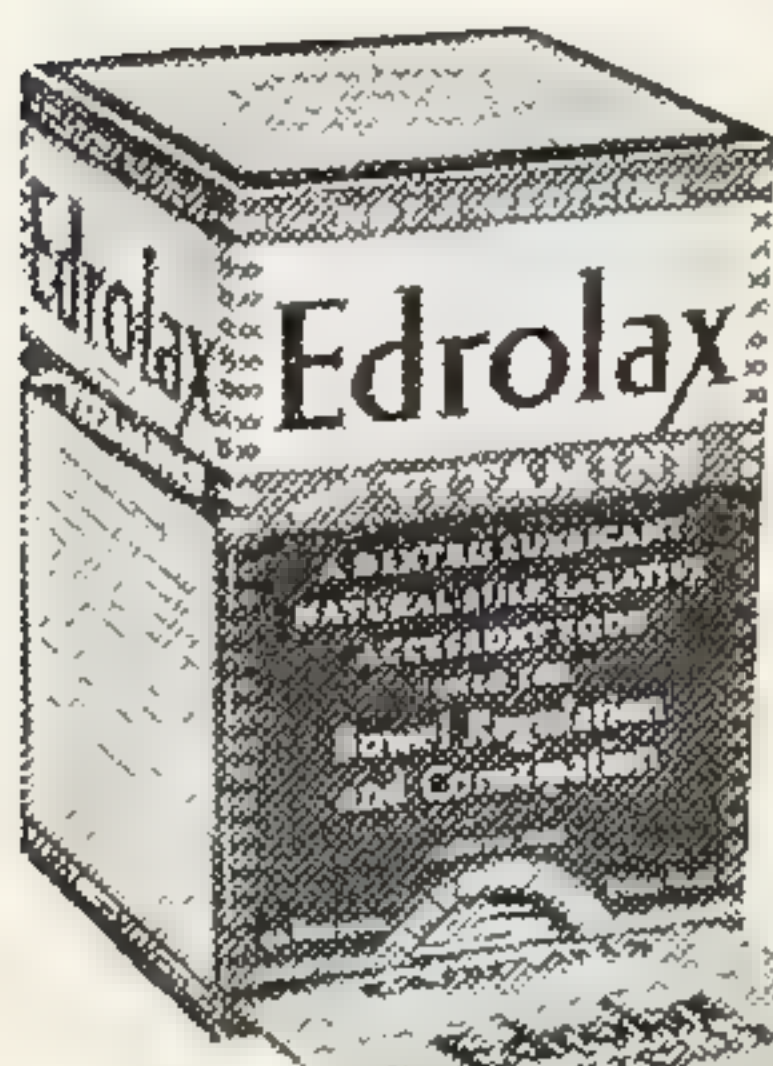
Rich in Vitamins B, A, E and G that aid digestion and elimination and fortify against disease, Edrolax is a scientific combination of rare lubricating products, agar-agar, dextrine and other naturally grown ingredients. It contains no medicines. It makes injurious physics unnecessary.



### DANGEROUS EFFECTS OF CONSTIPATION

The weight of retained waste matter soon distorts stomach, causing serious disorders. Packing and swelling at right impedes movement and cause inflammation threatening appendicitis. Packing low down results in serious dyschezia.

## CERTAIN RESULTS OR MONEY BACK



Try Edrolax on our money-back assurance. The medium size, price \$1.25, contains 42 individual portions in sanitary envelopes, easy to take, convenient to carry. If your druggist can't supply you, mail coupon with \$1.25 and we will ship postpaid. And if not delighted with results, after using half the box, return it and every cent promptly refunded. EDROS NATURAL PRODUCTS, Inc. Dept. 35, 132 West 31st St., New York, N.Y.

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Name .....

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Offer confined to United States

# The Mystery of Marlene

(Continued from page 95)

to meet with their approval, but the von Sternberg-Dietrich rumpus over "Blonde Venus" had to be kicked around by the press until it finally got lost. After seeing "Blonde Venus" I regret that it could not have shared the same fate, for though the delightful Dietrich made Gulliver look like a statue by comparison with her travels while trying to keep her "cheeild," and did everything but a back flip to make the public forget the floundering plot, "Blonde Venus" was pretty bad.

We are used to seeing Venus without arms, but one without a leg to stand on—Ah, No! Mr. von Sternberg and "Messrs" Paramount, you ain't done right by our Marl!

SEVERAL months ago Ye Editor asked me if I could write a story about Marlene Dietrich and I had to decline with regrets, and real ones, because I had never met her. I had watched her eat at the studio, which she does very daintily, but I didn't consider that the basis of the sort of article I like to write.

So the subject was dropped, but being one of her ardent fans (which you may have gleaned) I still hoped that one day our paths would cross. Last week they met and we stopped to talk somewhere between El Mirador Hotel and the pool at Palm Springs.

Perhaps I dreamed it? Ah, no! It all comes back to me now. I had gone down there to shake off old demon Flu. Devastating D. arrived, complete with husband, child, bodyguard and Maurice Chevalier. They walked into the Pool-side restaurant as we were finishing lunch, which was a bit of luck; if they had arrived earlier no one would have eaten any lunch!

I say they walked in, but on that first entrance she might as well have been walking alone, so concentrated was the attention paid to her well-tailored gray suit, with its padded shoulders above which perched the small, well-shaped head in its halo of gold and topped by what was a cross between a beret and any modern woman's chic hat.

I spoke to Maurice, who was charming as usual, but had a sort of a "Don't ask me" expression in his eyes. I thought it meant, "Don't ask me why she wears them," but the next day I learned the truth.

He was standing gazing at the mountains which surround our favorite week-end resort. As he stood leaning against a pillar in front of his bungalow he looked so at peace with the world it seemed a shame to wake him, but I did, by yelling, "Camera!"

He greeted me and we talked about the weather. After dragging the climate around for a few moments I got up courage enough to say, "I'd like to write a story about Dietrich, but I've never met her and—" I got no further.

"You would like her, Elsie," he said, "and she would like you, if she got to know you. But I couldn't introduce anyone to her down here. She is worn out and very nervous, and she is just here to rest, and..."

Maurice was saved the embarrassment of tangling himself in a web of more explanations by the arrival of dashing D. herself, followed by her

pleasant and very easy-to-look-at husband.

Far from appearing worn out, she seemed to be literally walking on the desert air, which though famed for its buoyancy, is not *that* powerful. Hatless, her golden crown waving in the breeze, she approached. Dressed in faultless white flannels, a lemon-colored turtle neck sweater covered her very feminine chest. She was also wearing a broad smile. In fact, she was the girl whose picture I had seen in 1929.

NOTING that she was not going to make a detour, which would have been simple, Maurice said, "I will introduce you to her right now!" He did, and then started to explain me—"Miss Janis was the first beeg star I—"

Diplomatic D. made me quite proud when she interrupted him, saying in that unforgettable cello voice, "I know, I know—" She smiled at me through a curtain of half-inch lashes and turned to her husband. "It is quite cold, I think we should have coats," she said. "You too, Maurice!"

The two men excused themselves and left us. We also dallied with the climate for a moment, then I said, "I want to write an article about you and your trousers. I think I understand just how you feel about them. I used to wear them a great deal on the stage."

"I know," she said. My chest expanded; she really had heard of me, then?

"It's funny," she continued, "the excitement about them, but I think people are getting used to them now." Obviously she has no idea of hiding behind anybody's shirt.

"It's silly to say that my trousers caused any trouble between Joe von Sternberg and me. He always liked me in them, and he knew I always liked them. They are more comfortable; one may walk better. When I first came here, we would be going to see a picture or something—I would say I suppose I must change to a dress and Joe it was who said 'No, you can go as you are.' So I went."

"AND why not?" said I, going right into my pro-pants speech. "At least, you are not flaunting the much-advertised legs. I think that's what they're complaining about!"

She laughed and glanced down at the beautifully creased offenders. Her lashes lay like small black feather fans upon her rougeless cheeks. She raised them again and I thought she must be pretty strong to do that!

"They save a lot of money—trousers," she said.

Maurice and friend husband returned. The car was waiting. "I shall see you again, I hope," she said, punctuating the phrase with a firm hand-clasp. I hope she hopes so for she is one of the most attractive people I've ever met. What does it matter what she wears? It isn't so long ago that a lady couldn't smoke, drink or go on the streets alone. In fact, being a lady was about the hardest life a gal could choose! Which brings us to the vital question—When is a lady not a lady? And I say—When she has to remind people that she is one...



## Queen Mae

(Continued from page 55)

I'd like to do a story with you, Mae, for the July issue. That being the hottest month I figured it sort of appropriate. Anyhow I'll be around to have my fortune told. Until then—

*Tout a vous—H. H.*

P. S. They tell me that twenty-five pounds of you in that picture was pads. How about autographing a pound for a pal?

O H, Mae. I can't help advising you. Must be the paternal in me or something. For Gossakes, Mae, don't turn on us now and become a Hollywood Lady. Don't go dramatic. Or demand Sympathy. Or talk about your friends among the Royalty. Give us a New Deal like Mr. Roosevelt. We're so oppressed with dukes and countesses and bawths and sictries and artistes striving for Higher Things. And sophisticates who talk like fallen ladies are supposed to but don't. Say nothing of Garbo imitations. Actually, Mae, you are the first gal arriving in Hollywood in a long time who hasn't tried to copy Greta. For that reason you are most like her essentially. I mean, you are yourself. And now will you tell my fortune?

*Latest Arrivals in The Hall of Fame.*

Miss Diana Wynyard from "Cavalcade."

Mr. Buster Crabbe, King of the Jungle, accompanied by Jackie the Lion.

Miss Ruth Donnelly after handling "Hard to Handle" Cagney.

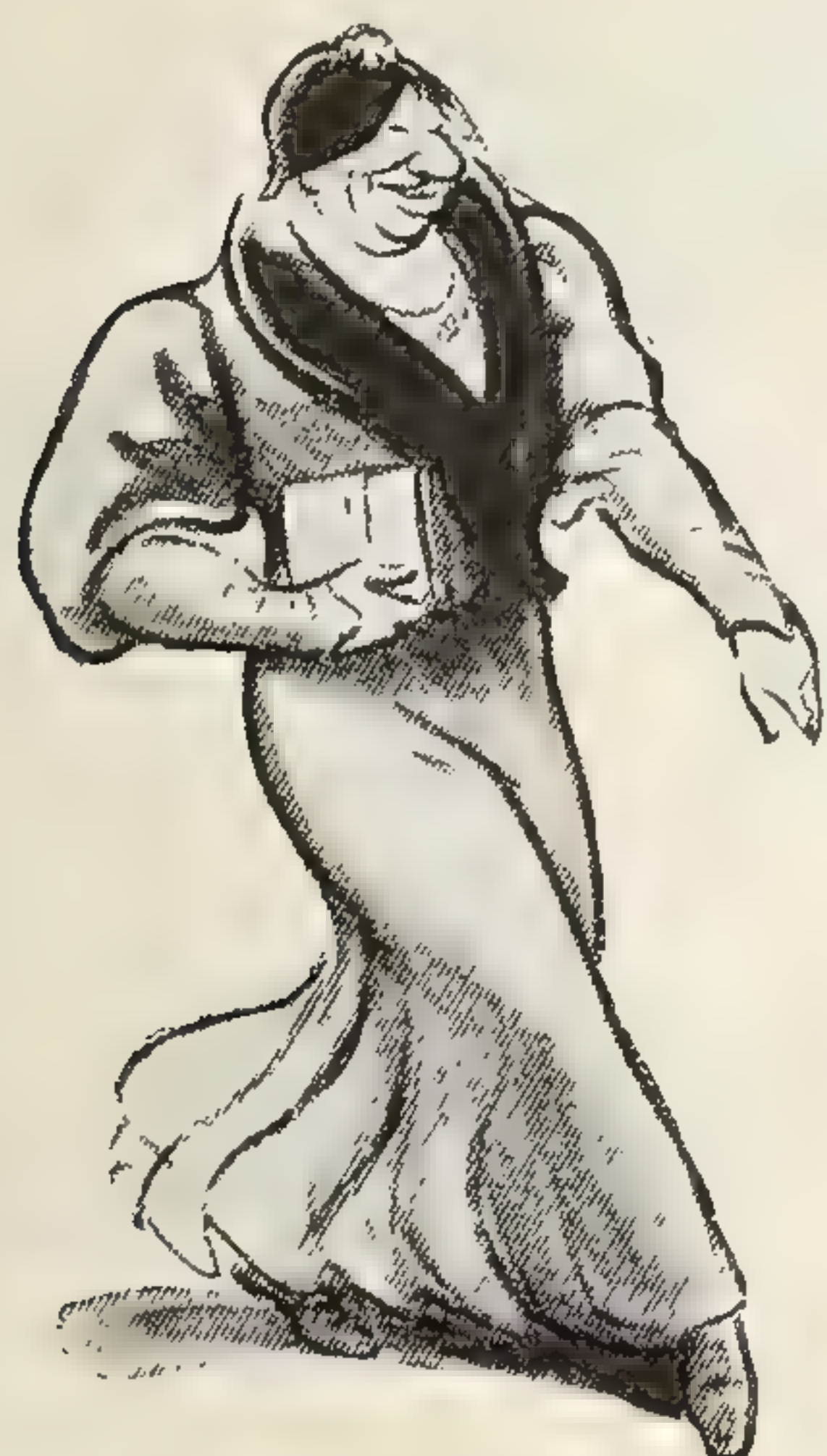
Mr. Franchot Tone, arriving the day after "Today We Live."

Miss Ruby Keeler from "42nd Street."

Master Leroy Winebrunner, 8 months' old picture bandit, after taking Chevalier for a ride in "A Bedtime Story."

Mr. Brian Aherne, leading man with Katharine Cornell, will probably arrive in the gallery of the great with "The Song of Songs." If he proves as lyrical as his name he should achieve romantic heights. It easily takes the prize for euphony, pronounced with the Irish cadence: Bree-AHN Ah-HERN.

(Please turn to page 98)



With Paramount grabbing all that publicity for Marlene's pants, I suggested at M-G-M that Wally Beery be trotted out in one of Adrian's cute little frocks.

## FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢ are a Revelation in Quality



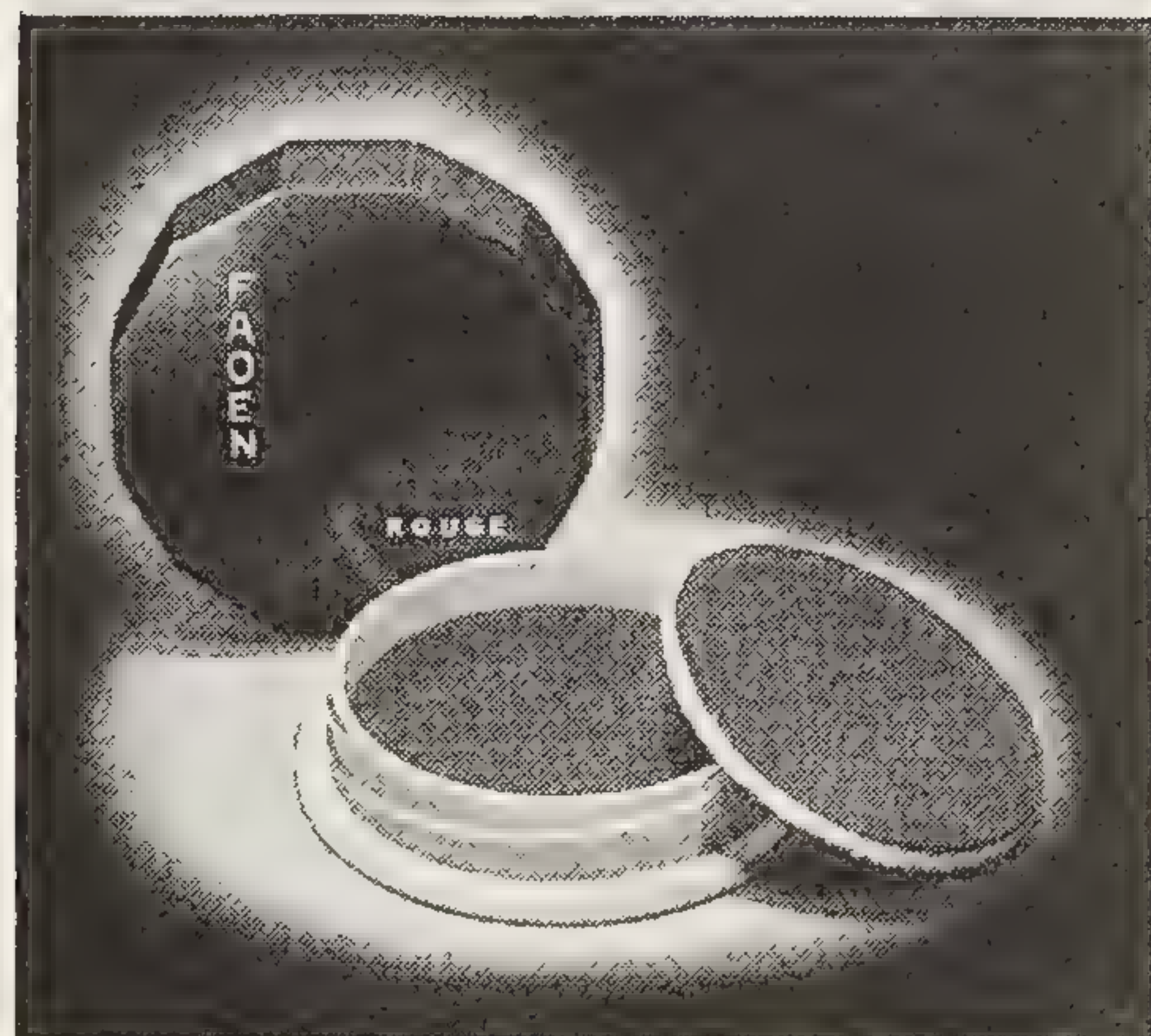
Science Proves Faoen Face Powder, Lip-Stick and Rouge

- —in Convenient 10¢ Sizes
- —Equal the Quality of \$1 to \$3 Brands

Can Faoen Rouges give you the same loveliness as the most expensive rouges? Can Faoen Face Powder duplicate the flattering charm of dollar-or-more powders? Those are natural questions for you to ask. And here is the answer—from the report of a famous Research Laboratory:

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3."

Your first trial of any Faoen Beauty Aid will be your final proof!



10c each at

F. W. Woolworth Co. Stores

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • SKIN TONIC • LOTION • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES



# Queen Mae

(Continued from page 97)



ESTHER RALSTON,  
famous Screen Star and  
Beauty authority  
whose exquisite  
hands first won  
her fame.

"EASY to apply  
and so SMART"  
says *Esther Ralston*

*Moon Glow  
Liquid Nail Polish*

...and other Moon Glow requisites  
for perfect nail care are the choice  
of discriminating women every-  
where. No finer quality can be had  
at any price!

*5 Beautiful Shades*

Natural...Medium...Rose...Carmine  
...Platinum Pearl. The Smoothest,  
most lustrous, most lasting polish you  
have ever used.

*Other Moon Glow Items:*

Liquid Cuticle Oil    Liquid Cuticle Remover  
Liquid Polish Remover    Manicure Aids...  
Paste Nail White    Containing orange stick, emery  
Liquid Nail White    boards, cotton, and brushes

"Ask for a generous size bottle at your  
favorite ten cent store."

**HOLLYWOOD  
MOON GLOW  
NAIL POLISH**

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd.  
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

MISS DIANA WYNYARD has already joined the company of Hollywood's Immortals. She has been footprinted in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese theater. The ceremony attending the pedal impression was marked by a hands-across-the-sea feeling—England's "God Save The King," Hollywood's "Let's Put Out The Lights," and a stirring eulogy of Miss Wynyard's genius by Mr. Sid Grauman, at the conclusion of which he inquired her name, having failed to make a note of that.

While Miss Wynyard was solemnly sinking into the wet cement I ambled about under the cocos plumosas and the jasper-hued canopies making notes of the famous feet that had preceded hers. There were Mary Pickford's, of course. And not far away a block imprinted by Marie Dressler and Wally Beery and scrawled, rather unfortunately it seemed to me, "America's New Sweethearts." Jackie Cooper's block had a mortuary aspect with the inscription, "Jackie Cooper, America's Boy, Age 8 years." Beside Gloria Swanson's sharply indented heels was a pierced heart and the words "Always to Sid." There were tracks of many other great artists, including those of Tony, Tom Mix's horse. Medi-

must have been a very little lady, Mother."

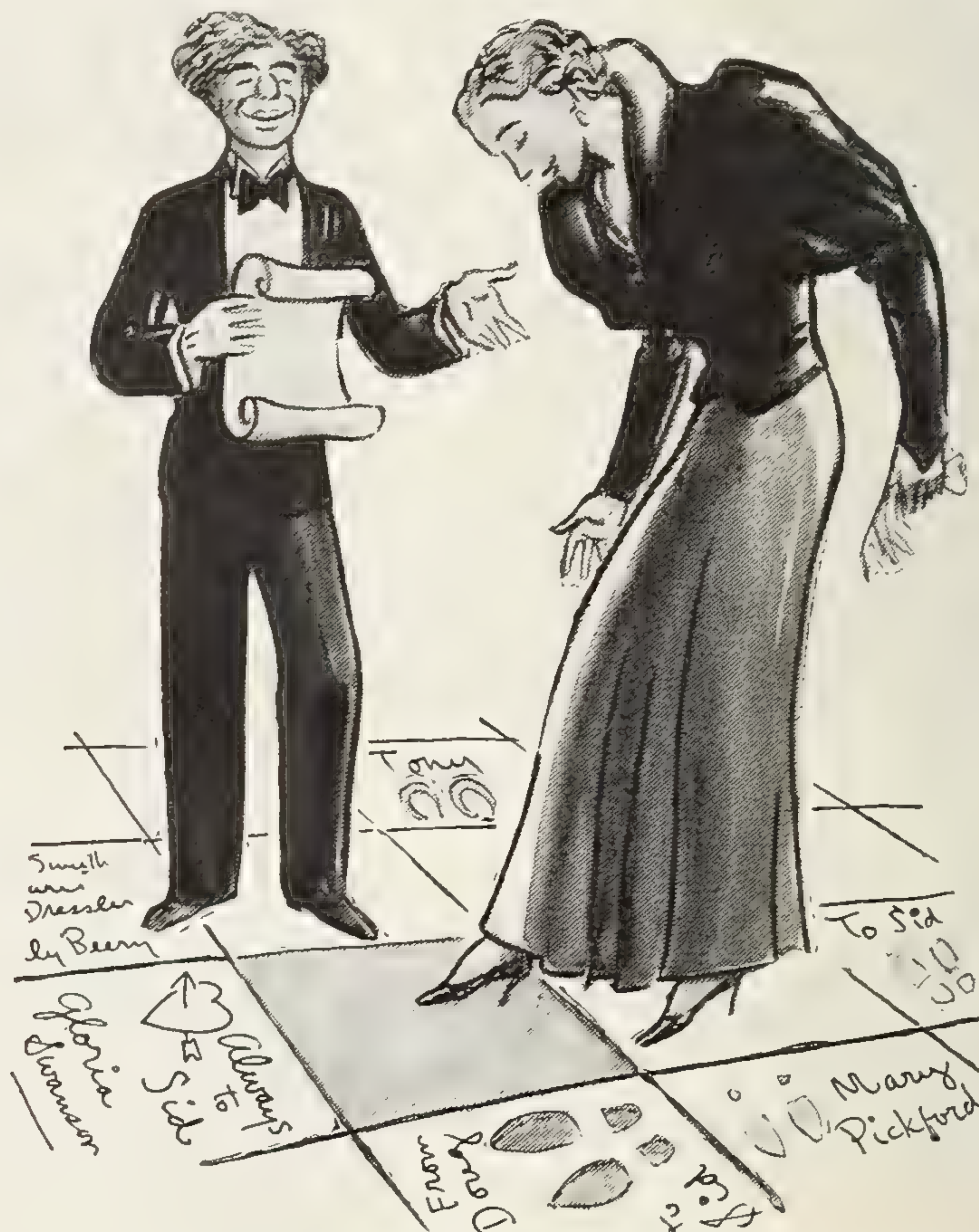
Incidentally, I have never heard English spoken more beautifully than by those children.

"CAVALCADE" has a special value for us Americans in defining more clearly those precious traits of English character: dignity, courage, justice, loyalty. For the first time, I think, I felt a twinge of filial affection for Mother England.

Before I go further I'd better announce that the Come-On Inn over whose passing I whimpered so pathetically a couple of months ago did not pass out after all. It was saved from the brink, I gather, by the opportune return of Malcolm McGregor. The following tart note offering me choice of pistols or potato mashers came from Betty, the chatelaine, who trundles the trays while Hattie, my true love, stuffs peppers in the kitchen.

"What do you mean by saying the Come-On Inn has closed up? It is wide open and doing nicely." (Permit me to interpose at this point that by wide open she doesn't mean wet) "So you better correct it in the next number of the NEW MOVIE. Maybe you think because you haven't been in here

And now Diana Wynyard has put her foot down in the Movie Hall of Fame.



tating on the evanescence of screen fame I found solace in the thought that here in this solid concrete their names would be preserved forever for posterity. That is, I did until told that the blocks were removable and would be taken up when their box office receipts fell off.

ONE line from "Cavalcade" keeps rippling oddly through my memory. Perhaps it was the beauty of the childish inflection. It was spoken by the little boy on the balcony as he observed Queen Victoria's bier: "She

for some time we had to close but Malcolm McGregor is back in pictures so you can see we fooled you because we still have him. . . . Love and Kisses—Betty."

Dear Betty:

I am glad to hear that Mal is enjoying such a good appetite. I hope he will keep the Come-On Inn thriving for many years, just as I did until the soup kitchens opened. Wistfully—Herb.

EVERY lot has its pet. Clark Gable is the sweetheart of M-G-M. He's as popular off screen with the



boys as he is on with the girls. For that matter, no one has heard the girlies screaming at his approach in the flesh.

**Y**ESTERDAY four publicity whip-poorwills surrounded me in Howard Strickling's office and started twittering on the theme of What-An-Athlete Gable. Seems he started shooting golf at 118 and in less than three months was shooting 84. Learned to ride a year ago and now goes over precipices like the Italian cavalry. Tennis—boy! if he wasn't such a gentleman he'd show Helen Wills. He lunches and pals with props, electricians and even press agents, not because he's trying to be democratic but because he would improve. You can't learn anything lunching with actors, Lord knows. He detests premieres and only attends to oblige the publicity boys. Two of them have to steer him through the crowds, otherwise he'd get lost signing autographs. He's got a grin like the sun o'er the Sierras. Starts calling you by your nickname before you know he knows it and, all in all, has the friendly approach that would make him a whale of a panhandler.

**I** DROVE down on the back lot to see ol' pal Gable do his stuff in "The White Sister." You need a car to get around the M-G-M acreage. I drove through a street lined with breweries, respectfully removing my hat as I did so—where Jimmy Durante made "What—No Beer?"—and on past a railroad station with real pullman coaches or: real tracks that connect by outside switches with the P. E. main line—so real they catch actors trying to bum rides back to New York.

I saw Clark's brown Packard roadster in front of a very old Italian convent which is the very last place you'd expect to find Mr. Gable's car. Entering the gate I passed through a quiet courtyard blooming with flowers that looked so natural I couldn't believe they were paper even after pinching them. Clark was in Italian uniform, which makes any man handsome so you can guess what it does to him.

"Hello!" he called with that ingratiating air that will mint dimes if he ever has to make touches.

"The boys have been telling me what a great athlete you are," I said when he ambled over.

"Hope you haven't come to make me prove it."

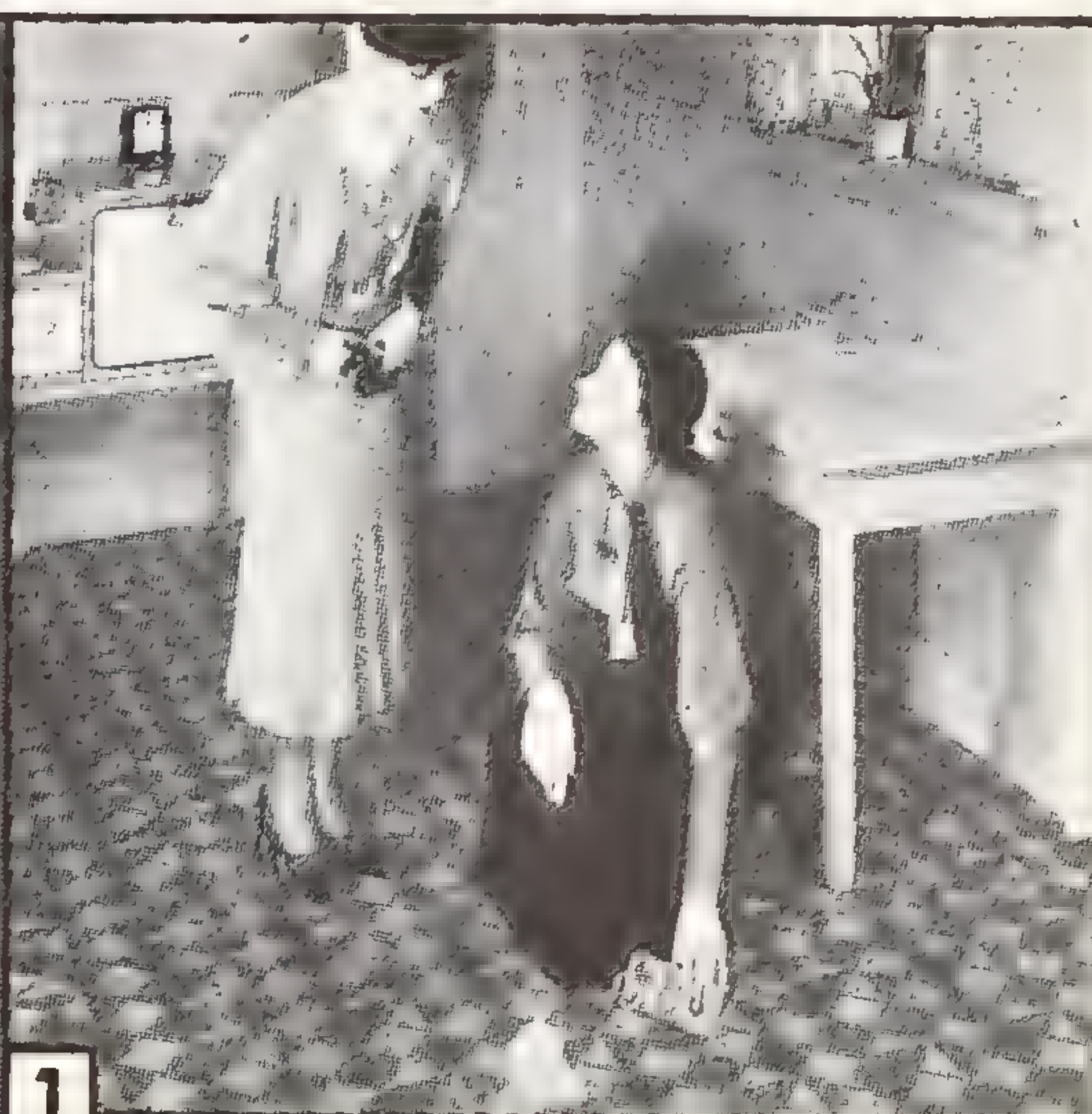
"No. Just wanted to see if by any chance you were an actor, too."

"No," he echoed beaming. "Can prove that in a minute."

**W**ITH Paramount grabbing all that publicity for Marlene's pants I suggested at M-G-M that Wally Beery be trotted forth in one of Adrian's little frocks. The objection to that was it would just be augmenting the Dietrich publicity. On the contrary, I argued, it would be kidding the pants off Marlene. Surely a worth while achievement. And that's what it did. Wheeler and Woolsey flounced skirtishly into the Brown Derby for lunch, and that evening Marlene was seen dancing at the Cocoanut Grove with her skirt on (fooled us).

When Cary Grant refused a cigarette, saying he didn't smoke, Mae West retorted: "Smoking is going to make a man look effeminate before long." So's wearing pants. I don't know how a man will assert his sex. About the only way is for him to dress like Tarzan. Then if the girls copy . . . Well!

# Watch me MAKE THIS FLOOR BEAUTIFUL WITH ONLY 10 MINUTES WORK



**1** First I pour a little Glo-Coat right onto the clean floor (an ounce or two at a time).



**2** Then I spread the Glo-Coat over the surface like this. I don't have to rub it in or polish it.



**3** (20 minutes later) See, the floor looks like new! Glo-Coat has given it a hard, gleaming polish while we were out.

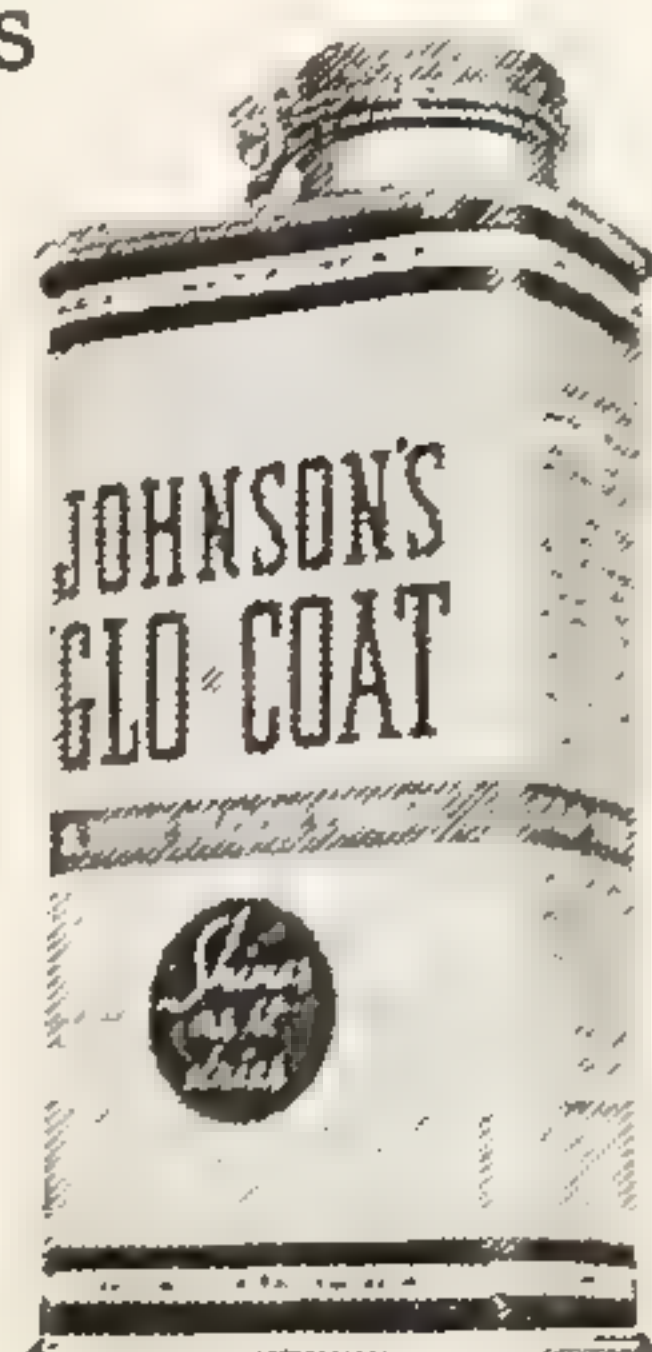
## NO RUBBING OR POLISHING!

• This marvelous new floor polish Glo-Coat will make your floors bright and beautiful without any rubbing or buffing. Simply wipe it over the floor like water. In less than 20 minutes

it dries with a hard, clear polish that resists wear. Glo-Coat is wonderful for linoleum, rubber tile, varnished or painted floors. Send 10c for trial can, enough for small kitchen or bathroom.

# GLO-COAT

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S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. TM5 Racine, Wisconsin  
Enclosed is 10c. Please send me a generous trial can of your new easy-to-use floor polish, GLO-COAT.

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# ANNOUNCING the new COMBINATION PACKAGE of

# LOTUS SANITARY NAPKINS

## AND LOTIRIS

a positive powder deodorant  
for dusting on sanitary napkins

**T**HE Federal Trade Commission has ruled that no Sanitary Napkin Manufacturer has the right to claim that his napkin has any deodorizing qualities. We are therefore giving Lotus Buyers a positive deodorizing agent, LOTIRIS.

**F**OR personal hygiene for women the Lotus & Lotiris combination package is the last word in Feminine Daintiness at no extra cost to you.

In each package of Lotus Sanitary Napkins there is an envelope of Lotiris Deodorant—sufficient for dusting on sanitary napkins.

Also in each package is a circular giving full particulars of the numerous uses of Lotiris for Personal Hygiene.

Lotus Sanitary Napkins are the same high quality made under the most sanitary conditions.

With Lotus and Lotiris you have the utmost in sanitary protection.



# 6 LOTUS 10¢ SANITARY NAPKINS

15¢ in the far West and Canada  
SOLD BY

# F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.

# Hollywood Cook-Cooks

(Continued from page 43)

intend to veer away from masculine adaptations. They are unbecoming to most women. Dietrich just happens to look chic in men's clothes."

**W**HILE the nation mourns Dietrich's pants policy, let the sirens shriek and the bells ring for Jimmy Durante. What a psychologist! With the gals covering up their legs he decided to do the handsome thing. He heard about the new Twyfel for Knickerslacks, or Boy Scout sports trousers, which masculine designers are trying to popularize for men. And Jimmy immediately ordered a pair. They show, for the first time, his inspiring limbs.

"I'll make 'em forget to remember that Dietrich," pants Durante. "I'll heal the nation's wounds. I'm a man of destiny—the Hollywood Hitler. Whose nose?"

*If conditions go from bad to worse, the Academy of M. P. Arts and Sciences will have to include an award for the best emotional acting by a visiting banker.*

**O**F course, this isn't France. But all you kiddies should be delighted to hear that a French judge has decided movie audiences have as much right to boo as they have to applaud.

It might revive fun in the film cathedrals if customers felt at liberty to go further—boo each other's applause. And applaud each other's boos.

**B**ELIEVE it or nuts—

Near-beer, mixed with epsom salts, is smeared on windows to get the effect of frosted windows for movie shots.

Wallace Beery is a telephone directory tearer-in-twoer.

A double climbs stairs for Herbert Marshall in long shots. He's lame.

Deaf mutes are hired to preview many feature pictures and write reports which are used in cutting the film for foreign silent versions.

Vic McLaglen was once a strong man in a circus.

Doug Fairbanks is wearing a monocle—and some very eloquent perfume.

Not for just a day—but reek in and reek out.

Ernie Westmore, make-up expert for RKO, has a copy of an enactment by British Parliament in 1700 which declares:

Anyone of whatever rank, profession or degree, whether virgin, maid or widow, that shall from the passage of this act impose upon, seduce, betray or lure into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft, and such marriage shall stand null and void.

And moving pictures may ruin young minds. But that's nothing to what they do to old classics.

"Hollywood is fast becoming the dream of a cultural age fulfilled," reports an enthusiast.

Personally, we wouldn't go that far without an extra shirt. But we have picked up from here and there the following indications of an upward swerve:

"I spend most of my time off the set reading novels. They give me ideas."—Peggy Joyce.

"Studio executives consider jig-saw puzzles a menace to motion pictures."—Trade paper.

**A**ND movie stars may not all be well informed. But there's certainly no doubt about their being well informed on.

Vital statistics—

One short scene in a Norma Shearer picture was re-photographed fifty-two times.

Gable has thirty-two turtle neck sweaters.

Tom Mix played in seventy-two flickers before he got screen credit.

Thelma Todd's bed is a special—eight feet wide and nine feet long.

When Virginia Bruce and Jack Gilbert get in a tiff she drives two hun-

# The New Way to Sketch Stars

The New Movie Magazine will award \$25 to the reader who makes a typewriter sketch, selected as the best, of the picture of Greta Garbo appearing on Page 30 in this issue, \$10 for the second best and ten \$1 prizes for the ten next best.

The judges will be John Held, Jr., the artist, Frederic Arnold Kummer, the author, and the editors of this magazine.

No employee of Tower Magazines, Inc., or anyone related to any employee is eligible to receive an award.

Any material submitted, if selected

by the committee for publication, automatically becomes the property of this magazine. We will not be responsible for the safe return of material submitted.

This contest will close June 10th, 1933, at midnight. Entries received after that time will not be considered.

All type-sketches must be made from the Garbo photograph appearing on Page 30.

Submit all entries to the Type-Sketch Editor, The New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



dred miles alone in the car to cool off. There have been an average of thirty-eight film star divorces annually for the last three years.

More than two hundred fugitives from justice have written to studios, after seeing the chain gang picture, offering film material.

Thirty-four down and out actors live together in a Hollywood loft, and they feed one hundred others daily.

*And plenty of leading women are leading men.*

Monthly intelligence test—

The function of what studio department is to keep out of the papers everything except what didn't happen?

What female star recently celebrated her Golden Divorce?

Why are all published interviews, which explain that acting ability is what really counts, decorated with a photograph showing her legs?

Interviews in which gals explain that acting ability is the only thing that really counts are decorated with photographs of what part of the gal's anatomy?

*Be that as it may, a lot of stars certainly come down to earth in their divorce complaints.*

All hail to Hollywood's bright chorus

Which rings out high and rings out low:

"Oh yes, I'm getting a divor-us;  
"But he's the nicest man I know."

Variety reports—

"Granting of honorary military titles to femme film celebs has drawn a thumbs-down attitude from the War Department, which has notified reserve officers that the practice must stop."

*It's an outrage! The press agents should carry their case to the World Court.*

And then there was the press agent who lost his job because he couldn't keep a secret public.

## DON'T BE LATE!

*Your favorite magazines are on sale five days earlier now and we're warning you that lots of other women want copies, too . . . so hurry.*

**BUY YOUR  
COPY OF..**

**HOME MAGAZINE  
THE NEW MOVIE  
ILLUSTRATED LOVE  
MYSTERY**

*on the 10th of every month instead of the 15th . . . you have five days less to wait!*

The New Movie Magazine, May, 1933

It's the  
YOUNGER GIRLS  
that WEEP



## Older Wiser Women don't have GRAY HAIR

Today Gray Hair presents no problem. Women who do not want it, do not have it.

A few minutes spent in applying a clear, colorless liquid (called Mary T. Goldman's) is all that any woman need do to free herself forever from graying hair.

Like magic this water-white fluid brings about the transformation. Where gray strands once streaked the hair, youthful color comes. New lustre, life and loveliness again become cherished possessions,—a glorious reality for your hair.

It is all so simple that millions do it successfully. No experience is needed, nor do you have to employ the services of a trained expert. You use it at home, by yourself, alone. Merely comb the treatment through your hair. Soon color comes—warm and soft, rivaling nature's own handiwork.

There is nothing artificial looking in the beauty which Mary T. Goldman's brings to your hair. Regardless of the original shade of your hair (whether black, brown, auburn or blonde), it can be matched suc-

**SINGLE LOCK  
TEST-PACKAGE  
FREE!**

If you prefer to test it before trying it on your hair, we will gladly mail you a sample. Simply sign and mail the coupon.



### AMAZING New Development Gives "COLOR CONTROL"

From the laboratory of one of America's leading scientists comes this startling improvement. Now, with the Mary T. Goldman product, you can control the shade and color to a point where results will rival nature's own handiwork. No dangerous dyes. No skin tests. A greatly simplified and ENTIRELY SAFE method. To millions of women, Mary T. Goldman's is the only product simple and safe enough for SUCCESSFUL home use.

cessfully — so successfully that detection need never be feared.

The treatment is entirely safe to use. Medical authorities have pronounced it harmless to hair or scalp. No SUSCEPTIBILITY TEST IS REQUIRED BEFORE USE AS WITH MANY HAIR COLORING PREPARATIONS. The color will not rub off on linens or hat linings. Your hair can be curled or waved just as always.

For more than 50 years, since Mary T. Goldman first develop-

ed this prized secret of beautiful hair, women have been using this famous treatment for freedom from gray. To millions it has brought the happiness of lustrous, youthful-looking hair again. It will do the same for you.

Mary T. Goldman's can be secured at your drug or department store. The proper shade for your hair will be marked plainly on the bottle. A bottle secured today, will soon demonstrate to you how needless it is to have gray hair—and how surprisingly simple and easy it is to have again the youthful color you once prized so highly.

## MARY T. GOLDMAN'S COLOR FOR GRAY HAIR

Over Ten Million Bottles Sold

**FOR FREE TEST PACKAGE**

MARY T. GOLDMAN,  
956 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

✓ CHECK COLOR OF HAIR ✓

☐ LIGHT BROWN ☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ DARK BROWN  
☐ BLACK ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ DARK RED ☐ BLONDE





#### FOR THE BEST LETTERS

FIRST PRIZE	. . \$150.00
SECOND PRIZE	. . 75.00
THIRD PRIZE	. . 25.00
50 PRIZES	. each 5.00

#### JUDGES:

Miss Ruth Murrin... Good Housekeeping  
Miss Virginia Schmitz... Tower Magazines

Everybody is eligible in this simple contest, except employees of the manufacturers of Lady Lillian Products and their families. The rules are simple. Merely write a letter, not over 25 words, about any Lady Lillian item, telling reasons why you like these world famous manicuring accessories. Enclose a label, cap or box cover taken from the item you write about. How well you present your reasons will count as will neatness, though entries may be written in pen, pencil or typed. Contest ends September 1st. All decisions will be final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

#### 12 GREAT LADY LILLIAN ITEMS

About which you can write! They are known all over the world, and are sold in all Leading Chain and Drug Stores for only

**10c Each!**

- |                               |                              |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Individual Nail Polish     | 7. Hand and Nail Compact Set |
| 2. Individual Polish Remover  | 8. Complete Manicure Set     |
| 3. Individual Cuticle Remover | 9. Eye Cosmetic Set          |
| 4. Twin Set                   | 10. Eye Brow Brush           |
| 5. Wonder Three Set           | 11. Cuticle Remover          |
| 6. Sanitary Manicure Tube Set | 12. Wonder Vanities          |

*A Simple Statement Like This May Win a Prize For You!*

*"The Lady Lillian Complete Manicure Set at 10c gives me twenty BETTER complete manicures at a fraction of ordinary cost!"*

*This is the NEW*  
**Lady Lillian**

**NAIL POLISH**

Five Smart Shades

CLEAR  
NATURAL  
ROSE  
DEEP  
CRIMSON

**10c**



**15c**  
in  
Canada

Sold by Most F. W. WOOLWORTH Stores

If your favorite Chain or Drug Store does not handle any of the above listed LADY LILLIAN items, send 12 cents in stamps for each article you wish, to

**NORTHEASTERN LABORATORIES**  
BOSTON, MASS.

# The Love Behind a Film Throne

(Continued from page 37)

in silence, and left without saying a word.

Norma, deeply touched by her mother's expression, did not return to work next morning.

THE future actress had absorbed through childhood many tales of the stage told by her mother's brother, who was an actor. He had married Gertrude Ritchie. They were successful, in Norma's words, "in an unspectacular way." Once during a long winter evening, Norma's aunt "made me up as an actress."

The little girl stood before a mirror and admired herself.

"Auntie—" she asked, "do you think that I might ever be an actress like you?"

"Yes, child." The woman hesitated. "You are just bound to get some place."

Ibsen was, to the petite Canadian girl, not even a name, but his great dictum, "Never be so mad as to doubt yourself," was even then a part of her life.

Poverty knocked louder and louder at every window of the Shearer home. Mrs. Shearer tried to obtain work as a dish-washer.

When this failed, there came a great decision. They would go to New York.

A sale was held at the Shearer home. Only a few things of value remained, among them a piano and a bulldog. Both were sold.

Norma said of the sale, "The piano was mine, and I felt very badly, but the money took us to New York." And then, "The last thing I hated to part with was the Boston bull." She sighed, "And before we left for New York, he ran away from his new owner and came back—I had to part with him all over again. His eyes were sad as a seal's when he left the second time, but he knew we couldn't take him."

The father stayed in Montreal with friends.

MRS. SHEARER and her two daughters reached New York and went to a rooming house at Eighth Avenue and 57th Street. It was owned by the sister of a woman friend who lived in Montreal. "It's the very devil of a dump," the woman told them, "but my sister's a good scout and she'll trust you." She was right in both cases.

There was a tumble-down bed, and an old cot in the room. The cot, with no mattress, sagged like an actor out of work. A worn piece of rug was used to cover its rusty springs. On this cot Norma and her sister took turns sleeping. Once, when they had gone to a picture show, they returned to find their mother asleep on the cot. They half dragged her to the bed.

That night it was Norma's turn to sleep on the rusty springs.

"I did not consider what I was going through as a hardship," said Norma, "I was thrilled, as were mother and sister, at something new."

There was one bathroom on each floor of the rooming house.

They carried their breakfast from a nearby store each morning, and used the top of an old wardrobe trunk as a table.

Norma soon found her few letters of introduction as useless as knowledge of life to a scenario writer.

She decided to go out on her own.

TAKING her mother and sister with her, she went to see Florenz Ziegfeld.

It was the first time in her life she had ever been at a loss for words.

All about the office were the pictures of his wife, Billie Burke. Enthralled, she gazed at the photographs.

That she would be in a similar position a dozen years hence was not for her to know. It may be just as well that the gates of heaven open slowly. They often close quickly enough.

"I was about sixteen," said Norma, "and I wore a mannish coat and carried a cane, and I had a man's hat. I thought I was pretty swank."

The man who lived in a negligee world had seen too many beauties come and go to be easily impressed when she told him how she might grace the Follies.

"Have you seen them?" he asked.

"No."

He pressed a button and ordered three seats reserved.

"Come back to me tomorrow," he suggested.

The next day she was back.

The secretary confided, "Mr. Ziegfeld is in a bad mood today. It would not be wise to see him."

Much water of trouble and despair had gone under her bridge in the year before she saw him.

He was practical as a widow's love.

"I can do nothing for you," he said.

"You are not a dancer. You are not tall enough for a show girl." The



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Ray Jones

Heather Angel, the new Hollywood star from the English stage, already settled down in Malibu, knitting. She confessed that she didn't knit the sweater she is wearing.



master of beauty clasped his hands in despair. Norma left, determined to try motion pictures.

THE next day she went to a leading agent, and was turned over to his assistant. He shrugged his light shoulders, looked at the confident girl, and asked, weary as a bachelor at a bigamist's wedding, "Do you have to go into the movies?"

"Oh, no—" was the quick retort, "I can starve."

"Oh, well," the tired youth drawled as he took her name and address, her age, the color of her eyes, and other rogue's gallery essentials.

In six weeks, Norma had a call. Ten girls were wanted. A hundred were asked to show up. Why they could not have called the ten they needed and not have disappointed ninety others is a problem for Einstein.

Norma remembered that a photographer had said to her a few days before, "You're not bad looking when you smile," and answered the summons.

The smallest in the gathering, she had difficulty in pushing her way into a position where she could be noticed.

With monotonous repetition, the chooser of beauty called—"Number five,"—and five more—"Number six,"—and four more—on and on—"Number nine,"—and one more— By this time the girl from Canada was in the front-line trenches. The gentleman, whose sad duty it was to break ninety hearts to make ten glad for a day, started to select the tenth girl. Number ten and no more. The chosen girl stood demurely before him. The words died in his throat. He felt a warm current glow in his chilled heart.

"Wait," he called. Norma Shearer was smiling.

He looked at her again. The smile became larger.

"Number ten—and no more."

Glancing at the girl who had first been selected, he saw that she was crying. But that mattered not to an executioner of human emotions.

He did not see that the smiling Norma had been standing on tip-toe to attract his attention. He only knew that she had turned on the smile that later melted Irving Thalberg.

She reported for work.

Knowing no more about make-up than the German Kaiser about peace, she watched the other girls and did the best she could.

THE next picture in which she worked was *The Flapper*. The star was the lovely beauty of long ago—Olive Thomas.

It would help my story to say that the two beautiful fondlers of Poverty's unwanted baby became friends at once. But life is never as it should be—especially in the films.

Olive Thomas was born, a pathetic and vivacious flower of beauty, in a smoke-covered, drab Pennsylvania town. She found her way into the Follies—and later to death in Paris.

The principal thing that Norma Shearer, the extra girl, remembers of the one-time lovely star is that she overheard her say something "very shocking." It was strong enough to turn red the face of a radio crooner.

Another picture followed in which Miss Shearer played atmosphere.

She went through this film, and was asked by the assistant director to report for another.

Earning but five dollars a day and desperately needing it, she said grandly  
(Please turn to page 104)

## She Didn't Know What to Do!



She was positively upset every time she walked into the room . . . same monotony, same disharmony for years, and she didn't know what to do about it. She'd change things around—oh, plenty, until Jim grumbled he didn't know if he'd land on a chair or the floor when he sat down! And still they looked the same.

Other people . . . Mrs. Doane next door, for instance, could achieve such "effects," and such little money, too. But then, Mrs. Doane had studied home beautifying and she knew.

For you, Mrs. Jim, and lots of women similarly perplexed, Tower Magazines have arranged an inexpensive series on making your home lovely . . . harmony in color and design, news about fabrics and arrangement . . . how to transform your home into the background you want for yourself.

*Write Today for Information*

**HOME BEAUTIFUL EDITOR**

**Tower Magazines Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**





## ENTICING EYES!

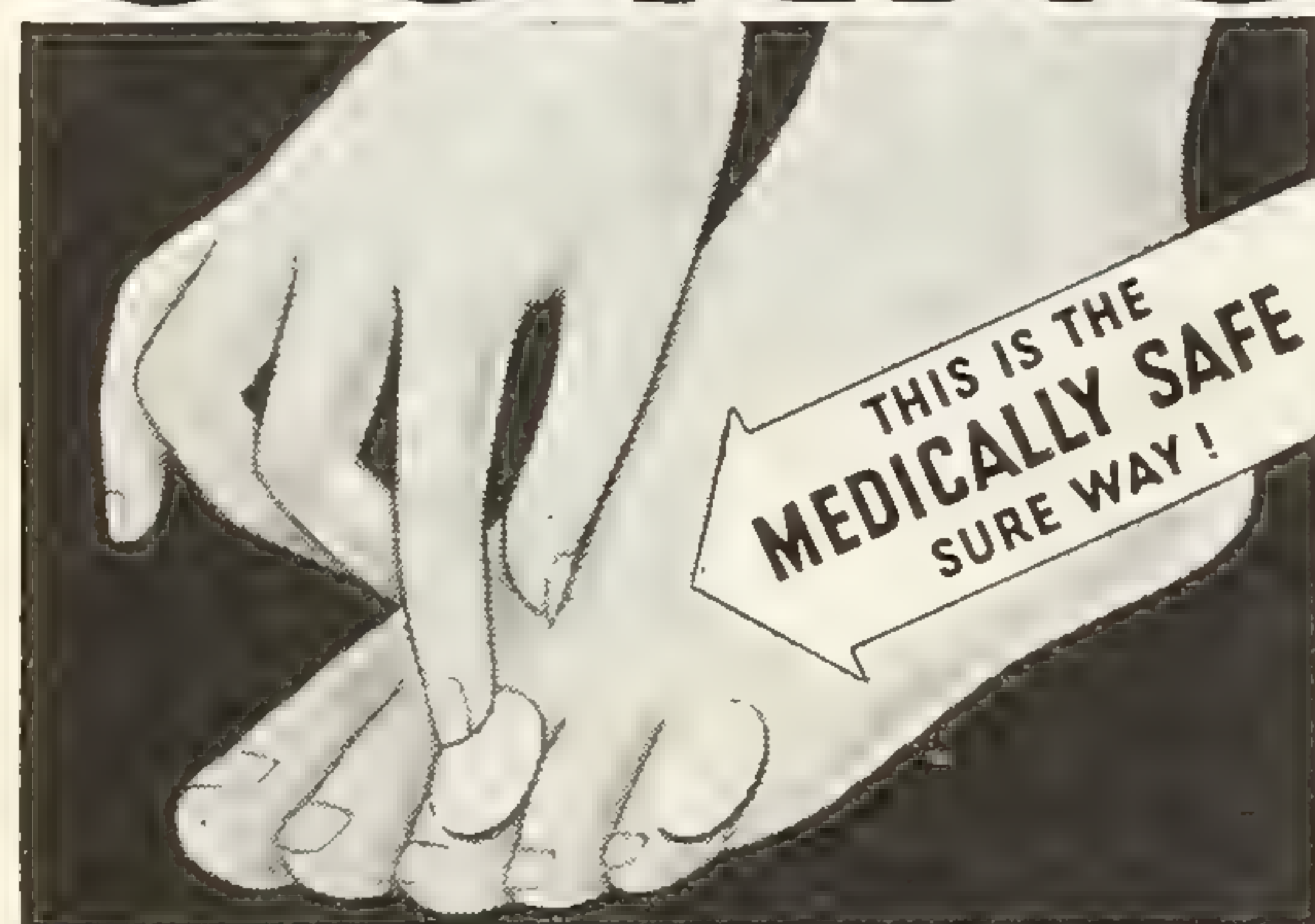
*This new Beauty Trick gives them to you . . .*

• DARK, heavy lashes give your eyes that certain "appeal,"—that sparkle and glam-or so fascinating to men. But men dislike "made-up" lashes, heavy with mascara.

Winx—the NEW type mascara—always gives a completely NATURAL effect. It makes lashes look rich, dark and silken-soft. It goes on evenly. It stays on evenly. Never smears or flecks off.

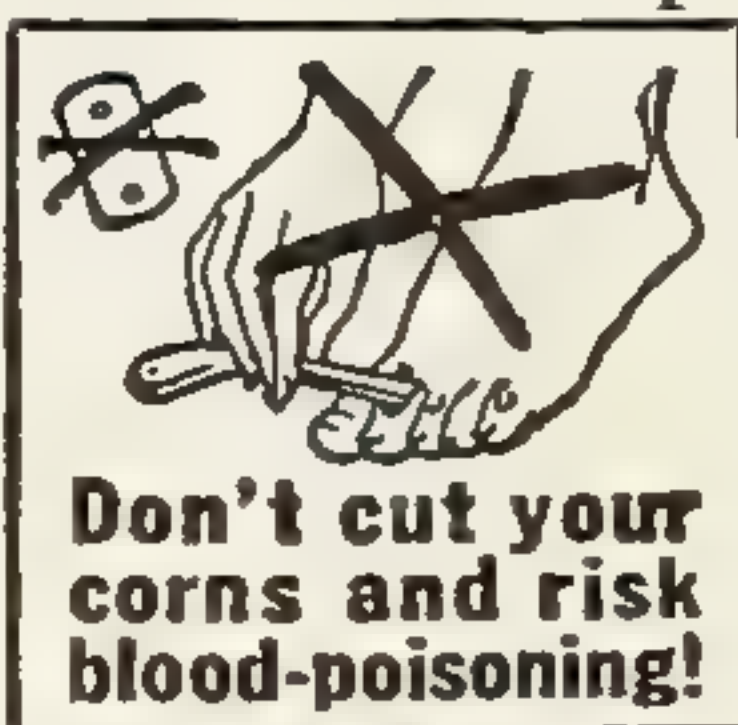
Try this new beauty trick. Two forms—*Liquid Winx*, waterproof. *Cake Winx*, in the metal compact.

# winx CORNERS



## Stops Pain AT ONCE!

You run no risk with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! This 100% safe, sure way ends pain at once and quickly removes corns. Stops the cause of corns, sore toes and blisters by cushioning and protecting the sore spot. You never tried anything so soothing and healing. Sold everywhere—cost but a trifle. Get a box today.



Don't cut your corns and risk blood-poisoning!

## Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

# The Love Behind a Film Throne

(Continued from page 103)

to the assistant, "You know, Mr. Whosis—I really can't afford to work for less than a hundred dollars a week. These girls," she nodded pityingly toward the other marchers in the economic army of cinema woe, "may not be able to furnish their own frocks—but I am. That saves the company money." The gentleman, being an assistant director, didn't know a frock from a shroud. Nevertheless, a daring desperado of the arts, he started to walk away. Then Norma smiled.

He trembled where he stood. She got the hundred a week, and pressed out her other two dresses that night.

Said Norma, of this period, "I never went out without make-up. I never wore rubbers or raincoats. I had one best costume no matter what the weather was like. *I always wore that.*"

It took a shrewd girl to observe that a pair of galoshes on a rainy day would kill the bud of romance in imbecile or poet.

The hundred a week lasted for the entire film—one week.

Only her indomitable will and slight body kept her from malnutrition.

She became an extra in Marion Davies' company.

It was a film that Robert Leonard directed and in which Conrad Nagel played the lead.

A FEW months ago, Norma, seated at a table with these men, heard them discussing the long-ago film. She joined in the conversation. In amazement, the two men looked at the girl who is now Miss Davies' chief rival on the M-G-M lot. "I was an extra in that picture," she said.

Her next job was that of an extra girl with Lillian Gish. David Wark Griffith directed.

One day she actually stepped up to Mr. Griffith. Slapping Mr. Hoover on the back before Al Smith would not have been more daring.

The great Griffith, heavy with aeons of ego, came from his lofty perch—when she smiled, and made her request.

"I really could not give you a test right now." He rumbled the words in precise, melo-dramatic dignity.

The smile hit him again. "Your eyes," he said, trembling.

The great D. W. put on the armor of defense. "I'd go home, little girl," was the advice. Then the general of the army of shadowy emotions retreated from her smile.

When a picture in imitation of *The Miracle Man*, and called *The Stealers*, was being cast, she was asked to make a test for the lead. She had made scores of tests in her time. Like all lost battles, they came to nothing.

Being photographed correctly is still a problem for her. It was much greater when she was poor and unknown.

Her biggest chance had arrived, that of the lead in a film—if she could be made to photograph.

In spite of other failures, she went to have the test made.

It was successful. She got the part.

THE picture was released and no one, at the time, paid any attention. There followed the most dreadful period in the forceful girl's life.

Her pride had carried her beyond the lines where it was safe to retreat. She, who had been a star, could not safely become an extra again. She dared not go back. She was not allowed to go forward.

In confusion she made the one great mistake, and returned to Montreal.

"It was the most humiliating time of my life," she said. The memory of it still hurts her more than all else.

Many weeks passed in which they were too proud to explain.

A wire came from an agent. He



Photo by Wide World

Your one-time crush, Norma Talmadge, as she is today, in white shirt and slacks, sun-tanning with the other well-knowns at Miami Beach, Florida.

had an offer for her from California.

Life looked brighter.

They returned to New York.

The offer fell through.

Rather dazed, Norma sat in a cheap restaurant, with money to pay for the meal, but none for the hotel.

Her brother, now director of sound at M-G-M Studios, had worked three years for a small wage.

He wired her all his savings.

She left the hotel and got a cheap room as of old.

She could still play a piano, and had taken her examinations at the Royal Academy of Music. All the next day, with her mother, in a teeming rain, she asked for work at motion-picture houses from 14th to 150th Streets. No piano players were needed.

Necessity throttled her pride. She left her name once more at the film agencies.

After weeks of waiting, a message came from Herbert Brenon's secretary.

"Would Miss Shearer accept \$25.00 per day for three days to play a part in *The Sign on the Door*?"

Would a fish swim? Her heart fluttered.



She played the part and was not even dismayed when her share of it was left on the cutting-room floor.

Her mother went to work in a large store. At the end of a long day she went home to cook for Norma. "Mother was always a good sport," is Norma's verdict.

AS no further offers came from the films, she began to pose for advertisements. One which became known around the world was posed by her. A beautiful, smiling girl looked through a tire. Beneath were the words, "Time to Re-Tire."

No one looking at the lovely likeness would have thought that a girl could smile so winsomely with pasteboard in the soles of her shoes to keep her feet from the ground.

After three years in New York, she was earning fifty dollars a week at this sort of work.

Suddenly, when apparently forgotten in pictures, an offer came from California. It was from Universal.

A young fellow, by the name of Irving Thalberg, was then General Manager at Universal City in California.

He saw *The Stealers* and was impressed by her work.

She tried to make a deal.

Weeks passed.

Nothing happened.

Wondering at the vagaries of the film business, she wrote a long letter to the young General Manager, Irving Thalberg.

No answer came.

Another offer followed from Hal Roach. Thalberg was said to be joining forces with him.

Something else happened. Her agent begged her to be patient.

In another month an offer came from the L. B. Mayer Studios with whom Irving Thalberg had become affiliated. She was guaranteed four weeks' work, two return trip tickets from New York, and a five-year contract.

She arrived in California with her mother.

No one met her at the station.

"I was crushed," she said.

THE next day she called on Irving Thalberg. A young, dark-eyed fellow escorted her into the office. Thinking him the office boy, she was astonished when he seated himself behind the one large desk in the room.

Norma began to exchange wits with one whose apprehension is second to no man's.

To properly impress him, she said proudly, "Mr. Thalberg—my screen career does not depend on this studio." There was a haughty pause. "I've already had three offers."

The young fellow looked at her and smiled. "Yes," he said, "I made all three of them."

She remembered her letter.

"I wrote to you," she said.

"Yes," was the reply, "Your letter was amusing."

When she left the office, her mother said, "Wouldn't it be strange if you married him?"

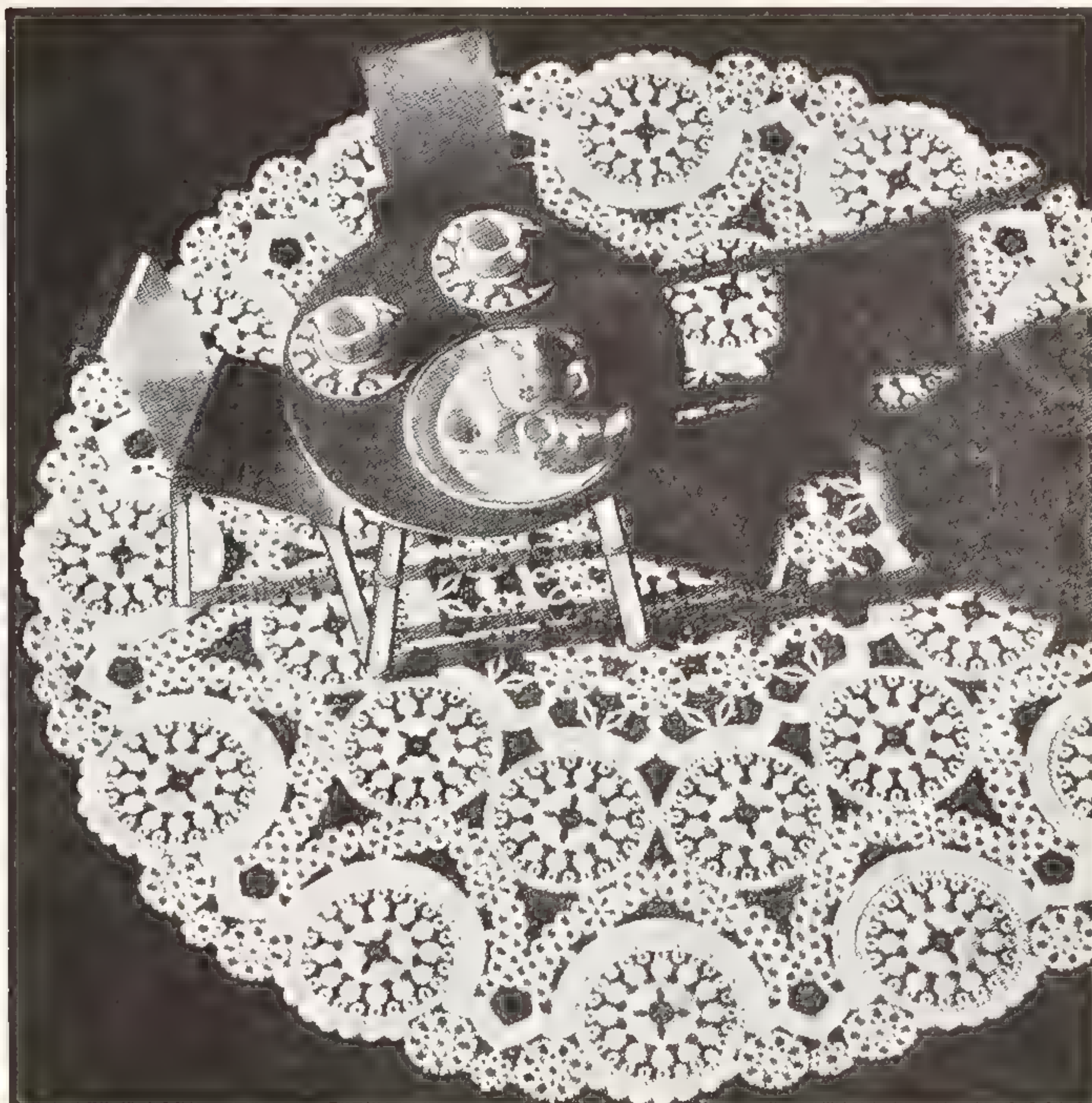
And Norma said, "I might—with eyes like that."

No woman ever worked harder. In three years her salary, from \$150 went to \$750 per week. Her best picture, during that time, was *He Who Gets Slapped*.

No romance budded between herself and Thalberg for three and a half years. Each was attending to the brit-  
(Please turn to page 106)

## a background for smart service

### DRESS YOUR TABLE WITH Roylace Doylies



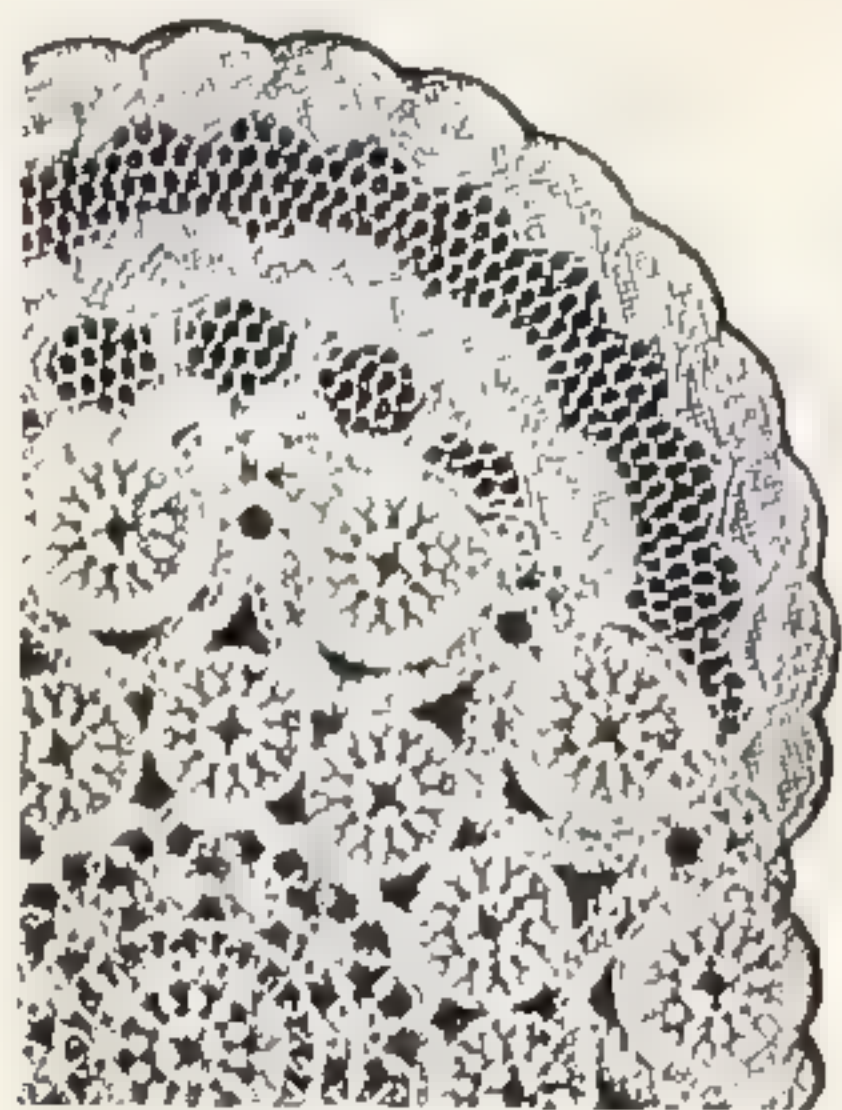
In the finest homes, hostesses use Roylace Paper Doylies as an added touch in their table service. Lovely in their designs of exquisite real lace, they save linens and costly laundry—and make the simplest dish a "party dish!"

The vogue for paper doylies has extended beyond the breakfast nook. Use them under appetizers, fruits, cakes; use them to enhance

your bridge table sandwiches and drinks.

Roylace doylies are always crisp, fresh, and so inexpensive you can afford to use them liberally. Offered in many dainty patterns; all sizes and pastel tints as well as white... they will fit any decorative color scheme.

At 5 & 10c stores, stationers, department stores, etc. Always look for the transparent envelope with the famous name, "Roylace." The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



## Roylace Paper Doylies —and shelf papers

In Shelf Papers insist on Roylace, too. The new Double-edge, Cloth-like paper is four times as strong and costs the same—5c.



### Two Helpful Circulars on CHILD FEEDING

Tower Home Service Bureau has prepared two circulars to make it easier for you to feed your children correctly—"Food Children Love to Eat" and "Feed Your Children the Right Way." Finicky little appetites can't resist these good menus and recipes. Send only 10 cents for each complete set to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### "NEW SHOES FOR OLD" *A close up MOVIE in Four Scenes...*

<p>PICK ANY ONE OF A HALF DOZEN PAIRS OF OLD SHOES</p>	<p>CLEAN WITH... RAINBOW SHOE CLEANER</p>	<p>APPLY CHOICE OF 12 LOVELY SHADES OF RAINBOW SHOE COLOR</p>	<p>LIKE NEW. READY TO WEAR IN A FEW MINUTES</p>
--	---	---	---

YOU will hardly believe your own eyes when you see how magically RAINBOW SHOE COLORS transform the oldest pair of shoes in your closet into smart, modern footwear to match or harmonize with any costume, gown or hat in your wardrobe.



Comes in 12 lovely colors with no end of possibilities for obtaining desired tones and tints. It's fascinating to use RAINBOW SHOE COLORS. It's amazing to see the results you get—actually New Shoes for Old at the cost of only a few cents.

RAINBOW SHOE COLORS—a marvelous new product for coloring or changing the color of all shoes of smooth leather—can be applied in a few minutes.

Buy the combination RAINBOW BOX—CLEANER, COLOR and BRUSH with full directions at F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. FIVE and TEN CENT STORES.

RAINBOW CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., UXBRIDGE, MASS.





## START BEING *Lovely*

## STOP BEING MISERABLE

Some women we know are acutely miserable because they were not born good looking, and we simply want to shake them because they sit back and do nothing about it.

So much *can* be done. Few women *are* born beautiful, but thousands are made lovely. Maybe you're dissatisfied with your hair and hate your nose. But if you're clever you'll start in right away to learn the little tricks which will bring out your best points and hide the others.

The Beauty Editor of Tower Magazines is giving a series of *personal* beauty instructions . . . care of skin, hair, hands, weight . . . you have a chance to discuss and receive personal attention . . . all at little expense.

*Write today for details*

**BEAUTY EDITOR**

**Tower Magazines, Inc.**  
55 Fifth Ave. New York, N. Y.

# The Love Behind a Film Throne

(Continued from page 105)

the business of making a career.

Norma's mother once telephoned Thalberg and said—"Mr. Thalberg, would it be possible for you to see that Norma gets home in time for dinner?"

The brittle young fellow retorted, "Would it be possible for you to keep dinner hot till she got there?"

Feeling like the hero of "He Who Gets Slapped," she hung up the receiver.

**T**HERE are those who ascribe Miss Shearer's success to Thalberg. It

is most unfair to both of them. Neither could mate with failure.

They were married four and a half years after Norma's arrival in Hollywood.

Her earning power is more than a quarter of a million dollars a year. Thalberg's is nearly a million.

"What are you to appear in next?" I asked Miss Shearer.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I always read about my next part in the newspapers. Irving never tells me."

"Why don't you smile at him?" I asked.

## Tricks of Make-Up Revealed by Experts

(Continued from page 45)

**T**HE entire make-up takes from an hour to an hour and a quarter. You can thank your lucky stars that you don't have to go through all that!

Several studios have recently turned out pictures featuring "beast-men." The transformation of a number of harmless extra players into snarling beasts furnishes us an excellent picture of the make-up department at work.

For one feature, "The Island of Lost Souls," twenty gallons of spirit-gum and three hundred yards of crêpe hair were required. Men with giant, well-muscled torsos were hired for the apemen—wrestlers, truck-drivers, and piano-movers.

Their bodies were stained dark brown, after which strands of crêpe hair were glued all over them with spirit-gum, even to covering the natural hair of their heads. False tusks were fastened over their teeth by means of gold clips, their eyes were narrowed by pulling out their corners with adhesive tape, and their noses were broadened into odd shapes by means of theatrical putty.

In some cases ape-like masks terminating in false gorilla-ish ears, made

of a gelatinous glue which remains soft, were attached to the lower parts of their faces with spirit-gum. The rest was a simple matter of covering face and mask alike with dark brown grease-paint, filling in the natural wrinkles in the face with No. 21 eyeliner.

**"B**UT that was all simple," says Walter Westmore, Paramount's make-up expert. "My most interesting job was to produce a tiger-man. In case you'd like to attend your wedding anniversary party disguised as a tiger-man, and scare your mother-in-law to death, here's how it's done:

"First of all, get a photo or a painting of a tiger's head, to work from, and set it beside your mirror. Notice how the tiger's muscles bulge under his skin. Mold these bulges on your forehead and cheeks with theatrical wax.

"Uncle Carl" Laemmle cuts his birthday cake. Others in the group are, from left to right: Baker Cross, Charles Murray, Carl Laemmle, Sr., "Junior" Laemmle, Mrs. Stanley Bergerman (Rosabelle Laemmle, Uncle Carl's only daughter), Ken Maynard, Nancy Carroll and Gloria Stuart.

Birthday greetings to "Uncle Carl," the fine old gentleman of the films, beloved by everyone in the motion picture industry.





Fangs to slip on over your own teeth, you can buy from novelty stores or theatrical supply-houses, although a regular dentist makes ours for us.

"Now, using spirit-gum to make it stick, fasten light-colored crêpe hair all over your head and face, clipping it short to look like fur. Following the photo of the tiger, paint stripes across the crêpe hair with dark brown stain—liquid shoe polish will do, in a pinch. Then tip your ears with crêpe hair, to make them tufted like a tiger's. Finally, build out your cheekbones and your nose with stage putty—and you're a tiger!"

Everything you need for the tiger make-up may be bought, for a few cents, at a drugstore, theatrical supply-house, or mail-order house. You need only five things:

- Theatrical wax and putty
- False fangs
- Spirit-gum
- Light crêpe hair
- Stain.

While we're on the subject of parties, Bob Montgomery recently made a tremendous hit at a costume party which Fredric March gave, by going as an old man. For a party or for home or church theatricals, you might like to know how he made himself up. Here are Mr. Westmore's personal directions for a make-up similar to Bob's, or to the one which Richard Dix used in "The Conquerors," already mentioned, in which he appears as a man of sixty-five.

With a few changes, which will suggest themselves to you, it will also do for an old-woman make-up. The material that you will need is confined to No. 21 eye-liner, talcum powder, No. 26 powder, white mascara, and some pomade.

1. With the finger-tips, apply broad lines of No. 21 brown liner over and under your eyes, on the lids, alongside the nose down to the lips, and along the top of the upper lip.

2. Pat talcum powder into this to set it, dusting off the surplus.

3. Screw up your eyes and pat No. 21 liner into the natural wrinkles at the eye-corners and across the bridge of the nose. Trace it into the natural wrinkles on your forehead and neck. Pucker your lips and pat it into the lip wrinkles. Then smear a little on your cheeks, to make them look shadowed and sunken.

4. Powder your whole face heavily with No. 26 (dark suntan) powder, screwing up your face to make wrinkles again as you pat and press it on. Brush off the extra powder with a soft brush.

5. Gray your hair with white mascara. (A mixture of cold-cream and talcum powder can be substituted.) Smear it on the hair in streaks, making it look natural; or, if you wish, simply gray your temples.

6. Rub pomade into your eyebrows, to make them sticky, and rumple them by rubbing towards the nose. Whiten them with the white mascara or cold-cream mixture.

THAT'S all there is to it. But, now that Pa has made himself into a tiger-rug, and Sonny has smeared grease-paint all over the house trying to "fix himself up like Grandpa," let's go back to Mom and the Girls.

Mom and the Girls probably know, without any man telling them, that few women know how to use make-up as it should be used. Advice from such

(Please turn to page 108)



"It's simply glorious"

says HELEN TWELVETREES

Lovely blonde star  
of RKO-Radio Pictures

Nestle

GOLDEN SHAMPOO

HENNA SHAMPOO

*Glamorous Hair*

alive with glowing color tone and youthful sparkle! That's what these new Nestle products mean to every woman. For blonde hair that is dull, drab or faded, the Golden Shampoo . . . not a bleach . . . restores natural lustre and keeps the hair from becoming dark. The Henna Shampoo . . . not a dye . . . glorifies darker shades of hair, imparting brilliant highlights and enchanting, shimmering softness.



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Your nearby 5 & 10c store sells Nestle hair specialties. the new GOLDEN SHAMPOO and HENNA SHAMPOO, as well as the long famous NESTLE COLORINSE, SUPER SET and HOT OIL SHAMPOO.

THE NESTLE-LE MUR CO., NEW YORK



Lillian Bond and Jack Holt  
in  
"WHEN STRANGERS MARRY"  
Columbia Pictures

Don't envy the beauty of movie stars! Often their beauty is enhanced by clever make-up. You, too, can have a satiny soft skin, tempting red lips, and an alluring fragrance about you, if you use Blue Waltz face powder, lipstick, and perfume, all scented with the irresistible Blue Waltz fragrance. Convenient 10c sizes in your 5 and 10c store.



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COLD CREAM





**"Can you imagine  
anyone wearing  
a hat so dirty!"**

look at your hat. It is the most prominent part of your wardrobe. No one wants to be known as the man with a dirty hat, and you don't have to be, now that you can get Handy Hatter. With this marvelous cleaning powder you can keep a light felt hat spotless for months. Simply rub on and brush off—it cleans like magic and leaves no ring.



Sold at most Woolworth Stores has been used by a leading hat manufacturer for years. It is offered to the public in the convenient shaker can. You can now remove finger marks, soil and spots completely with surprisingly little effort. If your favorite store does not stock Handy Hatter, send ten cents direct for a full size can.

**HAWLEY & JONES, Manufacturer**  
718 N. Twelfth Street, Philadelphia

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For each blue print that you want send 3 cents to Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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**10¢** for this large size  
**NEW superior "X" Cream Deodorant.**  
It's smoother, daintier and safer.  
Sold at the better five and ten cent stores  
**REMOVES ALL BODY ODORS**

# Tricks of Make-Up Revealed by Experts

(Continued from page 107)

an authority as Lillian Rosini, women's make-up expert at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, may perhaps be welcome. And what she has to say is going to come as a shock to the girls who buy their mascara by the quart and gallon!

"The day of heavy street make-ups is done," says Lillian Rosini. "Not a single star uses one, any more. In the daytime, and even at night, Joan Crawford uses a vivid lip rouge, a touch of mascara, and no powder whatsoever. After she's through work she washes her face with soap and water and goes out of the studio with her freckles showing and her nose shining like a lamp. Greta Garbo has never used anything but the thinnest dusting of flesh-colored powder, rather pinkish, and pale lip rouge; nothing on her eyes at all.

"And by the way, if I get any more letters asking me if Garbo's eyelashes are artificial, I'll scream. I've been making her up for nine years, ever since the first day an awkward girl walked into my make-up room and started telling me German jokes, and I ought to know that her lashes are real!

"Jean Harlow, with the whitest skin in Hollywood, uses for street make-up the lightest possible dusting of naturelle powder, and a dark lip rouge, and the barest touch of mascara and brow pencil."

**B**UT we'll be more explicit. Miss Rosini gives the actual make-ups of three stars, a blonde, a brunette, and an in-between, for you to copy, if you like. For the in-between she takes Madge Evans, because Madge, with medium dark hair, blue eyes and fair skin, has the coloring of the average American woman. Here's what to do, if you want to look as radiant as Madge does when she steps out at night:



Christian Rub, the character actor, taking a photograph of himself, and showing the world how easy it is to make oneself cry. The secret is a bottle of menthol, and it has caused many film tears that you thought real. . . . Mr. Rub is one of Hollywood's most enthusiastic amateur photographers.

1. Apply any good liquid powder, with a sponge or your fingers. Let it dry. And don't forget the back of your neck.

2. Apply any good naturelle powder.

3. With your fingertips touch your eyelids with purple, blue or green eyeshadow. A trial will show you your best color. Brown-eyed people can often use these same tints. It's up to your particular taste. Miss Rosini says, "if you don't know which looks best on you, ask your cattiest friend, and she'll soon tell you."

4. Pencil your brows delicately, being careful not to overdo it.

5. Mascara the lashes. If you are one of the rare women who can stand a lot of mascara, or artificial eyelashes, all right; but not one in a hundred can do it. Be very careful here!

6. At night, use lipstick and face rouge that are more orange than red.

**"I** CAN hear every woman exclaiming 'Why, that's nothing. I know that already,' Miss Rosini goes on. "All right. But here are the tricks that make all the difference:

"First of all, if you're going somewhere where there'll be a lot of light, substitute a pale lavender powder for the naturelle.

"Second, the liquid powder base I've mentioned is good for those women who have oily skins; they must avoid powders with a cold-cream base.

"If you have a dry skin, instead of using the liquid powder you should go down to the drug store and buy a grease-paint about the tint of your skin. Moisten your hands, squeeze a little into your palms, and simply pat it on.

"I leave it to your good sense to remember *always* to take off your make-up with two or three heavy coats of cold cream, before you go to bed. Wash your face two or three times a week with soap and water."

Not all women have average coloring, so, to keep anybody from feeling cheated, here are the directions for decided blondes and brunettes. For our models we'll take Carole Lombard of Paramount, than whom there can be no more decided blonde, and Kay Francis of Warner Brothers, with hair the color of an interior shot of a coalmine. The following make-ups are lifted right off their faces.

#### CAROLE LOMBARD

Daytime	Night
Vanishing cream base	Vanishing cream base
Light suntan powder, pinkish	Lavender face powder
Very light orange lipstick	Ruby lipstick
No eye shadow	Blue eye shadow
No cheek rouge	No cheek rouge
Barest touch of brow pencil	More brow pencil, lining lower lid
No mascara	Blue mascara

Carole uses no mascara in the daytime because her lashes are naturally dark. If yours are too light, use some—some, not a lot.



# KAY FRANCIS

## Daytime

## Night

Vanishing cream base	Liquid powder base (sometimes)
Dark (purplish-red) suntan powder	Light ecru powder
Very light orange lipstick	Dark crimson lipstick
No eye shadow.	Green eye shadow
Vaseline	Crimson cheek rouge
No cheek rouge	No brow pencil
No brow pencil	Black mascara
No mascara	

Kay wears the orange lipstick in the daytime *except* when wearing a red dress, when dress and lipstick must match—as must nail polish and lip rouge, always, she says. The reason she doesn't make up her eyes is that her brows and lashes are already dark enough naturally. You will notice that *all the stars fight to avoid an overdone effect.*

**B**UT we mustn't give more space to stars' personal make-ups, interesting as they may be, than we do to the special-effect make-ups, for it is in this department after all that the make-up men reach their highest peak of wizardry.

One day they create a tiger-man. The next they are called upon to give Lewis Stone a horrible scar covering half of his face, for his part as the doctor in "Grand Hotel" and no ordinary scar, either, since the dialogue tells the audience plainly that the doctor's disfigurement has been caused by tubercle germs getting into a wound during the War.

It took three hours to form that scar, of cotton, collodion, fish skin, grease paint and liquid brown dye, Lewis playing the long scenes with his ear painfully folded into a wad and taped to his face. And even so, these are minor jobs. Our story would be incomplete without mention of two of the most striking achievements ever made in this line, both from current pictures, "Rasputin" and "The Mummy."

It is a matter of history that the mad, vicious monk, Rasputin, had so much vitality that his murderers were forced to poison him, shoot him, crush in his head, and drown him before he would die. The picture follows history. The scene in which John Barrymore, as the Prince, kills his brother Lionel, who plays the part of the monk, is one of the most terrific ever to reach the screen.

Trapped in a cellar, Lionel smashes a window with his fists, trying to escape. John hammers him over the head with the window-sash, kicks him in the face, smashes a chair over his head, beats in his skull with an iron poker.

The make-up problem here was to follow the havoc wrought upon Rasputin, step by step. He could not be whole and hearty at one instant, and a bleeding wreck the next, or it would destroy the reality of the whole fight. The problem of Cecil Holland, M-G-M's chief make-up artist, was to make Lionel grow gradually bloodier and bloodier. Mr. Holland, to solve it, had to remain on the set all day long, never leaving Lionel's side, alternating his work with that of the cameras. The shooting schedule looked something like this:

10:00 A. M.—Fight starts. Lionel smashes window with fists.

10:15—Holland outlines cuts on (Please turn to page 110)

# Why they laughed at her!



Here is why her husband's friends laughed at her and why she was mad as hops . . . also how Tower Magazines got started on a cooking plan. A young bride wrote recently:

"Dear Editor: It was a mortifying experience. I invited some of Tom's best friends to dinner because they had been kidding him about 'the new bride's cooking' and I was going to show them! I even promised hot baking powder biscuits! Need I say more . . . the biscuits were a ghastly failure and my guests howled with glee. I'm going to make good biscuits yet, editor . . . do you hear, but you've simply got to help me out."

Gladly . . . you and all the other young women who want instruction in the basic principles of easy cooking. Best of all it's one of those series that's fun to do. Individual help on general cooking problems, food values and well-arranged menus . . . all at very small cost. Don't fear guest dinners any more . . . they're really lots of fun when you get compliments on your cooking!

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FOOD EDITOR

**TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**





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# Tricks of Make-Up Revealed by Experts

(Continued from page 109)

*Lionel's hands with red wax, starts cuts streaming blood with red dye.*

10:30—John smashes window-sash over Lionel's head.

10:45—Holland draws cuts over Lionel's eyes, pours dye into his matted hair so blood will stream down on forehead.

THAT went on all day long for several days, until the director became satisfied that the scenes were perfect. Every few minutes the blood had to be touched up with paint brush and bottle, to keep it wet and glistening. Towards the last, Lionel's hair and beard were completely soaked in it.

No detail was too small. When John, at the end, drags the dying monk through the snow to the river, glittering white crystals of borax and mica were dusted over his bloody beard. Is it any wonder that when the director finally called, "That's all for today," Lionel exclaimed, earnestly, "Thank God! Let's get this horrible stuff off of me as fast as we can!"

The present writer happened to be on the set during the filming of the scenes, and, if a sick stomach and a dizzy head may be regarded as evidence, he can testify whole-heartedly to the make-up's tremendous realism right before his eyes.

Last, but not least, we come to a make-up triumph which may stand as the greatest in Hollywood history—the changing of Boris Karloff, by Jack Pierce, Universal's make-up expert, into a 3700-year-old mummy. Here is the process, step by step.

Mr. Karloff's entire face, even to his

eyelids, is covered with layers of paper-thin cotton tissue, which is next painted with collodion to make it shrivel. This is dried with an electric drying machine, to set the wrinkles. The tip of the nose is built up in the same manner to make it look decomposed.

His hair is plastered with make-up clay. This is dried, then it is cracked and fluid is poured into the cracks—a clay-solvent—to make them look rough, as they naturally would be.

Next, not one but *twenty-two* colored make-up paints are applied to the base of crinkled cotton and collodion—the colors copied from a colored photo of the mummy of the Egyptian Pharaoh, Seti II, which is in the Cairo Museum. These paints are dried and set.

Then the arms and hands undergo the same treatments, and, last of all, Karloff is swathed from head to foot in ashen-colored linen bandages, which have been acid rotted and passed through a warm oven. His joints are taped, and he is sprayed with a dusting of Fullers' earth.

Grotesque and inhuman, shriveled, sunken of cheek and eye, a colorless grayish brown all over, Karloff has to be lifted to his feet. He cannot move a muscle of his face. He cannot talk. For a scene which will last two minutes on the screen he endures *seven hours* of torture, followed by another seven or eight hours of gruelling work on the sound stage. Do you marvel that he twice fainted dead away during the making of the picture?

Maybe you and I had better decide not to be movie stars, after all! ! !

## Men, Beware!

(Continued from page 29)

a life sentence of the ball and chain with her.

And Myrna Loy in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," beneath all her China-town kimonos, was nothing less—and little more—than a hussy.

As for Claudette Colbert in "The Sign of the Cross"—well, she hadn't even a kimono to hide her vampire shame!

IN short, we are going straight back to those old-fashioned, catch-as-catch-can, bite-till-it-hurts vampires of Woodrow Wilson's day. You may remember them: Valeska Suratt in "The Soul of Broadway," Louise Glaum in "Sex," Theda Bara in "Cleopatra," Virginia Pearson in "Blazing Love," Betty Blythe in "The Queen of Sheba," Olga Petrova in "The Undying Flame," Mary Garden in "Thais," Pola Negri in "Passion," Pauline Frederick in "Bella Donna"—or Nita Naldi, Dorothy Dalton, Carmel Myers, Alla Nazimova, Kitty Gordon, Barbara La Marr or Clara Kimball Young in any of their hot numbers on the screen.

Virginia Pearson was really the first vampire. She played the part on Broadway in "A Fool There Was" that

Theda Bara made famous on the screen. Virginia lives out here in Hollywood now—in what someone has called "The City of Unburied Dead." But that last phrase does not refer to Miss Pearson. There was never anything dead about Virginia; and there isn't now. Moreover, she deserves a hand in any discussion of vampire days; for she, more than any other actress of her time, managed to substitute the lure of clothes for the lure of the lack of them.

Theda Bara remained the undressed queen—and gained thereby the larger audience; but Virginia reigned supreme as the best dressed vampire until Kitty Gordon (Lady Beresford) came along to challenge her sartorial preeminence.

Of Miss Gordon it was said that she had a different gown of sweeping symmetry for every hundred feet of film, all of them designed, of course, to show off her celebrated back!

Valeska Suratt was a good, sea-going vampire, with or without clothes. I dined with Valeska not long ago at a studio home frequented by the "best minds." It fell to my lot after the party to take Valeska up to the modest



apartment where "The Soul of Broadway" now makes her home. All the way, she talked about religion; not just the ordinary Sunday morning kind, but strange cults of which I in my ignorance had never heard. She goes in for this sort of thing in a big way.

**T**HE success of these first vampires naturally started the Hollywood impresarios looking for other beautiful women with beautiful bodies of which they were unashamed; and their eyes fell more or less inevitably on Mary Garden.

There was some question even then as to whether La Garden was really a singer. I am not sure whether Mary herself knew, or cared. She might have said with Lupe Velez: "I may not seeng heem good, but I seeng heem loud." However, regardless of the controversy as to whether Mary had a voice, there was no doubt that she had

in Paris and this country. I'll never forget how she looked on the dance floor of the Olympia in the French capital the night the peace treaty was signed! But, like Garden, she froze up in the celluloid.

There was always a cold streak in Gabrielle of the Lillies. When she played for the Shuberts in New York for four thousand dollars a week, there was a proviso in her contract which entitled her to an additional thousand dollars a week when "on tour." Just before she left for Europe, she played one performance in Brooklyn, and thereupon presented a claim for one-seventh of a thousand extra pay.

"But where have you been on tour?" asked the astonished Lee Shubert.

"To Brooklyn!" she cried. "I cross ze water—that is voyage!"

**E**VEN high-brow actresses like Emily Stevens, Mrs. Fiske's ward, felt the movie vampire urge. Emily wasn't bad, either, although a bit thin for the then current vampire mood. And how she enjoyed the money!

One night, soon after her advent on the studio pay roll, a friend of hers—Charles Hanson Towne it was—went up to her place for dinner, and was amazed to find a marvelously redecorated apartment, an obsequious man servant and other unmistakable signs of sudden wealth. While the guest was gazing in wide-eyed wonder at all this elegance, the hostess advanced to greet him.

"It's all right, Charley," she said. "It's just the movies!"

Emily made money for herself, but didn't make much for the magnates; and she was soon back at the old Garrick doing "Fata Morgana" and such for the Theatre Guild.

**I**N fact, after a few shirt-losing experiences with these stars of the stage, the film impresarios began searching for statuesque vampires among the extras on the lot. It does sometimes happen, you know, that a movie man finds his answer in the multitudes within his gates. And this time there were two answers. One was Nita Naldi, and the other was Louise Glaum.

Alas for Nita! Fat got her. When she broke in—was it in one of John Barrymore's earliest?—she had an ideal vampire figure: tall, sinuous, softly round. But even then she had a hard time keeping it that way.

I saw her years later in Paris with the Valentinos in that inseparable household *a trois*. She danced interminably then—don't I know it, after a night that began in "The Black Hole of Calcutta" and ended with onion soup in "Les Halles"—and I suppose that helped keep down the poundage. And they tell me now she's back in New York visiting Rambova and staging a comeback by way of the Broadway stage. I hope she's a huge success!

Glaum had no such weighty handicap. She had the ideal vampire figure, and she kept it until the vampire, as such, vanished from the screen. Sometimes I think she was the best of all the siren ladies. She had a way with an Oriental head-dress that has never been surpassed on the screen. And if her name had been Glow instead of Glaum, it would have been no libel.

And what a vampire Carmel Myers was—and is! She would have had the Myrna Loy part in Chevalier's "Love Me Tonight" if she hadn't had a baby (Please turn to page 112)



"Snap out of it! You haven't been the same ever since you saw that Marlenee Deechrix picture!"

a figure—and was not loath to display it.

Mary's screen "Thäis" was notable, especially the desert scenes and the desert costumes. But she never clicked. For all her warmth on the stage, she was cold on the screen; and capricious in the studio. She couldn't be bothered staying any one place long enough to do a feature film.

Which was characteristic. I remember traveling all the way from Paris to Monte Carlo to see her once by appointment, only to be met at her door by her butler's solemn assurance that Miss Garden was not "in". Four times I called; four times, the same answer. Finally I asked:

"Well, if Miss Garden is not 'in', where is she?"

"In Chicago," came the suave reply.

**G**ABY DESLYS was another recruit from the so-called musical stage, who never really hit on all six—or I imagine it was four in those days—on the silent screen. On the stage, Gaby had a real personality. She and her partner, Harry Pilcer, scored for years

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# Men, Beware!

(Continued from page 111)

instead. And what a ready wit Carmel had—and has! I was reminded of that the other night at the Embassy Club when three of the four irrepressible Marxes arrived precipitately in the corner where Carmel was sitting. One landed heavily in her lap. The other two knelt abjectly at her feet. But an old trouser like Carmel Myers was not to be fazed.

"Where," she asked calmly, "is the other brother?"

BUT we mustn't run on so, especially with the Marx Brothers, because no one knows where they may lead us, we must save at least a paragraph or two for the best known vampire of them all, the great and only Theda Bara.

I'll never forget the late Theodore Roosevelt's reaction to Miss Bara's "Salome". T. R. had agreed to make a screen history of his life and was all "het up" in the usual Rooseveltian way, about the project—until one day he chanced to see a double-page advertisement in a fan magazine showing Theda Bara in *Salome* costume on the left-hand page and himself in *Rough Rider* costume on the right.

The bare Bara toe was extended at such an upward angle that it pointed directly at the bare Roosevelt teeth. One inference was that if Theodore had opened his mouth, Theda would have put her foot in it. The other—unconscious, I am sure, on the part of the make-up man—was of T. R. grinning approvingly at the irreverent capering of the naked lady of the vanished veils. This was too much for the Colonel. I can see him striding up and down the Oyster Bay veranda with the offending magazine in his clenched hand!

"But there were no complaints," Miss Bara said to me not long ago, "from the picture fans. In fact one of the most sincere fan letters I ever received was from a young man in Tokio, which read: 'Dear honorable miss, please send me honorable photograph of your honorable self, as honorably naked as possible.'"

"And what did you send him?" "Oh, I sent him 'Salome'," she laughed. "I couldn't do better than that, could I?"

I agreed with her. She couldn't have done better—that is, honorably!

T. R. was not the only person on a lofty perch who was shocked by the vampire costumes of those pre-naked days. The Queen of England was beside herself!

"Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland," read a London dispatch, "posed as a dancing Bacchante for a film to be included in the royal program of movies given nightly in Balmoral Castle. When the film was shown, Queen Mary uttered a short, shrill exclamation of surprise, at a point in the reel where the titled dancer is revealed doffing her skirt preliminary to the assumption of a complicated one-piece vampire costume. After the show the Queen ordered the film destroyed."

This item appeared in American newspapers under the headline, "MAKING MARY BLUSH!"

All of which is significant comment on the simple minds that suffered the War and conceived the Peace!

But no one believes that mere nak-

edness can hope to achieve any such sensation in the year of our vampires, 1933. We are all bus-conductors now. Legs are no treat to us. And if I know the vampire spirit that is now rising in the sacred fastness of the Hollywood Bowl, it will not depend for its ultimate success on the casual incident of exposed flesh.

As a matter of fact, the original screen vampires did not depend on nakedness anywhere nearly so exclusively as their critics would have you believe. The quality which distinguished the vampire heroine of the late 'teens and early twenties from the sympathetic—and therefore synthetic—vampires of the last few years was their relentlessness.

The vampires of the golden age were Russian in their trueness to type. There was a certain sincerity about them, an inevitability, a carry-through, that was satisfyingly convincing.

Could actresses of the present day be equally convincing in their vamping?

Of course, they could—once they got rid of the idea that they must also be sweet and pure and happy-endingish. Joan Crawford could out-vampire any vampire of a past day, if she could get to be as honest as they were. Jean Harlow has shown what she can do in rôles that have been as nearly vampirish as recent screen standards would permit. Pola Negri was what Uncle Joe Cannon used to say this country was, "a hell of a success," until Hollywood convinced her that she had to go pure in the last reel.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, born vampire, would have been a riot in pictures instead of a bust, if she had been permitted to play the alluringly wicked rôles for which she was fitted. Dietrich's only big moments on the American screen were those in which she was definitely vampish. And what Garbo could do with a succession of parts that played themselves to a bitter instead of a saccharine end, would be nobody's business—unless it were the censor's.

Lovely women who now confine themselves exclusively to "sympathetic" parts could succeed as vampires, too, if they had a chance. Norma Shearer, within carefully circumscribed limits, has shown us what a really "nice" woman can do. And what wouldn't I pay to see what Kay Francis could show us—with her flair for clothes, with her sinuous, voluptuous, ultra-expressive figure—in a hot part worthy of her fire!

The new crop of Hollywood actresses weren't all born to be cloying, either.

Ann Dvorak, for one, has been so much more effective sunk in sin than perched in purity that she seems destined for a vampire's crown. Tala Birell could tear a Theda Bara part into unsuspected histrionic bits. Kathleen Burke and Lilian Bond are vampire "naturals". And what Katharine Hepburn could do with John the Baptist on a platter would—and, I believe, will—tear the seven veils of ennui from your movie eyes and mine.

So I say, more power to you, oncoming vampire of 1933—may you knock the soft-soap-and-sugar heroine of 1932 for a hey-nony-nony and a rag and a bone and a hank of hair!



# Why Prop Men Die Young

Sketches by  
VINCENT CALLAHAN

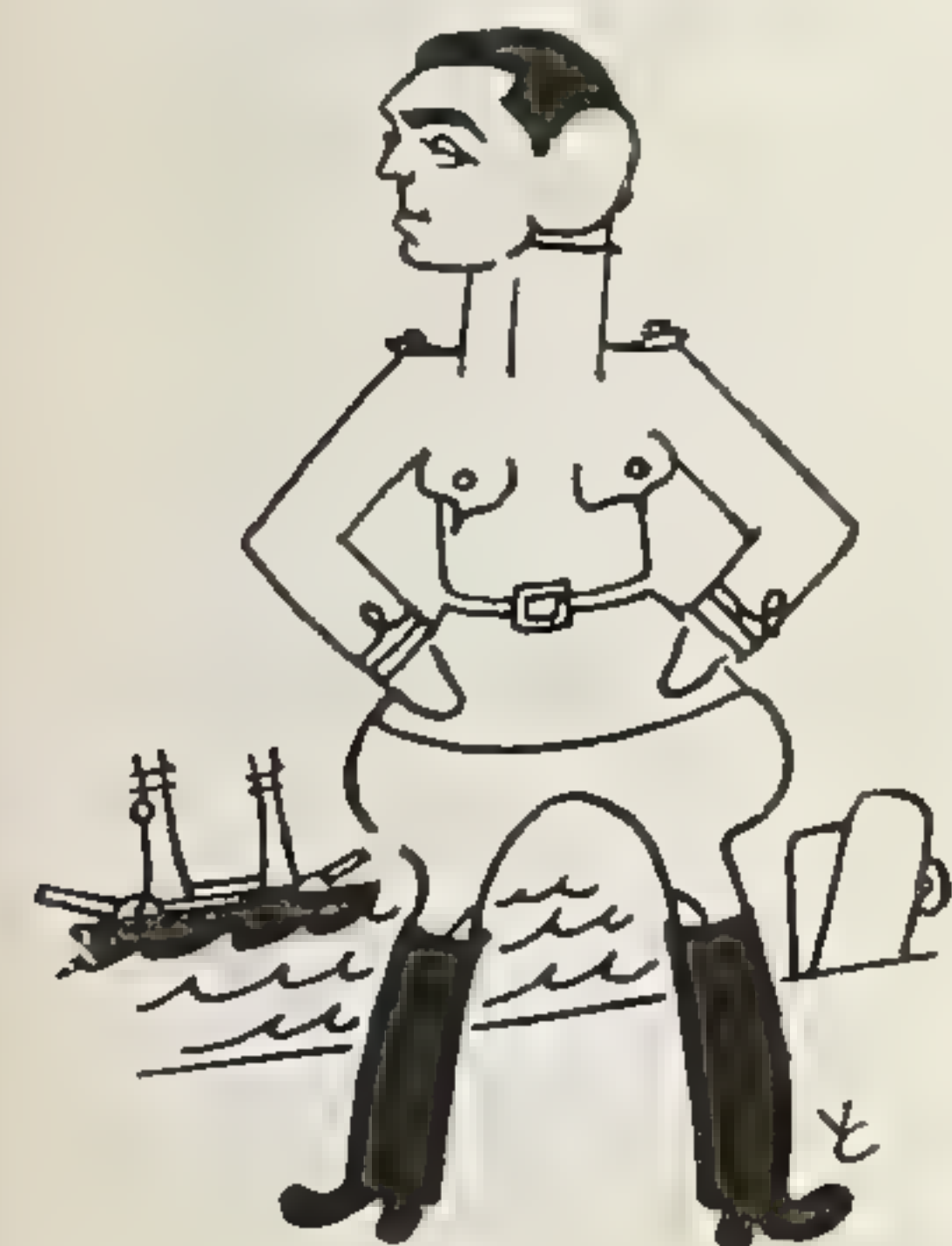


Beginning a back-stage series about  
the men who make the stars go round

By  
JACK JAMISON

**WHAT IS A PROP?** Practically everything you see in a picture, outside of the actors, is a "property," nicknamed *prop*. If Connie Bennett picks up an oil-can, it—not he—is a prop. If Clark Gable stands on a dock with a battleship in the background, the battleship is a prop. (And so, sometimes, is the dock.)

**HOW PROP MEN GOT THAT WAY.** Anybody who has ever played charades, much less gone in for amateur theatri-



If Clark Gable stands on a dock with a battleship in the background, the battleship is a prop.

cals, will remember that one didn't get very far before one was out borrowing soup-strainers, false hair and kimonos from the neighbors. Not long after the movies started the neighbors got sick and tired of the borrowing and said, "Go get your own furniture." About the same time, directors discovered that a picture laid in China did not look quite real if the beds were of the Early Hoboken period.

The upshot is that the studios today have enormous barns full of miscellaneous junk from the corners of the earth. How they get it is another story. A good prop man must have the smooth tongue of a stock salesman, the ingenuity of a burglar, the nose of a bloodhound, and the muscles of a piano-mover.

**RANGE OF REPERTOIRE.** A prop department is a combination pawnshop and furniture factory. It contains 50,000 more or less movable articles, ranging from hand props, so called because they can be carried in your hand if you don't stumble, to stuffed elephants and imitation icebergs. In be-

tween come funeral wreaths, vases, suitcases, clocks, tombstones, statues, toys, and candles.

The department works by yearly and by daily schedule. Thus it knows in January that, along about June, a picture will be made, the story of which is laid in New Orleans. Long before June has brought hay-fever to Hollywood a prop man takes a train to New Orleans and brings home practically the entire city—chandeliers, front doors, staircases, furniture, draperies, all the background which will lend the picture authority.

A daily schedule looks like this: "Leonard. Stage 12. Shoot Ext. Deck Yacht and Int. Cabin. (Process) Glass No. 1. If rain, Stage 19. Reh. Int. Long Island Home. McCarey. Stage 9. Shoot Int. Ward Hospital."

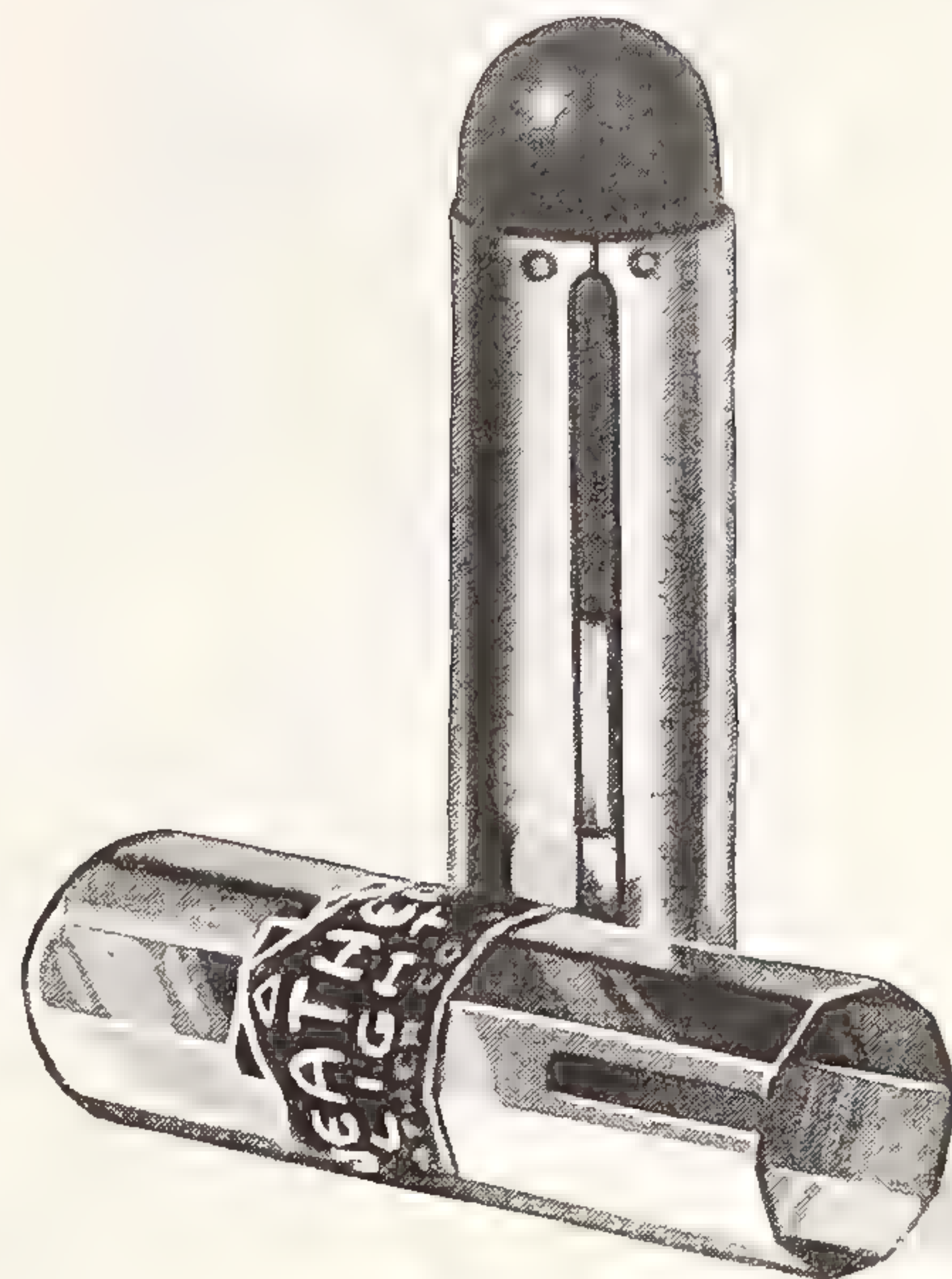
This gibberish means: "See to it that the yacht built on Stage 12 has the



Another property man, whose job it is to stand by each set, must be half housewife and half handyman.

coils of rope, rigging, life-preservers, cushions, polished brass, port-hole curtains, and lamps that will make it look like a real yacht to the finickiest sailor in the audience. In case it rains and we have to quit shooting and rehearse the next scenes on Stage 19, see to it that the set has everything on it that a real millionaire has in a real mansion on Long Island, including an elevator and the latest fad in cocktail shakers. While you're resting, go over to Stage 9 and make sure that the hospital set has real hospital beds, screens, tem-  
(Please turn to page 114)

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# Why Prop Men Die Young

(Continued from page 113)

perature-charts, operating-tables, sterilizers, and scalpels."

**ORGANIZATION.** A prop room is arranged like a department store. Each new picture goes shopping for what it needs, and it's a case where the customer is always right. There is a furniture department, a drapery department, a cabinet shop, a paint shop, a florist shop, each under the direction of its own expert. The florist arranges gorgeous corsages for brides, corsages for debutantes like Anita Page and Frances Dee, and gardenias for Bob Montgomery's lapel, using flowers made of paper because real ones wilt under the hot lights. (He also pins artificial apple-blossoms to apple-trees when the director sighs, "Give me Spring!") Another prop man, whose job it is to stand by each set, must be half housewife and half handy-man. He flits flies, he sweeps the carpets every two minutes so that footprints will not show in the next shot, he repairs chairs while they are being sat on. Another expert, a woman, sees to it that dinner-tables and dressing-tables are arranged with the proper feminine touch.

In all, it takes about sixty worried, energetic people to handle the job. Over them all presides the chief decorator, whose immediate underlings are three or four interior decorators.

**PROP MAN'S FUN.** Typical of a day in a prop man's life is an assign-

ment recently handed to the M-G-M prop department. At 4 P. M. orders came through, "Prepare an exact copy of the bedroom of the Czarina of Russia by tomorrow morning, for 'Rasputin,' and get 100 cockroaches for the 'Red Dust' set."

The royal bedroom, photos supplied by the researchers showed, was all white, with brass beds of unusual shape, its wall covered by scores of religious relics. Hastily the furniture was matched and lacquered white. A dozen prop men combed the Russian quarter of Los Angeles for relics, while several others sat up all night manufacturing them.

At 1 A. M., after relentless rummaging, the beds were located in the home of a Russian woman and, still warm, were taken from beneath her and her husband.

Meanwhile a professional exterminator had a crew of twenty-five men out hunting for cockroaches. They were found, towards morning, in the Mexican quarter of the city, living lives of ease and dalliance, little dreaming that they were about to become actors.

By 9 A. M. both sets were ready for the cameras, and the prop department was being revived with cold water and black coffee.

**BANNER.** The motto of the harassed prop men is, "It's got to be got, so get it!"

# Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 16)

yellow roadster. Gary finally had to have the darn thing painted black because so many people formed the habit of writing their names on it.

Monroe says he simply had to go away for a rest. He had played so many drunks that his arm had gotten tired lifting glasses to his lips; and he had ruined so many girls—in pictures, of course!—that his conscience wouldn't let him sleep of nights.

**RUSSELL GLEASON**, another one of these young blades, is as strong for green as Dick Cromwell is for red. He has six pairs of green pajamas. His father, Jimmie, told me that he gave them to him. It was the only way he could get a chance to wear his own!

Incidentally, Russell is the only person who knows the real inside cause of the separation between Lola Lane and Lew Ayres. He was present at the final argument; and although he tried to leave, both of them insisted upon his remaining and he heard all! But he won't tell.

The snap is also out of the ginger in the Ginger Rogers-Mervyn LeRoy romance. According to Ginger's friends, she has snapped, figuratively

speaking of course, into the waiting arms of Howard Hughes. If this be true, Mervyn took it like the good boy scout that he is.

"If you're going to be a sister to me," he said, "I'll be a director to you."

Whereupon he signed up his "ex" for a swell part in "The Gold Diggers."

**MY** own personal thrill of the month came when Winnie Sheehan told me that the King and Queen of England were to be present at the first London showing of "Cavalcade." I don't care so much how the King and Queen spend their evenings, but I did care tremendously that they should see what every American should be proud to have them see—what was to me the crowning triumph of that triumphant spectacle. I refer to the modest statement which preceded the opening scene. You may remember it. It read:

"This picture was made in Hollywood, California."

Goodbye, Hollywood! I'm proud of you. And Goodbye, everybody. I'll be with you next month!



# Come On Along!

(Continued from page 65)

the piano, improvising songs about everybody, including Gary, Clark Gable and Joel McCrea.

Polly Moran came in a little late, and looking around at the crowd, exclaimed: "Well, there's hardly anybody here!"

Guests included, besides the foregoing, Charles MacArthur, Bebe Daniels, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli, Richard Rodgers, Zeppo Marx, Charlie Ruggles, who brought Lilian Bond, Frances Marion, Ricardo Cortez, Ernst Lubitsch, Jack Oakie, Elsa Maxwell, Philip Barry, Roscoe Karns, and Donald Ogden Stuart.

"HAPPY go aisy—too dom'd lazy to hate me tay!" exclaimed the irrepressible Tom Brown to Maureen O'Sullivan, putting down his cup as we chatted with her.

And we were surprised to hear her say that she is going back to Ireland to stay! We wondered if it was Jimmy

Dunn's doings. He and Maureen were practically engaged—and even "practically" is a good deal engaged in Hollywood!—but recently there had been a quarrel. Maureen admitted the Jimmy affair was a sore point.

Fame doesn't mean much to a real girl at the age of eighteen or nineteen; life means everything. Which is as it should be.

We were guesting at Leonard Stillman's party, given for Mme. Marguerite Namara, grand opera and concert singer, a late afternoon tea-party.

Sylvia Sidney was among the guests, a charming figure in a blue-and-white sports suit with white hat. Serge was the material, with a white pique collar and large leg o'mutton sleeves. Maureen's dress was simple—blue silk, with straight lines, with white handmade collar, middle length.

Benite Hume, the English star-importation, and a very beautiful young woman, wore a tailored suit of brown. A brown coat with brown vest, decidedly mannish in cut, and a mixed brown tweed skirt, made up the costume. She also wore a brown polo coat.

Miss Hume admitted she was engaged to Jack Dunfee, English business man, but said she wouldn't be married in this country. It would be so much more fun to be married in England, she said, where all her old friends are. He has given Miss Hume a little Pekinese dog; she said it was a "consolation gift!"

Mme. Namara and Miss Hume, by the way, are old friends, having played together in London.

Tom Brown had brought Patricia Ellis, tall and elegant in a gray tweed sport suit, with long coat and white vest, and with small gray hat to match.

Patricia said that she and her mother had been walking all morning in the hills near her home. She likes walking very much, "especially exploring all the canyons 'round about, looking for wild flowers and ferns."

Dorothy Burgess came with Sidney Blackmer. She wore a tight-fitting black tailored suit, with short jacket and the material was broadcloth.

She was rejoicing at being vindicated in the unpleasant matter of having been in a car which ran over a little boy in San Francisco. She had had a nervous breakdown following her arrest, but was quite recovered again.

We—Tom Brown and I—had a hard time keeping track of Patricia Ellis, she was flitting about so much, and Tom said he was going to take a course in detective-ing in order to be able to trace her! First she was dancing to the radio; then she was chatting an instant with Alison Skipworth; then she was rushing over to Sylvia Sidney.

Anita Loos and John Emerson came in late. They were talking with Jobyna Howland when we butted in—having known John and Anita ever since they began falling in love with each other—and Anita said she was working on a melodramatic story, not at all her type, to which she had been assigned by the studio.

"Might as well be working on a *Tarzan* story," she lamented.

"Oh, no," put in Jobyna. "A *Tarzan* story might be funny, what with the monkeys and all!"

David Manners brought Joan Marsh, (Please turn to page 116)



Photo by Wide World

This is the way Constance Cummings dresses when she plays tennis, a costume that is becoming more and more popular among the athletically-inclined girl stars. Connie, recently, became so serious about her game that she employed a professional tennis player to instruct her. She's that way, is Connie. Takes things seriously; has to get 'em just right.

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*for silver*

Enough to polish 118 pieces—flat silver, trays, tea set, candle sticks for

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# Come On Along!

(Continued from page 115)

who looked sweet in a gray sports suit of Bokara crêpe, with short, open coat and white vest, and a little gray hat tip-tilted on her blond curls.

Eugene O'Brien came with Annabelle Lane, writer. He was introduced to Alison Skipworth, and Skippy at once acknowledged the introduction, "Oh, Pat O'Brien?" "Oh, Edna May Oliver!" retorted 'Gene. "I'm so happy to meet you!"

Eugene told us that Charlie Chaplin has designed a new coat with a white collar, which requires no shirt, and that people are trying to persuade him to put it on the market!

John Mack Brown brought his pretty wife, and others present included Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Herbert, Randolph Scott, Nena Quartaro, Mal St. Clair, John Roche, Drexel Biddle Steele, Jill Dennett and others.

Beautiful June Stillman, lately under contract to Sennett, aided her brother in entertaining.

much, she said, except the practice of the shop girls in calling a customer "dearie"—a custom she couldn't understand at all.

June Collyer and Stuart Erwin were among the guests, Stu saying that he guessed he couldn't let June work any more because she insisted on getting home to her baby at six every day, no matter whether her scene at the studio needed her or not! June is a conscientious mamma as well as a conscientious artist, and she admitted that at times she certainly is "torn!"

For entertainment there was Maurice Chevalier's singing, followed by Mary McCormack, both to everybody's delight.

Maurice showed us how all his imitators imitated him! And he also sang to the megaphone, which, attached to a doll, made the doll dance.

Mary McCormack came with her husband, Prince Mdvani, who was once married to Pola Negri, you remember.



Irene Ware (left) and Boots Mallory, playing around with this and that and some boxing-gloves, at the Fox studios.

Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Max Munn Autrey

**"R**EALLY, to give a smart party in Hollywood," confided someone to me, "one must be international, and capture a couple of Spaniards, a sprinkling of Germans, a few English, an Italian or two, and if possible a Turk or a Hindoo!"

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman were giving a party in honor of Diana Wynyard, who, as usual, had arrived alone in state in her big car. She said she had traveled through the country alone when she first came from England, and had contracted the habit, and that she really enjoyed it.

Maurice Chevalier came alone, too, and was therefore free to devote himself gallantly to all the ladies. He has a bright, fanciful wit that is most engaging.

Mrs. Lachman is a cultured Chinese woman—she was a concert singer in Europe—and she looked beautiful in a black pebbly crêpe evening dress, low in the neck, cut princess.

Clive Brook was there with Mrs. Brook, who looked charming in a white dinner frock of tear drop satin.

Heather Angel, too, was among the guests. She likes this country very

Many of Miss Wynyard's countrymen were present, including, besides Clive Brook and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Berkeley, Hon. Kitty Vane, Baroness de Rothschild, and others.

As a compliment to Miss Wynyard and other English people present, the cake which was served late, along with other refreshments—there had been an excellent dinner earlier in the evening—was decorated with the English and American flags.

"We shall soon," said Jose Crespo, who was my escort, "be talking about Oriental hospitality, our hostess is so charming."

**A**ND speaking of Chinese parties, Anna May Wong gave a most delightful one down at a Chinese restaurant in Los Angeles's Chinatown.

"The invitations," remarked Mrs. Gore-Brown, wife of Robert Gore-Brown, co-author of "Cynara," "look exactly like tatting patterns! Very pretty, but nothing to be actually read!"

The food was delicious, even with chop-sticks, but most of us fell by the wayside and used the knives and forks



which were mercifully provided, only Charlie Rosher and Mrs. Gore-Brown being able to use them gracefully. Harry Lachman did fairly well, too, but we accused him of taking lessons at home of his Chinese wife.

Mrs. Lachman refused to pose for her picture when the photographer came and somebody suggested that Mr. Lachman cut off his wife's allowance unless she yielded.

"Oh, she gets it all now; it's I who get the allowance!" retorted Mr. Lachman. "If I insist, she'll cut off my allowance."

Whereupon Mrs. Lachman, gracefully gave in.

Anna May was a pretty hostess, clad



Photo by Wide World

Lilian Harvey, the English girl imported from Berlin, has the largest wardrobe in Hollywood. And carries her own dress designer right with her. Here she is attending a Mayfair party in Hollywood. . . . Everyone's wondering if you will get as big a thrill out of her clothes as you are getting out of Marlene's.

as she was in a black moleskin satin with puffed sleeves, elbow length, and with wide belt, the whole outlining her slim, graceful figure.

She spoke German with her German guests, too.

A. E. Dupont, famous German director, who made "Variety," and his pretty wife, formerly a noted stage and screen star, Srete Scherk, were among the guests, as were William Pogany, Joe Strasser and others.

It was a Chinese holiday of some sort, and firecrackers were popping outside. And after dinner Anna May bought firecrackers and distributed them, and we tossed them into the street. Which brought a small Chinese boy, with a very serious face, to us with a packet of lichee nuts done up in pretty boxes for sale, and the men bought them and gave them to us. We offered the Chinese urchin some firecrackers, at which his face wrinkled with joy, but it sobered next moment, as he informed us seriously that he had to go on about his work.

The Chinese dishes served included Lotus berry soup (lan doo gai ghan), Walnut chicken (hop pow gai), Burnt pigeon (shue bok opp), Snow beans (sutow), Steamed duck (tun op), Lichee nuts and kum-quot (tangerines), sweet meat box, with all kinds of Chinese candies, including candied coconut, candied melon rinds, candied lotus-root and water melon seeds.

#### Chinese Recipes

*Lotus Berry soup* appeals as much or more to the imagination than it does to the palate, and, like many other so-called Chinese dishes, is purely an American invention. Chicken soup stock is used and the Lotus Berries float daintily on top, giving the soup an indescribable flavor which is very palatable.

*Walnut Chicken* is merely roast chicken with chopped walnuts (English) added to the stuffing. Just before it is ready to take from the oven, some of the walnut meats, chopped very fine, are sprinkled over the chicken and allowed to brown.

*Snow Beans*, are, of course, soy beans, and are served with a white sauce.

**A** PARTY with no hostess—only her picture!

That was the birthday party given by Jetta Goudal for her husband, Harold Grieve, at La Golondrina Café, down on quaint Olvera Street, in Los Angeles.

You see Jetta was ill, but wanted her husband to enjoy his birthday. So, unlike most wives, who would surely have wanted her husband at her side on his natal day, Jetta sent out invitations for a huge surprise party.

And Harold was surprised, too. He had been invited by John Mack Brown and his wife to dine at the Spanish café, and when he found the whole upper floor of the place turned over to his friends, he nearly wept! We joined hands and danced around him.

Jetta's picture was on Harold's table, where we, too, were seated, and Jetta sent a wonderful telegram to her guests.

Neil Hamilton, who with his wife, was aiding in receiving, wore a broad red committee ribbon across his shoulder and chest, reading, "Believe it or not, I am Jetta!"

Harpo Marx arrived alone and other guests included Lois Weber and her (Please turn to page 118)

## A Better Way To Remove Superfluous Hair

Millions of women prefer it—easier and quicker. Simply spread on and in two to three minutes wipe away all superfluous hair. Leaves skin marvelously smooth and soft. Mildly fragrant, Delatone does not have the objectionable odor of ordinary depilatories. Buy today a 10c tube of Delatone Cream at 5 and 10c stores. Drug and department stores have Delatone Cream in 50c and \$1.00 tubes, Delatone Powder \$1.00. The Delatone Company, Dept. 115, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

Try Nul Cream Deodorant—the scientific deodorant that nullifies body odors without interfering with natural perspiration—the deodorant safe to use after any depilatory. 10c at Woolworth's.

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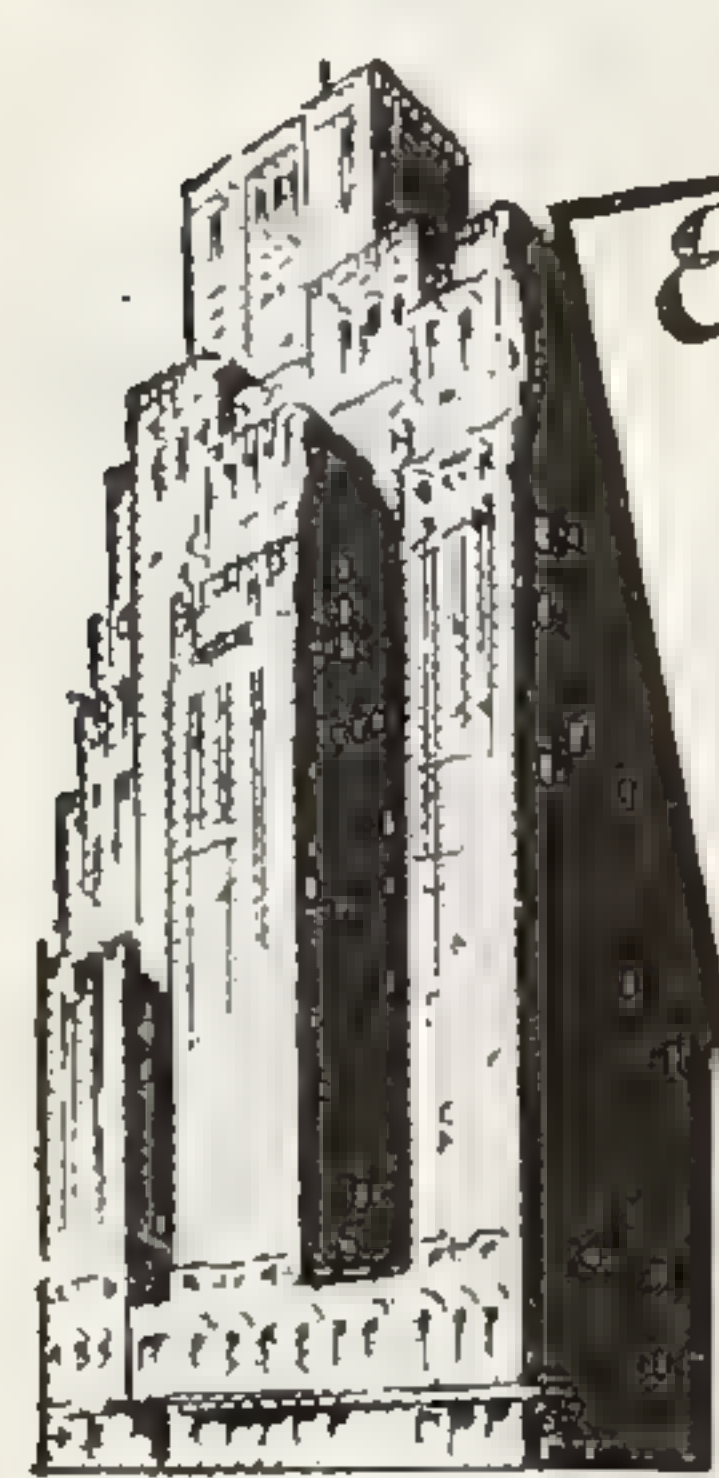
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Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5 & 10c stores  
**Nadinola Bleaching Cream**

## Come On Along!

(Continued from page 117)

husband, Capt. Harry Gantz, Colleen Moore and her husband, Albert Scott, Richard Bennett, Tom Douglas, Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, Robert Leonard and Gertrude Olmstead, ZaSu Pitts, Ramon Novarro, Kenneth Thomson and his wife, Alden Gaye, Sada Cowan and Merle Armitage, Ruth Roland, and Ben Bard, Edmund Lowe, Edgar Allen Woolf, and many others.

Ramon Novarro sang a number of songs, and Harpo Marx exclaimed, "Does he work here?"

The orchestra, in its colorful Spanish costumes, played rumba music, and everybody danced.

Among the Spanish dishes served were caldo de garbanzos (garbanzo soup), guacamole (avocado relish), chile relleno con queso (stuffed chile with cheese), gallina guisada en Salsa de tomate (chicken in tomato sauce), erchiladas (meat wrapped in tortillas—a sort of pancake made from a cornmeal paste), ensalada de legumbres (salad with onion), frijoles refritos (fried beans), postre de guayoba en almibar (guava in syrup), café negro (black coffee).

We drank a toast to our absent hostess, using the Spanish "Salud!"

**A** SO-DIFFERENT party was given by Carl Freund, director, and his wife.

It was a party which featured in its entertainment the ascetic Count Astoja, Russian nobleman, with his Hindu magic.

Our constitutions and nerves were sustained, before the ordeal of watching the count's weird stunts, with a supper of very substantial German food, washed down with good German beer.

After which we proceeded to the whoopee room downstairs—you slid down into it on a slide if you wanted to!—and there we watched the Count stick pins through his tongue and hand, lie down, bare-backed, on a bed of nails, stand on lances, and all without injuring himself. We sat quite close, but couldn't at all discern how it was all done. He claimed, of course, that the answer was complete control of mind and body. The count did some mind-reading stunts, also.

Florine McKinney whispered to Wera Engels something she willed the Count to do—to find something in the room—and he did it without once making a false move. Other feats of the same kind followed.

Then we all went into the drawing room, and there Florine McKinney sang several songs, some in English, others in Spanish and German, and quite surprised all of us with her versatility.

Florine looked pretty in a white silk evening gown, embroidered, and with svelte lines.

Willy Pogany was there, and so were some of the books he has illustrated—a most remarkable artist, of amazing imagination.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ford were there, and Mr. and Mrs. Tod Browning, just to keep the director quota up to standard.

Our hostess wore a blue taffeta evening gown, and sported a monocle!

The former Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch was there with her new husband, the aviator, Evan Lewis. She told us how she had first seen him when she was taking one of her sons to school in San Francisco, flying up, with Evan as pilot. He looked around and smiled, she said, and she smiled back. She flew back with him to Los Angeles two weeks later, and a couple of months later they were wed.

Carl Laemmle, Sr., was present, and I'm happy to say that the German food he consumed seemed to make him feel exceedingly good.

**W**ILLIAM HAINES gave a tea party for Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wallace, who were leaving the next day for Europe.

Guests included Zoe Akins, Genevieve and Vivian Tobin, Polly Moran and Elsa Maxwell.

Mrs. George Fitzmaurice was hostess at an afternoon tea with tennis, badminton and bridge, given in honor of Mrs. Nicholas Schenck. Among the guests were Mrs. William Goetz, Mrs. David Selznick, Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mrs. Harry Rapf, Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Mrs. Zeppo Marx, Miss Aileen Pringle, Elsa Maxwell, Countess de Frassa.

**M**ARTHA SLEEPER gave a buffet supper at her home, after which the guests motored to the Beverly Wilshire for an evening of dancing.

Martha's guest of honor was her sister, Mrs. Horace Stephen Tuthill, Jr., of New York.

Included in those invited to meet her were Virginia Cherrill, Phyllis Cooper, Cary Grant—of course he brought Virginia—John Tyron, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Starett.

### COLOR IS CHARM

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# Box-Office Critics

(Continued from page 74)

Leona Ingoldby, 307 Cadwell Street, Syracuse, N. Y.—A boost for Neil: Why don't producers get wise to themselves and give Neil Hamilton a break? He has everything that makes a great actor and is deserving of bigger and better breaks than he is getting. I for one, am rooting for Neil—and am sure there are hundreds of others doing the same.

Wanda Skibinski, 523 N. Main Street, Waterbury, Connecticut—To Lee Tracy: Your smile seems to be my favorite smile of all movie stars. The combination of the three, your eyes, dimples and smiles. When feeling blue I always try to see your pictures.

Ruth E. Euren, 304—13th Street, South, Moorhead, Minnesota—Laurels to Irene Dunne! Yes, she's perfectly splendid in "Back Street." She made what's wrong seem right, by believing in it—loving and understanding! Yes, and she died—living for that stolen love! Irene Dunne spells magic, power to act, and courage to me. And I'll be waiting to see her in "Just a Woman."

Helen Matkies, 657 Tearsdale Place, Bronx, N. Y.—Greta Garbo: Recently I came across an article in a certain magazine that read "Exit Garbo—Enter Damita." Where do they get that stuff??? Now that Garbo is away for a while I noticed a number of actresses trying to take her place, but let them try to make a place of their own on the silver screen. In my opinion there's only one Garbo and that's Greta herself. I'm for her first, last and always.

Janet Shapiro, 2079—62nd Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Claudette Colbert: She's a beautiful woman, physically. Ah! but she has charm, too. Her smile is slow and deliberate, and so are her movements and gestures. Men are drawn to her. Women would like to imitate her.

(Miss) Mildred Francis, 288 Broadway, Malden, Mass.—As one of the profession (the stage) may I take this opportunity to compliment you on editing such a delightful page as "Box-Office Critics."

I consider myself very unfortunate

in not being able to attend more "movies." But due to the fact, that I am more or less kept busy in my particular line of work, I find considerable enjoyment in reading The New Movie. Being an ardent "fan" since the first copy was published, I find it getting bigger and better than ever.

Whenever opportunity presents I attend a movie, with the enthusiasm of a young child. It's really too wonderful to describe in words just how very much they mean to me.

We of the "stage," are very grateful to our "sisters" of the screen, for the splendid example of poise and culture they possess. We are indeed proud to be the other half of the "show-world."

May I extend my congratulations, and trust that the year nineteen hundred and thirty-three will prove bigger and better than ever.

Mary Seymour, 1429½ Wash. Avenue, Altoona, Pa.—Clark Gable: Some folks call it personality. I call it taking ways. Now Clark doesn't take everything he gets his fingers on but he does steal women's hearts.

Barbara Louise Denike, 1242 Academy Street, Peekskill, N. Y.—I am a young high-school student sixteen years of age and this is "My Choice."

You can praise "Gangstery" Gable, I know Fredric March is a peach. Barrymore as an actor is able, Tom Brown he's far from my reach.

John Boles is a handsome "old Satan", Chevalier is ever so gay. Montgomery would be well worth taking, If offered for your Wedding Day.

But the one who always seemed human, And a gallant American troupier—The one I crown king, as the humanist thing, Is that tall boyish brute, Gary Cooper.

Thelma Stayton, Sutherlen, Va.—Here's hoping we see more of the good-looking George Raft in the movies of 1933. Given the right stories he would go to the top before you could take a good breath. He was grand in "The Undercover Man."

(Please turn to page 120)



Exclusive New Movie Magazine photo by Wide World

Billie Dove, arriving in New York, said, "I had to come here to get a rest."

## Chained to the DISH PAN



Gottschalk's Metal Sponge will free you from kitchen bondage. It cleans and scours with so little effort that the tedious, unpleasant duties of housekeeping actually become a pleasure. We know that once you use Gottschalk's Metal Sponge you will discard unsanitary rags, brushes and other scouring agents. At 5c and 10c stores, grocery, hardware and department stores. Beware of substitutes. If your dealer does not stock, send 10c direct.

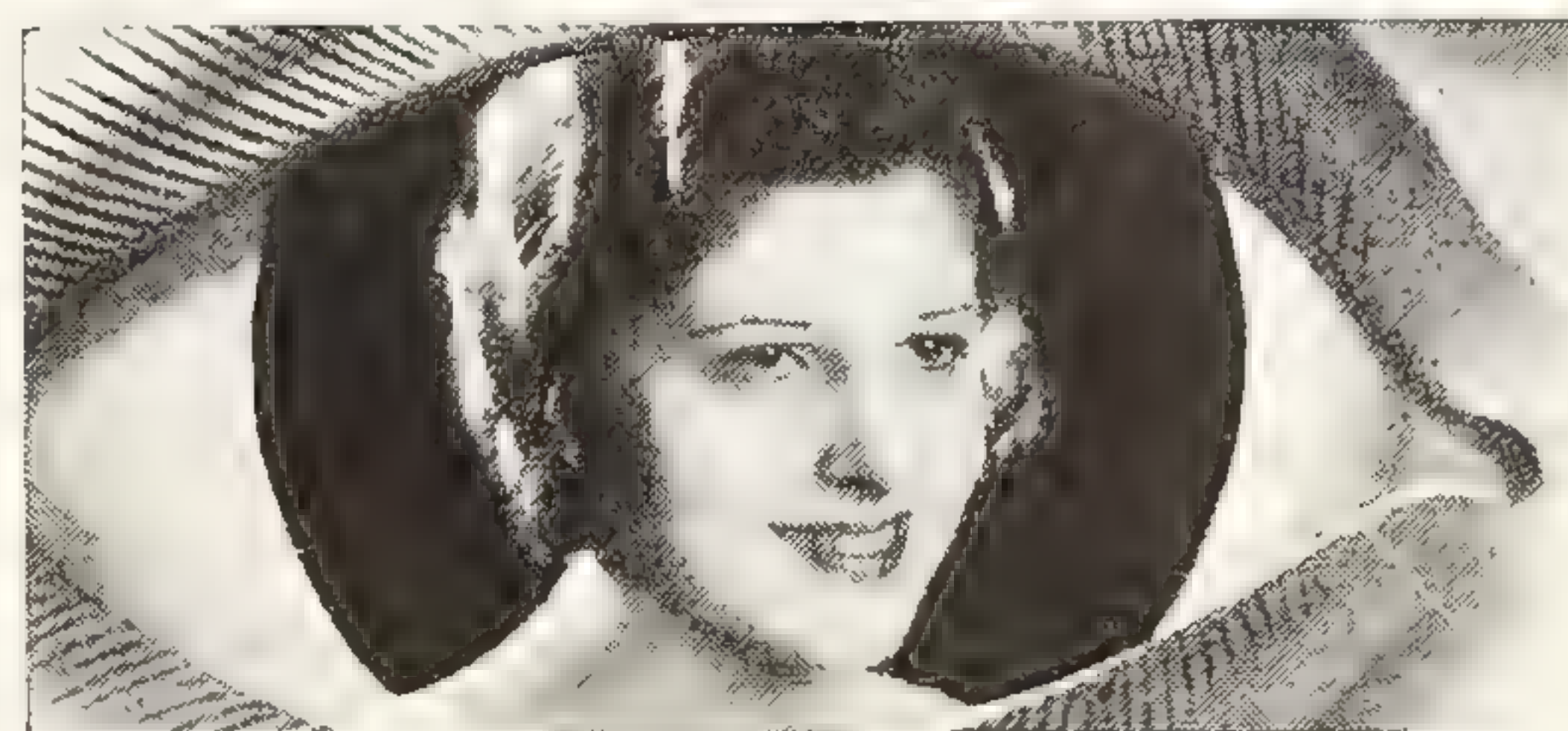


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Stops Pain  
Instantly

Just one little drop of FREEZONE on that aching corn will stop all pain instantly and for good. Then a few more drops of this safe liquid and corn gets so loose you can lift it right off with your fingers, core and all! It's the quickest way known to get rid of hard and soft corns and calluses. Get a bottle from your druggist and try it.

# FREEZONE

# Box-Office Critics

(Continued from page 119)

June Stewart, 3424 Oxford Avenue, Maplewood, Mo.—Adrienne Ames: A beautiful and wonderful actress. A picture that bears her name is sure to be a delightful one. Within a few years, and maybe not that long, if she has the right kind of picture (with emphasis on *the right kind*) she will be a sure star.

(Miss) Ethel M. Ahearn, 117 Mt. Vernon Avenue, Melrose, Mass.—Herbert Marshall: A truly finished actor. His perfect diction rendered in such a subtle, kindly spoken manner is a delight to the ears. Suave, sophisticated, —but *sweet*. Hollywood, don't relinquish him to England. We need this charming gentleman.

Virginia Theobald, 4501 Dover Street, Chicago, Ill.—At last Hollywood has found the perfect newspaper reporter of the movies, Lee Tracy. He was wonderful in "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain" and "Blessed Event." Although he is fine in any picture he is in he is perfectly fitted for the part of a newspaper reporter. . . . What has happened to Wallace Ford? I have not seen him in a picture for a long time. His performance in "The Wet Parade" is hard to beat. Let's see him in more pictures soon.

Ruth Montgomery, 330 E. Leafland Avenue, Decatur, Ill.—I don't like Marlene Dietrich's idea of wearing men's clothing. Even at that, there might be some old-fashioned girl still left, so where is she? She also says they're cheaper. Poor little Marlene, aren't times hard? . . . However, no hard feelings, because she's okay.

Aletha Binns, (age 13), State Street, Warwick, R. I.—Congratulations to Joan Crawford. She certainly deserves them for those beautiful, staring, sparkling, flashing, bright eyes and as sweet and handsome as a baby's skin is soft. She makes a big hit as My Ideal.

Kathleen Earhart, 104 Spruce Street, Bristol, Tennessee—How can Herb Howe say, "As master of ceremonies for the 1933 Hall of Fame, I now step aside. Let the show go on!" without even mentioning Joel McCrea? I don't see how the show can go on without him; one so typical of this modern age and of the New Year of 1933.

(C. H. N.), 201 East 24th Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.—Like the many "All-American" football teams that are selected each year, we shall have many "Ten Best" pictures for 1932, offered by critics, professional and otherwise. How about the "Ten Worst" for 1932?

Here goes for my list and reasons: (remember there may be others that did not come to our fair city.)

"Age of Consent." Introducing our own former Minneapolis girl, Dorothy Wilson, trying to be romantic. What a breach of decency and sense was that!

"Struggle." Horrible nightmare showing the evils of drink. It would drive one to drink!

"Cock of the Air." A supposed comedy with Chester Morris and Billie Dove, that fell sickeningly flat.

"War Correspondent." Jack Holt

and Ralph Graves laboring with an inane and impossible story.

"Life Begins." Splendid example of the depths of bad taste to which Hollywood can plunge.

"Broken Wing." Melvyn Douglas in what was supposed to be a melodrama but turned out to be just nothing at all.

"Chandu." Fruitless effort to capitalize on a radio series of broadcasts.

"Blondie of the Follies." Marion Davies and Billie Dove trying to be kittenish with Robert Montgomery.

"Tess of the Storm Country." A splendid story turned to sugar by Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Should have hot mush in your mouth to even talk about it.

"Faithless." Tallulah Bankhead in one of the cinematic errors charged to those who selected her stories.

(Miss) May Cumming, Trinity, Perthshire, Scotland—From a wee heather-clad Scottish village, with its gray-covered skies, where we don't boast of an old movie palace even of the silent brand, the nearest opportunity to see our film favorites means a journey to the city, it may interest you all to know how much pleasure is derived from the arrival of even an old copy of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE.

History is repeating itself. In the long ago when newspapers in this country were in their swaddling clothes, copies were read and handed from friend to friend, sometimes a single copy doing duty for the entire village, and now, in much the same manner, THE NEW MOVIE gladdens the hearts of readers in many Highland homes.

Two items in your January issue appeal to me particularly. First, that excellent picture of the Harold Lloyd family, which so splendidly shows that with all the tales we read of marital unhappiness in the ranks of film folks, here is a great fellow who has not lost his head with fame and success, and one whom I should unhesitatingly place as the finest "Daddy" in the world of pictures.

Secondly, someone recently told me that Joan Crawford was the prettiest girl in all Hollywood but to this Scots lassie who has long awarded the palm of beauty to the lovely Shearer, her latest photo as reproduced also in the January issue, proves that my contention is absolutely correct.

NEW MOVIE, Scotland salutes you and extends congratulations and best wishes for the days ahead.

(Miss) Ionia Townsend, 220½ N. Cedar Street, Burbank, Calif.—Clara Bow: Oh—oooo that sweet smile! Not the "It" girl of long ago but the sweet cultured girl of today. Clara has reached the top of her success. We want more pictures like "Call Her Savage." We want more of Clara!

Eva Nell Jackson, 316 North 15th Street, Clarinda, Iowa—There is nobody quite like sweet Maureen O'Sullivan, winsome naturally, with that beautiful smile angels are supposed to have. She is young but not, thank goodness, babyish or "soft" and for all that she can be smartly sophisticated, even as N. Shearer. Never has she been cynical or common. To me her acting seems so very natural that you think of her as a friendly little girl playing a game.



Here's hoping she will have the opportunity to enthrall her fans many, many times.

Lucille Limbaugh, 4154 N. Kenneth Avenue, Chicago, Ill.—Bette Davis: If this beautiful little actress keeps climbing the ladder of fame and success, she will surpass all other actresses before the year is out. Keep climbing, Bette, I'm for you, and sure many others are, too.

Lee Blanckensee, 1329 Ruscomb Street, Philadelphia, Pa.—Having just witnessed the local premiere of "Cavalcade," I want to shout my praises for this stupendous production. I was thrilled to a rapturous ecstasy, and held spellbound through its magnitude, and magnificence of development. This picture, if no other, should make the producer and exhibitor smile again, and cause the moths to flutter their wings out of the fan's pocketbook.

Here is a picture that should be of international appeal, regardless of creed, or class distinction. The acting of Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, and the entire cast is superb. Noel Coward is a genius in achieving humanness in his characters; the dialogue, although utterly unlike that in his bitter, smart plays, is natural and without peer. Frank Lloyd's direction is flawless, and for authenticity of costuming and set, it is a revelation to the eye of one who has made an extensive study of the subject.

Miss Wynyard's performance should skyrocket her to the very front rank of filmdom. Her great dramatic powers, and delicately shaded characterization of the English noblewoman in her joys and sorrows, are of perfect poise and natural charm.

There is never any doubt in your mind that she is always the cultured lady, and mistress of every situation.

As much as I admire Norma Shearer and Ann Harding, these actresses had better look to their laurels; a new star is on the horizon.

And just a word for courtesy in Philadelphia theaters. Purchasing my ticket late, I was dismayed to find it on the last row, and partially hidden by a huge pillar.

I voiced my dissatisfaction to friends several rows in front. Finally acclimated, I returned to the seat to make the best of it; when as the picture unfolded, I was suddenly tapped on the shoulder by a tuxedoed gentleman, who directed me to a choice front seat. As you probably surmise, it was in the balcony, and he had stationed himself there, near the operator's booth, so as to personally superintend a perfect synchronization of the film.

That gentleman, I discovered later, was the supervising manager of the theater chain, and he had overheard my complaint.

Now you fans that complain of bad service in your movie palaces, how is that for an example of Quaker City showmanship?

I wish you continued success, and more power to your marvelous magazine.

Jerry Biggers, 699 Lee Avenue, Webster Groves, Missouri—What has happened to that lovely creature, Billie Dove?

If anyone deserves credit, it's Billie. She has stepped straight up the ladder from the "Yellow Lily" to "Blondie of The Follies."

Anyone who doesn't realize that Billie Dove is wonderful cannot be con-

sidered capable of having good judgment.

She is beautiful, she can wear clothes better than Lilyan Tashman or Constance Bennett any old day, and her acting is superb. We want more pictures for Billie during 1933 than she had in 1932.

O. Moore, 1562 Ensley Avenue, Westwood Hill, L. A., Calif.—I have lived in and near Hollywood for ten years and I have watched motion pictures progress and improve. I have watched the eras of gangster, airplane, revue, cowboy and racing pictures. There have been many types of feminine stars. The flapper, masculine, exotic, coquettish and boop-a-doop girls all have their type. There is a great star for each of these, Clara Bow, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, Carole Lombard and Helen Kane. When you have seen them once or twice what are they? For a long time what Hollywood needed was a good all-around actress, capable of playing all of these types. Finally she appeared.

Helen Hayes: a grand all-around actress. Her rôles in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Arrowsmith," "Son-Daughter" and "A Farewell to Arms," have been superb.

I nominate her as the leading actress of the screen. She is marvelous.

Mildred R. Morris, 916 Clay Street, Lynchburg, Va.—I could just rave on and on about Ruth Chatterton. I think she is a fine actress, one of the most beautiful, most charming and also one of the sweetest people on the screen today. I love everything about her, that lovely voice, the way she walks and that sweet smile. Here's hoping we will have more Chatterton pictures.

Jack Lockhart, 730 Spadina Crescent East, Saskatoon, Sask. Canada—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer says, "When the lion ROARS, the whole world listens!"—I say, "When Janet Gaynor SMILES, the whole world is captivated!" What reason for depression, when we can refresh ourselves in the radiance of Miss Gaynor's sunny countenance? Even the most austere of us, most surely soften to the gently emotional touch of this petite and lovable star. More power to Janet!

Harry Shearer, 4356 Bingham Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.—Of all the present day puzzles, the greatest one to me is why David Manners, so fine an actor, isn't starred, and very often.

Jeanette Willax, 84 Juniper Street, Lockport, N. Y.—Norma Shearer and Clark Gable certainly score for the hit of the season. "Strange Interlude" is what we have been waiting for, and it certainly is deserving of two such fine actors as Norma and Clark. These two are great partners. We see a new side of Clark—a side we more or less admire. Can't we have a few more really good stories like "Strange Interlude?" The "spoken thoughts" idea is one the czars of moviedom shouldn't forget.

H. Rechel, 2926 Eggers Place, Cincinnati, Ohio—I have just seen "The Animal Kingdom" and am firmly convinced that Ann Harding and Leslie Howard are two of the finest actors in pictures. Unfortunately their talents have been wasted in the past in poor stories. "The Animal Kingdom" was worthy of Mr. Howard and now if they will give Miss Harding a good play she will be more popular than ever.

## EASY TO GIVE YOUR HAIR THAT "MOVIE STAR" LOOK



**1¢ per week buys lovely lasting waves!**

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**STYLSET** *sold at 5¢ & 10¢ stores 10¢*

## Keeps Age A Secret Brushes Away Gray Hair

Now you can really look years younger. With an ordinary small brush you just tint those streaks or patches of gray back to your natural shade—whether blonde, brown or black. It is so easy to do—at home—with Brownatone. Over 20 years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Does not coat the surface—actually penetrates the hair. Defies detection. No tell-tale, flat "dyed" look. Cannot affect waving of hair.

No need to guess. Cut a lock of hair from your head and apply this famous tint. If Brownatone does not give your gray, streaked, dull, or faded hair its natural color, youth and luster, your money back. Only 50¢. All druggists.



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Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 50¢. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

**Stillman's Freckle Cream 50¢**  
Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove freckles. Dept. 100, Stillman Co. Aurora, Ill.



# The National Digest of the Best Talking Pictures

(Continued from page 59)

We've got a funny little hunch that there are a lot of people who would appreciate George Arliss very much indeed if they would take the trouble to go to see him. The fact that he is one of the world's leading actors shouldn't scare people; he got that way through being good.

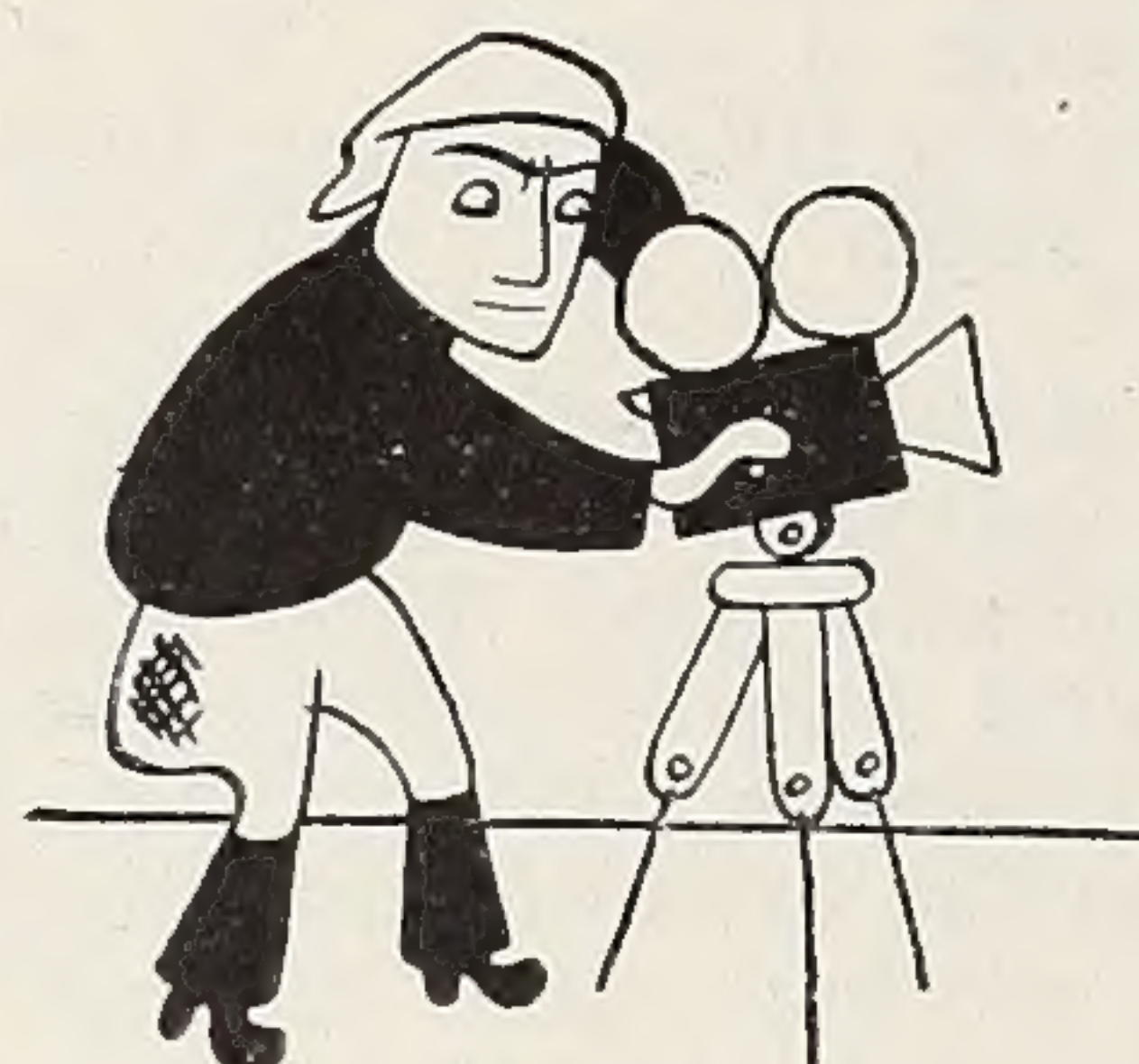
Try him out this time and you'll find that "The Adopted Father" is a pretty good evening's fun.

**UNDER THE TONTO RIM—(Paramount)**—This is a strange "western". There is no really "bad" man; the hero is not a two-fisted gun man; and the whole thing, strangely enough, turns out to be one of the smoothest and best action pictures your reviewer has ever seen.

Zane Grey, the author, presented a story that gave Stuart Erwin a chance to steal a show as shows have seldom been stolen. Raymond Hatton grabs more laughs than he has bagged in many a day and Fred Kohler, as a restrained sort of villain, makes me wonder why the powers that be in Hollywood haven't given him much better rôles than we have seen him in.

This one will do you good . . . a breath of the movie outdoors that will balance the rest of your diet.

Miriam Hopkins in a scene in "The Story of Temple Drake," with William Gargan, William Collier, Jr., Sir Guy Standing and Irving Pichel. The title of this picture, being only tentative, will probably be changed.



**MADE ON BROADWAY—(M-G-M)**—Although this picture has not been completed as we go to press, it bids fair from first reports, to be much-better-than-average entertainment. Robert Montgomery plays the male lead, and Sally Eilers was borrowed from Fox for the girl's part. Harry Beaumont is directing.

Advance reports on M-G-M's "Service" are glowing. It is being directed by Clarence Brown and in the cast are Elizabeth Allen, another English importation, Lewis Stone, Colin Clive and other prominent players.

M-G-M also has "Peg O' My Heart," from the play by Hartley Manners, in production.

**WE** expected to give you advance information this month on "Adorable," featuring Janet Gaynor and the new French importation, Henry Garat, and also fresh tips on Lilian Harvey's first American production, "My Lips Betray," and "My Dear," with Heather Angel, another English importation. But because of production delays these did not get started when planned. They are all Fox releases.

Two other Fox pictures just beginning

are "I Loved You Wednesday," with Elissa Landi and Phillip Merivale, directed by Henry King, and "Hold Me Tight," the new James Dunn-Sally Eilers opus. We will have more definite word on these next month.

"Hello, Sister" is another new one for you to watch out for. In it are James Dunn and Boots Mallory. This little Mallory girl is someone to watch. She's so sweet and cuddly that she seems to have taken you fans by storm. Judging from the way the wind is blowing now she will be a serious contender for the honors of Janet Gaynor, Madge Evans and what you might call the "nicer" type of film star.

Universal and Warners-First National have been undergoing the usual early Spring shutdown, both with production fairly far ahead.

**FROM** John Barrymore you may expect "Night Flight," an M-G-M production, and also "Jamboree," which he will make for RKO.

Columbia is making "Tampico," "Beneath the Sea," "Circus Queen Murder," "Soldiers of the Storm," and a Buck Jones picture. And this company will almost immediately put nine more pictures into production.

Katharine Hepburn's first starring picture, as plans go now, will be "The Morning Glory," from the stage play by Zoe Akins. It will probably be in production by the time you read this. Edward H. Griffith will direct.

Richard Barthelmess' next will be "The Bread Line," with Loretta Young furnishing the feminine interest and pulchritude.

. . . All in all, few pictures this month, but plenty of them in the near future.



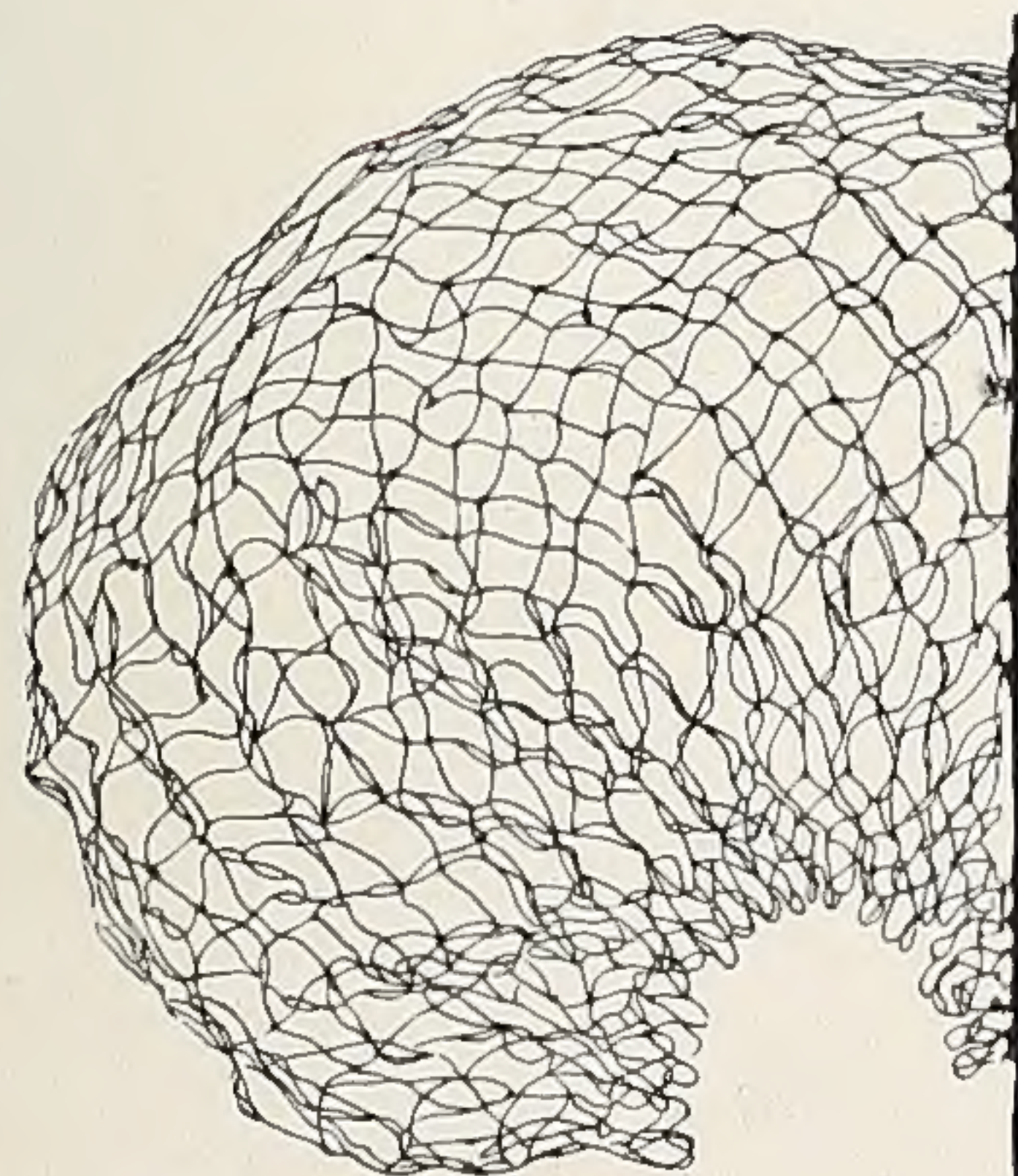


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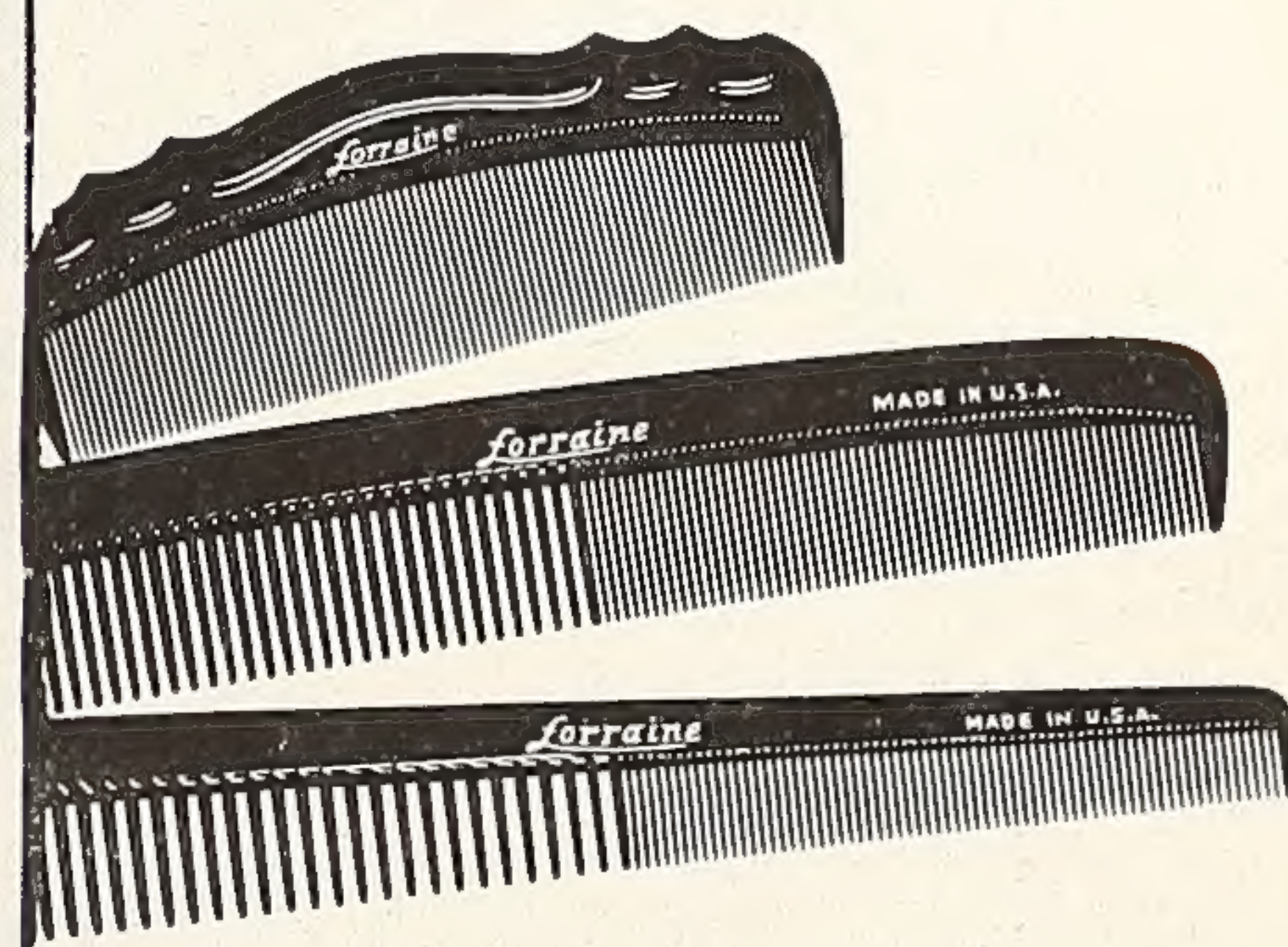
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# BURNING OVEN

STEAKS COOK  
BUT THE MAN LIVES...



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## ILLUSION:

A roaring fire was built in an oven...the temperature rose to 600° F. Into the oven walked the "fire" king, M. Chabert, carrying several raw steaks. A few minutes later the doors were flung wide and out he stepped...safe and sound...with the steaks thoroughly cooked.

## EXPLANATION:

Heat rises. When Chabert entered the oven he hung the steaks *above* the fire, then dropped to the floor at the *side*, covering his head with a hood made from his shirt. He breathed through small air holes in the floor.

## IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED ...IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

"The Burning Oven" is an old illusion which has played a leading rôle in cigarette advertising. Its modern name is "Heat Treatment."

**EXPLANATION:** All cigarette manufacturers use heat treatment. The first Camel cigarette was manufactured under the heat-treating process. Every one of the billions of Camels pro-

duced since has received the necessary heat treatment.

Harsh, raw tobaccos require intensive processing under high temperatures. The more expensive tobaccos, which are naturally *mild*, call for only a moderate application of heat.

*It is a fact, well known by leaf tobacco experts, that Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.*

Try Camels...always fresh, in the air-tight, welded Humidor Pack.

KEPT FRESH  
IN THE WELDED  
HUMIDOR PACK



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JUST COSTLIER  
TOBACCOS**

IN A MATCHLESS BLEND